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FATHERS AND SONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Chap. XVI.

It is impossible to doubt the difficulty, to say nothing of the delicacy of poor Jane's position: indeed it would be superfluous to call the reader's attention to what may really be called the perils to which she is exposed, knowing so much as by this time he does. Not a word could pass her lips—not a look—not a sigh could escape her without being noted down by Miss Harris—the audible scratching of the pen of the recording inquisitor behind the curtain, does give something like warning to the self-criminating victim, and may sometimes serve to check his communicativeness; but with Jane—no—her fate, her fortunes, and her happiness seemed to be at the mercy of persons who ought, upon every principle of honesty and rectitude, to have upheld *her* cause "against a world in arms."

But now, as to Miss Harris's letter to the besmeared Smylar. When she got it, she read it through twice before she even laid it down. It sometimes happens that plain common sense beats *finesse* hollow; Smylar had laid her plans skilfully enough to answer her great purpose; but Smylar had not, in grasping the subject at large, prepared herself for certain little incidental events. She knew, to be sure, the purity and honesty of Jane's mind; but judging from her own feelings, and regulating her conduct towards her young mistress by the scale of her own passions, she thought there could be no doubt whatever of the young lady's acceding to any arrangements which would bring her and the man whom she liked under the same roof; more especially after she had, as she thought, effectually succeeded in undermining—to a certain extent—the high principle by which she had, up to the present stage of her life, been actuated.

Mrs. Smylar just at this period was on the edge of a precipice, or one might more oppositely say, performing her evolutions (as probably she had frequently done in early life) on the tight-rope, from which the

most trifling false step would bring her to the ground; to be sure, Miss Harris generously acted clown for her, and chalked her shoes to add to her security, with all the winning grace of hollow friendship. When she got that young person's letter, which at once showed her how much was to be feared from the timidity or sensibility of sweet Jenny Bruff, the difficulty and delicacy of her own position were made evident to her. Then came the question—What was next to be done? Having acted as she had, and having concerted the scheme for bringing those whom she wished to love each other—if they did not love each other already—together, how was she to proceed under the belief of a break-down in the resolution of her doomed victim—for so she considered Jane, and victim she meant her to be.

Several questions were now to be mooted by the heroine of Bullock's-smithy, and one—a very important one—was, touching the capacity of Miss Harris for judging the probability of effects from apparent causes; and whether she had—looking to her qualifications—formed a just estimate of Jane's feelings and apprehensions.

The next question was, whether since pens and ink have been sent upon earth for the purpose of man's and woman's destruction—Jane, if she *did* break down and write to her father, would or would not in the excitement of the moment, the plenitude of her repentance, and the anxiety for reconciliation with her parent, inform the colonel that the scheme of bringing her and Frank Grindle together, originated entirely with his confidential adviser.

Then came a third question; whether in order to prevent such an explosion, she should venture upon the yet untried experiment of writing herself to Jane; the debate upon this, however, lasted but a few moments. She felt that she could not check the impulse of the daughter without inculpating herself with the father—what then *was* to be done? writing to Harris for further particulars might equally commit her, and Harris, according to her notions, was not sufficiently acute to comprehend any thing put hypothetically, or without a plain statement of facts and names; and so the mill-work of Mrs. Smylar's brain went on and on, and round and round, until at last—by no means an uncommon case—she resolved to let matters take their own course, always qualifying this resolution by the reflection that by the family arrangement of submitting all the letters which arrived per post to her *surveillance* in the first instance, she might with her theatrical activity withhold any one which came to hand addressed to the colonel from Jane, leaving it to some further stretch of ingenuity to give such cogent reasons to the poor girl for what she had done, as might convince her that her interposition was based on the best motives, and no doubt would eventually produce the most favourable results.

Still it was not impossible, nor even improbable, that Jane might direct her letter to the colonel at the Doldrum—knowing as she did how much of his time he passed at that club. If once the implicit confidence which he had so long reposed in Smylar was shaken — no matter however little—the violence and abruptness of his temper and character would have burst forth, and she would have been sent off at a moment's notice; all her hopes frustrated, all her expectations

wrecked. And so we may at least indulge in the belief that the fiend in human shape—or rather in the shape in which her mantua-maker chose her to appear—must have passed a sleepless, miserable night; her uneasiness upon the main point of her career being by no means mitigated in consequence of the evident addiction of Bruff to the society and *cercle* of Lady Gramm.

At Amersham's the complexity of feelings was scarcely less embarrassing; Jane, as we have seen, was too acute not to perceive the anxiety of Emma for Frank's arrival, nor could Emma blind herself to the longing, dreading, lingering, hoping, fearing feelings of Jane; and as the hours wore on, poor Jane gradually became more tremblingly alive to the delicacy of her position in consenting to become the companion in a country-house of a most agreeable and accomplished man, so very peculiarly placed in regard to her as was this amiable brother-in-law elect; but still she could not summon courage enough to speak to Mrs. Amersham on the point, for fear of incurring an imputation of vanity.

"And why," said she to herself, "may not this Mr. Grindle come here as well as any other friend of the Amershams. It is true that he is destined to be a near connexion of mine—a strong reason why he *should* be here: if I remonstrate upon this point, I show either that I fancy myself charming enough to drive him into a dishonourable rivalry with his brother-in-law, or that I have not sufficient firmness of principle, or dignity of character, to withstand his fascinations, which are to lead *me* to a violation of a contract, which in the other case I am to be sufficiently vain to imagine him anxious to invalidate." And so Jane said to herself further, "Let him come—I know my heart—I know my duty—he shall be my friend, my brother-in-law—but my father's will must be obeyed; and if it be, Francis Grindle and I shall naturally see much of each other. Why have I even for a moment alarmed myself at his visit upon this occasion?"

Now all this, which is perfectly reasonable, perfectly philosophical, and perfectly just, Jane, as we have just observed, "said to herself," but she said it to nobody else; and when Harris, who was watching every turn of her countenance, and catching every syllable that fell from her lips, for the purpose of reporting to "head-quarters," saw the struggles which were passing in her mind, she felt more convinced than ever that Mrs. Smylar's scheme was a failure, and actuated by that apprehension, coupled with a prospective certainty of being herself turned off by the colonel, in case her secret correspondence with Smylar should be discovered, she in her turn began to calculate whether, if Smylar adopted a bolder line of conduct, she herself should not write to the colonel to tell him what was going on.

This "wheel within wheel" system, certainly looks threatening to some of the plotters; nor was Miss Harris's slight attachment to Mr. Rumfit, the colonel's own man and butler, the former—and perhaps even actual—aspirant to Mrs. Smylar's hand, likely to check her exertions in the way of self-preservation in the establishment, even at the risk of jeopardizing the "great lady in the little parlour;" and as her fears increased, so proportionably increased her restlessness as to longer keeping the secret of Mr. Frank's visit; whereupon she determined

if she did not hear from Mrs. Smylar in the morning, to take upon herself the task of enlightening the colonel upon that most interesting subject.

She did *not* hear from Mrs. Smylar, nor was she likely ever to hear from her upon any matter which she considered important, inasmuch as upon Mrs. Smylar's established principle she never could be brought to commit herself in writing. She would have liked a dialogue with Miss Harris extremely well; in the course of which she might have extracted from her the circumstances on which her apprehensions were grounded; but suspecting as she did that Miss Harris was not entirely indifferent to Mr. Rumfit, whose presumptuous advances she (Smylar) had considered it due to her station to check and discourage; and, moreover, thinking it not quite impossible that a correspondence might be going on between them, inasmuch as Rumfit by his activity and assiduity might get possession of the letters even before *her*, or might have his own particular despatches thrown down what the kitchen-maid called the "hairy," or directed to him at the Butler's Club (of which he was a distinguished member), she determined to keep entirely aloof, and hover like a hawk over her prey till pouncing-time came.

One hears a vast deal of the "republic" of letters, and of the "equality" of human beings, and the universality of rights and privileges of mankind; but high-sounding as all these very cheering, consolatory and encouraging preachments and speechifications may be, in point of fact when tested by practice they are so much nonsense; because although men and women may be universally constructed alike (each in their kind), the disparity of their qualities and qualifications is too evident to require a moment's consideration. We might seem to speak invidiously, if we instituted any comparison here between living people, and therefore we abstain; but take the whole course of natural history is there anything like a republicanism in the construction of animals touching their uses, their sagacity, their figures, their instinct. Is a toad the equal of a race-horse? Is a duck the peer of a lion? Is a worm the fellow of a greyhound? Wonderful as may be the formation of all these, or fifty other creatures, as applicable to the several purposes for the fulfilment of which they have been created, nobody can be found to deny the gradations of intellect (if intellect instinct may be called) by which different animals of different genera and species are distinguished.

Now of the same genus were Mrs. Smylar and Miss Harris, but as to species, Mrs. Smylar was as the race-horse to the toad (had *they* been of the same genus); and while Miss Bruff's maid fancied that she saw through the designs of Mrs. Smylar, and felt assured that by taking the step upon which she had determined she could not only carry her point by damaging *her* with the colonel, but eventually secure an alliance with Mr. Rumfit, and necessarily attain a consequent establishment in the colonel's house, she was playing *Toady* at a wonderful disadvantage. Poor Miss Harris! little did *she* know the sort of person with whom she had to deal—little did she anticipate the results of her great political experiment.

Acting however upon the impulse—not of the moment merely—but upon the impulse given to her mind and feelings, after some considera-

tion, and after her disappointment at not receiving an encouraging answer, or indeed any answer at all from Mrs. Smylar (whether she had got any letter from Mr. Rumfit, history tells us not), she sat down when her young lady was gone to dinner, and wrote to her master that, which follows:

"Sir, "Tuesday.

"I am sure you will forgive the very great liberty I take in venturing to write these few lines to you, which is a liberty nothing could induce me to take but that I think it right you should know of some circumstances which you are not apprised of at present.

"Nobody upon earth can be more attached to a mistress than I am to Miss Jane; I hope I have always shown it in all I have ever said or done, since I have lived with her, and there is not a sweeter-tempered, kinder-hearted young lady in the world, and I would die to serve her, which is the real cause of this letter.

"I think it my duty, sir, to tell you, that Mr. Francis Grindle is expected here this evening; he was to have come yesterday; and I am sure my young lady is in a state of great agitation about it, for, as it seems to me, Mr. and Mrs. Amersham are most anxious for him to be here while Miss Jane is here, and she is, therefore, the more worried on that account.

"Now sir, although I would not for the world mean to say—and I am sure, sir, you will believe me—that Mr. and Mrs. Amersham wish to do any thing to disparage Miss Jane's intended husband in her eyes, by bringing Mr. Francis Grindle here, still having lived with her now for several years, I know enough of her to know that this meeting and their staying in the same house together, will be a great trial to her, and so I thought it my duty—and I hope to be forgiven for what I have done—to write and tell you the truth.

"I have no motive, sir, and can have none, but acting for the best. I know that Miss Jane is good and excellent in every way, but from what she has said to me I humbly think she ought not to be placed in the situation in which she is, considering that it seems as if Mr. and Mrs. Amersham wished to set up Mr. Francis Grindle against his half-brother, and this seems to flurry my young lady, and therefore I have told you the truth, and beg and pray of you, sir, not to say one word about this letter, not to my young lady, *nor anybody else in the house*" (underscored) "for it would cause me great trouble if you did, and, as I have said before, I have no object but doing good, as a dutiful servant should do.

"I am, sir,
"Your's most obediently,
"Emily Harris."

This letter, carefully written, cautiously spelt, and clearly directed to the gallant colonel, in due course by that night's post reached Harley-street, and in less than ten minutes after its arrival was opened and read by Mrs. Smylar, who, taking into her kind consideration the advancing age and increasing infirmities of her respected and reputable master, felt it part of her duty to relieve him as much as possible from

the trouble of poring over correspondence which she did not consider it necessary for him, at his time of life, to worry himself about.

What Mrs. Smylar's feelings towards her dear friend Miss Harris were, or what her resolutions as to her eventual destiny might be when she had read this "treacherous scrawl," it is quite impossible for us to say; but its contents decided her as to the course she was on the instant to pursue. That question was settled. The moment she saw the colonel she would open his eyes to what she thought the schemes of the Amershams. For although it was the scheme of all others which she wished to succeed, still if the colonel *was* to be made aware of it, she, and she only, was the person to warn him. And so, as it seems, the plot thickened.

Amongst the letters which arrived for Colonel Bruff, was one from Jane herself. That, however, the sacrilegious hands of Smylar dared not to touch. There *are* limits not to be passed, lines not to be transgressed. She certainly screwed it, and twisted it, and peeped into it, in hopes of getting something out of it, but in vain: and so it reached its destination.

Whether Miss Harris had also written to Rumfit, either through his club, or down the "hairy" we are unable to say, but there can be no doubt that he appeared exceedingly fidgety and nervous during the morning. Smylar was agitated. The least additional touch of rouge was considered necessary to enable her to meet the gaze of the colonel, and an extra bite of the lips to give them the ruddiness which the gallant and disagreeable Behemoth was so frequently inclined to mar.

Smylar had unquestionably taken a deciding step in opening Miss Harris's letter, which it is quite needless to observe she meant to answer by return of post, but the restless manner of Mr. Rumfit, a sort of twiddle-finger kind of nervousness, somewhat worried her, as conveying to her mind the suggestion that Maria Harris had communicated to *him* her intention of addressing the colonel. Whereupon she (Smylar) was particularly desirous of opening her heart to her dear master, so that she might have ample time to reply—of course in *his* name—to the warning given by that prudential young person.

"Well, sir," said Smylar when she first saw the gallant animal, "have you heard from Miss Jane to-day?"

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

"Yes," said the colonel, "there's a letter from her. Have'nt opened it. Conclude she's well, else she couldn't write."

"No, that's true," said Smylar, "but there may be news from Mrs. Amersham's which you ought to know; nay, colonel, there *is* news which you ought to know."

Whether Mrs. Smylar was correct in considering the word news in the singular, derived as she probably would have said from the points of the compass N. E. W. S., we stay not to consider, but what we ought to remark upon is, the singularity of her own position at the moment. Driven to expose, for the sake of priority, a plan of Mrs. Amersham's, the entire success of which would have given her the greatest pleasure; which she herself had been working, and which would, more than

anything else in the world, tend to the accomplishment of the object she had in view. This is the force of circumstances.

"What news?" said Bruff. "News from Jane, eh?"

"Yes," said Smylar; "there may be visiters there, whose presence is not desirable."

"Can't see who—what?" said the colonel.

"Why suppose," said Smylar, "Mr. Francis Grindle should be on a visit there, what then?"

"Eh?" exclaimed the colonel; "what the canter, the saint, the butterfly-hunter, the frog-catcher?"

"Why," said the lady, biting her lips to give them a tint, "it *may* be so; and it may be that your friends the Amershams think *that* the better match of the two."

"That'll do," said the colonel. "Can't make you out. One day the Amershams are all for one match, another day for another match, as you say. What can they care about it, eh? Why should they worry themselves to shuffle about and whiffle like weathercocks."

"Oh," said Smylar, "if you are unreasonable enough to expect people to give *you* reasons for their conduct, I really can't help you. All I know is—and I feel it my duty to tell you, for nobody else will—that this fascinating Mr. Frank Grindle is domesticated with your daughter, while she is under an engagement to be married to his half-brother, who is not admitted into her society. Now," added she emphatically and theatrically, "that's the fact, and what do you think of it?"

"Think!" said Bruff, looking as if he really were capable of thinking; "why upon my life I don't know. Jane told me two or three days ago, that the Amershams had got acquainted with this spider-hunter at Broadstairs, but I never troubled my head about that. As I said to Lady Gramm, Jane is to be married this day three weeks, what else does it matter?"

"Oh," said Smylar, contracting her well-corked eyebrows, "you make Lady Gramm a *confidante* in your family matters. Is that prudent, colonel, recollecting all that has been said of her early life?"

This Mrs. Smylar, who knew nothing whatever of Lady Gramm, except perhaps through some lying, libellous publication, thought was a hard hit, which might be useful in the prosecution of her own project.

"I don't know what you mean by *confidante*," said Bruff, "because I don't know the language; but she takes an interest in my affairs."

"Yes," interrupted Smylar, who could not get rid of her habit of mingling jest with her satire; the true honey and gall of the provincial *coulisse*, "and would take the principal too, if she could. I speak as I feel. Lady Gramm probably has objects in anticipation which of course I have not. *My* views are genuine and straight-forward, and what *I* say I say with no feeling but for *your* good, and that of your dear child."

"That'll do," said Bruff, "that'll do. I am satisfied of that. Eh, what, Smylar—crying? Come, come, that's nonsense, crying will spoil your complexion."

Many true words are spoken in jest, and most assuredly Smylar's

tears would have done serious damage to the beautiful glow on her countenance—the roses on her cheeks were not likely to flourish by watering. However, she was quite mistress of her art, and the two little pin's-heads which she crocodiled out, rested upon the lower lashes of her eyes, and there maintained their station, aided by the *crêmes* and *pomades* which are so earnestly recommended to ladies, *en decadence.*

"I say, colonel," emphatically proceeded Mrs. Smylar, wiping away the drops, "that I feel it my duty to tell you what is going on. If I have behaved wrongly—if I have outstepped that duty—send me away. Heaven knows," and then came a throw up of the orbs, "what my intentions are, and—"

"There, there," said the colonel, "that'll do. Now then, sit down, don't flurry yourself. What d'ye mean?—explain. Is this Frank brought down there to supplant George, and these people privy to it?—is that what you mean?"

"That is it," said Smylar, "and the instant it came to my knowledge I resolved that you should hear of it."

"That'll do," said the colonel, "what's best to be done? I won't stand this. You have puzzled me about these Amershams, I tell you; but what do you know? that's the point. I don't ask *how* you know it, but *what* do you know?"

"Why," said Smylar, with one of her best low comedy *soubrette* leers, "I *do* know, and I made it a point to know, because I knew more before; in fact, colonel, it is a plan; how managed I don't pretend to guess, but so it is; and what the *denouement*, as we used to say at Bullock's-smithy, may be, I of course, not being behind the scenes, cannot pretend to guess. Still that is my view of the plot; and if I have done wrong in telling you, as I said before, treat me as I deserve."

"But," said the colonel, "let's see what Jane herself says; for as I told you, I have not opened her letter."

"That," said Smylar, "will settle the affair;" and

"That wish was father to the thought."

"Here," said the colonel, "read it to me. It will save my eyes, or rather my glasses. As Lady Gramm says, I have over-worked my sight."

Smylar—and it is no slight proof of confidence in her—proceeded to open the letter from Jane, and read thus:

"My dearest father, Tuesday.

"The kindness of our dear friends the Amershams has, as usual, been unmitigated—their hospitality and friendship are unbounded, and in my present peculiar position nothing can exceed Emma's tenderness towards me, or her good-hearted husband's anxiety to render me perfectly comfortable.

"There is nobody staying here but Lady Cramly and her daughter—a remarkably nice, quiet, yet highly accomplished girl; her mother has travelled a great deal, and like great travellers I believe, has seen

a great deal—she is, however, exceedingly clever, and wonderfully amusing to a quiet body like me.

"I have heard from both Sir George Grindle and his son, who seem to threaten a visit here. I have no doubt the Amershams would give them a kind reception; and what renders the coincidence curious, they have invited Mr. Francis Grindle here, with whom, as I told you, they became acquainted during his uncle's illness at Broadstairs.

"I shall be very glad to improve my acquaintance with him who is destined so soon to become a near connexion of ours; but it is odd enough that the Amershams should have made a friendship with him without even knowing, or at least thinking at the time they were first introduced, that he was destined to be my brother-in-law.

"I have told you that I have heard from George Grindle; I have not answered his letter, for it leaves me in doubt whether he and his father will remain at Brighton long enough to receive it. Lady Gramm has written to me very kindly, and tells me that you seem to enjoy her little quiet *réunions*. I have heard her say that London, in what they call the dull season of the year, is to *her* most agreeable.

"Our weather here is charming; but of course my mind is not quite at ease, although dear Emma is a great comfort to me, for I almost feel—not that I am very superstitious—that the death of Mr. Leeson has somehow sadly altered the previously settled arrangements.

"Believe me, dearest father,

"Yours affectionately,

"JANE BRUFF."

Now, with the exception of the last two lines of this letter, there was not one syllable calculated to serve the purposes of either Smylar or Harris. Jane's openness of heart, and sincerity of character, told her father as mere matter of fact, that which these two plotters and counterplotters were hatching as something of the most vital importance.

Smylar was dead-beaten by the straight-forwardness of the letter; all the credit she had taken to herself for finding out the juxta-position of Jane and Francis was gone at a blow; and her exploit of opening Harris's exceedingly cunning epistle, recoiled most bitterly upon herself; for as it is evident had she done no such thing, but permitted that letter to reach the colonel's hand, the candid and undisguised statement of his daughter would have entirely demolished the fruits of Harris's vigilance and activity: whereas now, she had to fight the battle with Harris, and bear the blame herself. Therefore was it necessary for her—if she could manage it—to do something else, which, simply arising out of the actual state of affairs might, if possible, attract or drive the colonel away from the parties at my Lady Gramm's—his admiration of which was her horror; for besides diverting him from her society, they kept him so exceedingly sober, that when he *did* come home, the warmth of his friendship and the ardour of his esteem did by no means resemble that which they had been before he had addicted himself to her *soirées*.

"Well, colonel," said she, after she had read the letter, "I confess I do not see why Mr. Francis Grindle, who is more nearly connected

with Mr. Leeson than either his father or his half brother, is to be permitted to go about and visit—and especially visit Miss Jane—while Sir George and her intended husband are shut up moping and mumping. If I were you, I would go down to the Amershams' myself—why should you not?—they are old friends, connexions—*I* would; and as you say I give you one account of them at one time, and another account at another, go—see—and judge for yourself: there, that's my advice."

"Is it?" said the colonel; and he began to look as people who have intellects look, when they begin to consider—"there's reason in that, there is; but you see the girl writes the truth."

"It isn't the girl," said Smylar, "as you call her—there's no fear of *her*; but mind the people with whom she is living. Now, what do you think of doing this, colonel?—what do you think of writing to Sir George? What I want, as you must know, is that every thing should turn out well. Suppose you go this afternoon to the Amershams', and see yourself what is going on."

"I haven't been there for I don't know how long," said the colonel.

"The happier they will be to see you," said Smylar.

"But I promised Lady Gramm," said the colonel, "to go this evening to see a man eat fireworks or something, and I can't—"

—"Yes, colonel, you can," said Smylar, looking at him in a way for which no half-price is admitted; "consider your daughter's happiness—your own peace of mind—never mind the fireworks—I know enough of those sort of things."

"That'll do," said the colonel. "I'll go—by Jove you are a treasure to me; to think now how you found this out—before Jenny wrote too—"

—"That's it," said Smylar; "and now, colonel—all I depend upon is, that you will ask no questions at the Amershams' of any body, nor suffer any body to speak to you on the subject. There you will go—there you will catch this designing Mr. Francis, with all his mock grief, insinuating himself into Miss Jane's good graces, and then you will appreciate the friendship of the Amershams', and the little service I may have done to you."

"But I'll shoot Amersham," said Bruff, "if I find he is in the conspiracy; what, d'ye think that he—"

—"I think nothing," said Smylar; "go, my dear colonel—keep your own council, and speak to nobody on *the* subject; you are come down to see your daughter, and there's an end;—only mark, let the affair turn out as it will, my anxiety is that your views and wishes should not be frustrated."

Knowing the influence which Mrs. Smylar really did possess over the gallant jolter-head, there can be little doubt of her success in persuading him to follow her advice; which advice had, as is obvious, the double object of exciting, as she hoped, a quarrel with his daughter (an almost natural result of their meeting), and of withdrawing him from the fascinations of Lady Gramm's strong coffee and dimly lighted boudoir. He decided upon going: and now came another difficulty. In the ordinary course of things, he would have taken Mr. Rumfit as his servant, but Smylar could not permit of any interview between that person and

Miss Harris under the circumstances. She therefore reminded the full-sized dolt that he could go by a railroad, as the station was not more than eight miles, or some such thing, from Amersham's house (which was about half the distance it was from London), and that the groom could take his portmanteau, dressing-case, and bag: and that Simmons *was* there and could dress him, and that Rumfit was a safeguard to the house—all of which she urged with so much energy and anxiety, that any body who did not know the passionless coldness of her heart, and the grovelling calculativeness of her mind, would have fancied she had some very strong reason for wishing Mr. Rumfit to stay where he was. Not a bit of it: to prevent his *going* was the object, and having achieved that, she cared for nothing else; and consummated her performance of the day by writing the following note to her dear friend Miss Harris:—

"The Colonel begs you will take no notice to *him*, nor any body else, of what you wrote to him. He will be down before this post comes in—he thanks you."

This was sealed and despatched, written in a disguised hand. The colonel himself, locked up in an iron hearse on the railroad, was destined to hit his mark, as far as he was concerned, by eight or nine miles. Mrs. Smylar suggested to Mr. Rumfit the agreeableness of having some cake and wine in her room, previously to a little bit of supper which she ordered to be ready at ten clock, during and after which she rallied him agreeably upon his affection for Maria Harris, who to *her* thinking "was one of the nicest girls she had ever seen."

At Amersham's matters were going on rather differently. There, in the usual routine of things, the trap in which Colonel Bruff by his forced march was to catch his daughter and Francis was all ready for his closing; and certainly his arrival in a rickety sort of unglazed omnibus, drawn by one wretched poney; the omnibus, odd enough to say, being scarcely large enough to hold the colonel only, and being, moreover, called the Apollo, and which had, by dint of the last energies of the wretched animal that dragged it from the railway station, brought him to Amersham's in little less than two hours more than would have been expended if he had put himself behind a pair of Newman's posters in one of his currant-coloured chaises, startled Mrs. Amersham, Jane, and my Lady Cramly, and her daughter. The two last knew nothing of the colonel, except that when he was announced by the same name as Jane, they concluded he was her father. Jane had not, of course, the remotest notion of seeing him there, and Mrs. Amersham, to whom he had never paid the civility of even a morning visit for years, felt almost frightened at his approach.

"My dear father!" said Jane, running to meet him as he entered the room, "what has happened?"

"Nothing," said the colonel, "nothing has nappened; only as I was making a little excursion, I resolved, as my course of travelling would bring me within a mile or two of you, just to look in upon you; eh? that's all, dear."

Now Jane knew enough of her father to know that so far from *that* being all, it had nothing whatever to do with the matter; and Mrs.

Amersham having exchanged looks with her astonished friend, they tacitly agreed that, to use a colloquial phrase, and one which perhaps they would not have used, there was "something in the wind."

"How's Amersham?" said the colonel, his eye wandering about in search of his host.

"He is not at home," answered Mrs. Amersham, "but he will be here shortly. Do you know Lady Cramly and Miss Cramly," added the graceful mistress of the house.

The colonel telegraphed the "negative," and was forthwith presented in due form. Lady Cramly was particularly amiable in *her* way, and poor Seraphine was really so; but still Bruff felt rather uneasy at finding neither Amersham nor Frank of the party, and still more uneasy because he did not exactly know how to inquire about the destination of his host, or the absence of his friend, without disclosing more of the object of his visit than he considered it either necessary or judicious just at that period to develope.

"You came by the railroad, colonel," said Lady Cramly; "delightful conveyance!"

"Can't say I think so, my lady," said Bruff. "Did'nt see the beauties of it."

"Seraphine my daughter," said Lady Cramly, "and I, have travelled a vast many miles by it—thousands I may say—and we never were in the slightest degree inconvenienced. To be sure the people knew us, and every accommodation was afforded us; but besides that there is a sensation—a sort of feeling not only of certainty of achieving your object in a journey, but doing it with all its rapidity, without fatigue. I think it exceedingly—exceeding—"

"There's a good deal of noise about it," said Bruff.

"Yes," said the lady, "there *is* noise—"

"And smell."

"Yes," said Lady Cramly, "and smell, I admit."

"And you have no great opportunity of seeing the country as you pass through it," said the colonel.

"Oh dear no," said Lady Cramly. "I never venture to look out. The dear duke—Seraphine's godfather—who first induced me to go in one of them, told me never to look out."

"That'll do, my lady," said the colonel. "I think in future I shall stick to the old mode of going, if I can."

And then followed the usual common-place sort of discussion, and declaration that the attempt to travel by our universally acknowledged admirable roads would be wholly fruitless—that all our excellent inns, together with the once wealthy and respectable towns in which they stood, would be deserted, and the population of the empire would be dragged through noxious tunnels, or over perilous ridges, across lines of country so remote from civilization and society, that in case of accident or delay they would find themselves alone and helpless even in the middle of the day, and if visited with any one of the numerous calamities by which this new-fangled mode of travelling is so pre-eminently distinguished, driven to avail themselves of the aid of a switch-guarding watchman, or the doubtful accommodation of a station-house stretcher.

In this conversation Bruff continued to join, occasionally talking to his daughter in broken sentences, evidently wishing to say more than he well could "before company," and not desiring to take her out to a private conference, because as far as every thing presented itself to his eyes, there could be no need of anything like remonstrance or scolding, and if there were not he had no need of talking to her, and so the Behemoth went on wondering why Smylar should have led him into a scrape out of which he did not at all see how he could get. At last he ventured to inquire when Amersham was expected back.

"Oh, before supper," said Emma; "our old-fashioned meal; he is gone on a visit of good-nature to a future connexion of yours. Don't blush, my dear Jane. Poor Mr. Frank Grindle, whom we expected here, sent him word that he was exceedingly ill, and could not come over to us, and my good man—who *is* a good man—went over to see him this morning, for he is alone with his *homme d'affaires*, settling his late uncle's estates, and all that; and he thought he might perhaps be useful to him, if not in business, at least in diverting his mind while he was an invalid."

"So," thought Bruff, "then the man has never been here after all. Smylar's a fool; and I am dragged away from the *soirée* of Lady Gramm."

"Grindle," said Lady Cramly, "where do I know the name of Grindle. I know it from the famous cough-drops made by that admirable chemist in Pall-mall; but there is a Sir George Grindle, is'nt there? Oh yes, the father of your friend, true."

Jane felt herself much as Saint Lawrence must have felt in the early stage of his martyrdom.

"Don't you recollect, Seraphine," continued the voluble lady, "our seeing that pretty creature at Versailles—Mrs. Grindle. She was the daughter-in-law of Sir somebody Grindle; was *that* Sir George?"

"I don't recollect, Ma'," said Seraphine.

Bruff knew enough of the affair of the *nominal* Mrs. Grindle, coupled with the locality, to be rather anxious to change the subject of conversation. "So," thought he to himself, "Mr. George has carried the matter with a high hand indeed;" and Jane, in her placid way, cast her mild yet intelligent eyes upon papa in order to ascertain if he were at all affected by that which in her mind was all at once associated with the brief tour made by her intended husband on the continent.

"She was exceedingly nice and *naïve*," said Lady Cramly. "I think it was the Prince de Joinville who pointed her out to me one night at the Tuileries. She came to Paris with—I forget who—Seraphine do you recollect? I believe I got her the invitation. She was so exceedingly genteel. Oh! the nicest creature I ever saw, except the Duchess de Debonnaire—my greatest pet. We were only at Versailles one day, but this dear little half-English, half-French woman quite won my heart."

"Nice company you must keep," thought Bruff, being perfectly well satisfied of the identity of the person; and not knowing the extent of the discursiveness of Lady Cramly's fancy, he began to consider as much as he could as to the character of the court of the Citizen King.

"Large fortune, I am told," said Bruff, rather wishing to change the topic of conversation, "Frank gets by his uncle's death?"

"Very considerable indeed," said Mrs. Amersham, "and he is such a delightful person—"

"Ah, that'll do," said Bruff. "I know very little of him. We have seen him once or twice, have'nt we, Jane?"

"Twice or three times," answered Jane.

"Have you heard from George to-day, Jenny?" said the colonel.

"No, sir," said Jane.

The question and answer appeared to be leading the conversation into what might be considered family topics, and a subsequent exchange of looks between Lady Cramly and Mrs. Amersham indicated the propriety of leaving the colonel and his daughter *tête-à-tête*, the thing of all others Jane would have given the world to avoid. Still his unusual and unexpected visit in itself implied something—what, Mrs. Amersham as we know could not comprehend, nor could Jane.

"I hope," said the lady of the house, "that you mean—now we *have* got you here—to stay some time with us."

"Why," said Bruff, looking exceedingly awkward, and as if he devoutly wished he never had come, "if I bore you with my society till to-morrow after breakfast, I am afraid I must not indulge myself any longer. I must be in town by three or four."

Simultaneously Jane, Emma, Lady Cramly and her daughter all thought in various and different degrees of energy—"Why did you come?"

We happen to know—and we happen to know also, that he came charged with all the powder—or rather power—of his paternal violence, to fulminate his rage upon his poor innocent daughter, for encouraging the advances, or rather enjoying the society of Mr. Francis Grindle. His officious councillors had been over-reached, and here he was—of course welcomed in a house, under the roof of which his only daughter was an inmate; but a visit of *his* being as we have seen so unusual, its effect was proportionably remarkable, its object and intention turning out complete failures. All he wished for or cared for was the return of Amersham, as the first step in his progress to his bed-room, in which, whether with or without supper, "he devoutly wished himself."

"Jane, dear," said Mrs. Amersham, "I have no doubt you and papa have fifty things to talk over, so go your ways; you will find the little octagon room lighted and quite at your service—Amersham won't be long now, so you had better lose no time, as the colonel seems obliged to leave us to-morrow."

Bruff had nothing to say to his daughter—Jane had nothing to say to her father; but the common observances of society, rendered their availing themselves of Mrs. Amersham's proposal a matter almost of necessity, and so they did retire to talk over family concerns; a move which gave very great relief to Bruff, who as we have before remarked, found himself in a false position.

"A very fine-looking man, Colonel Buff," said Lady Cramly.

"Bruff," said Emma.

"Bruff—yes, Bruff; I beg pardon," said her ladyship. "He re-

minds me very much of Prince Vildovontdozich—you remember *him*, Seraphine? He was an ill-used man, as I fancied, and I told the Emperor of Austria that he ought to do something for him. The very next week, he ordered Metternich to make him—I forget at the moment what—either a field-marshal or an archbishop. Do you recollect, child, which?"

"No, Ma'," said Seraphine.

"I have got it down in my diary," said Lady Cramly. "I never saw a greater likeness—if he had but mustachios, it would be perfect—"

"But," said Emma, "do Archbishops in Austria wear mustachios?"

"It depends entirely upon the particular regulations of the different chapters," said Lady Cramly. "The exalted aristocracy with which Seraphine and I exclusively lived, do I believe exactly as they please, at least *M.* seemed to think so. Seraphine, you know whom I mean by *M.*?"

"Yes, Ma'," said Seraphine.

"But," said Emma, "what Mrs. Grindle was that which you saw in France?"

"Oh, such a love of a creature!" said the enthusiastic traveller, "so pretty, and so clever, and so nice; you can quite imagine a pretty dear English thing with nice French manners—who first presented her to me, Seraphine?—wasn't it the Duc de Falderall?"

"No, Ma'," said Seraphine; "we first met her in a shoemaker's shop in the Rue Richelieu—"

"Stuff! my dear child," said her mamma, "I am talking of Versailles, where she was living with her mother—I quite forget at the moment, but I am almost sure it was the Duc de Falderall."

"And what did she call herself?" said Emma.

"Mrs. Grindle," replied Lady Cramly, "daughter-in-law of a baronet here. Of course living in the society I always do, and treated with the distinction not only due to my personal rank but my literary character, I live with none but the best of people; and I tell you what, my dear Mrs. Amersham, when a woman like me has got a name, and is able to represent the real state of great nations from the highest authority, and upon the best information, she becomes both loved and feared according to the parties in which she mingles. Rely upon it, that my next work will far exceed my first—when that was published, my poor dear Sir Ferdinand was alive, and he checked my ardour, and what he called 'toned down' my pictures of foreign courts; now, I am left alone I will prove to the world how well I deserve the honours, distinctions, and decorations which have been showered upon me."

"I have no doubt of *that*, my dear Lady Cramly," said Emma; "but I am exceedingly anxious to know, if you have not been somehow imposed upon by this fascinating young lady, whom, as Seraphine says, you met in the shoemaker's shop."

"Imposed upon!" said Lady Cramly; "*I* imposed upon in a foreign capital!—My dear Mrs. Amersham, do you imagine with the resources I possess, the position I hold, and the credentials I com-

mand, that *I* can be imposed upon. I certainly may have confused myself about presenting the dear interesting creature to my gracious friend Phil at the Tuileries, but I cannot mistake her presentation to *me* by the Duc de Falderall.—You are *so* stupid, Seraphine, dear—you never recollect any thing;—and yet," added she, turning to Mrs. Amersham, "the men think her so wonderfully clever."

"I perfectly recollect," said Seraphine, "two or three days before we left Paris, an extremely pretty woman with a lady who seemed to be her mother, coming into a shoemaker's shop where we were, in the Rue Richelieu, and you made a sort of acquaintance with her. I liked her—you found out her name, and the day before we actually did leave Paris we went to Versailles, and there we met her in the gardens, and you renewed your acquaintance with her, and we walked together."

"Yes, child," cried Lady Cramly, "but the Duc de Falderall—"

—"Was walking with us also," said Seraphine; "you had just been introduced to him by Monsieur Le Snob, a sous-lieutenant in his regiment who had got us leave to see the grand Ircanor, and—"

—"Oh child, child, you have no memory at all," said Lady Cramly; "you have forgotten all the circumstances—all the names, and all the localities—that is the advantage of keeping a diary."

Just at this period, the large and disagreeable colonel, having had his "say" out with his daughter, with whom as it grieved him to think he could find no particular fault, returned with her to the drawing-room, Jane wearing on her usually placid brow a somewhat anxious and nervous contraction—her eyes rested on those of Emma.

The colonel seemed resolved to be good-humoured; he knew that he was well housed for the night, and although he might to a certain extent be beaten as to the object of his visit, its result proved that he had no real reason for alarm, and so he came into the *salon* rubbing his great hands joyously, and was received cordially by his hostess. Whereupon he began to talk big and loud, and feel himself at home, and would perhaps have pursued that course some time longer, had not the ringing of bells, and the barking of dogs, announced the arrival of the master of the house.

Welcomed to his own hearth and home was Amersham, as such a man must be; he certainly started at seeing the colonel,—however, he was "too happy;" and so, as soon as possible, the customary supper was announced, and without the waste of many previous words, the party were seated.

As they were going to this social and sociable meal, Jane laid her hand upon Emma's arm—bringing to mind something which Smylar once had said with regard to George Grindle's dissolute conduct, and whispered,

"Emma, what does that woman mean about the lady from Versailles?"

"Mean!" said Emma, bursting into a fit of laughter, "who can tell *what* she means? she never spoke one word of truth in the whole course of her life!"

But where *was* Mr. Francis Grindle? *How* was he? and why was he not there?

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR; OR, AN OLD ACCOUNT NEWLY STATED.

"On a beaucoup écrit, et avec raison, contre les ingrats; mais on a laissé les bienfaiteurs en repos,—et c'est un chapitre qui manque à l'histoire des tyrans."

D'ALEMBERT.

THERE are two sorts of persons who have made common cause to declaim against the sin of ingratitude, and to accuse humanity of an habitual uneasiness under the yoke of obligations. There are, first, the rich and the prosperous, who having small need of assistance from others, and seeing many occasions presented to them for the exercise of liberality, consider themselves as belonging to the obliging classes, and bound to their interests; and, secondly, the poor and helpless, who feeling a constant want of protection and support, join in a chorus against the abstract ingratitude of the species, in order to pass for splendid exceptions, and to captivate the good will of all from whom they have any thing to hope.

With respect to the former of these personages it is by no means necessary, as a justification of their complaints, that they should have availed themselves of the opportunities of doing good attached to their easy fortunes, and actually earned for themselves a specific claim on the gratitude of mankind; otherwise the category would furnish but a small quota towards the stunning outcry. Indeed it may be honestly asserted, that they who the most freely distribute their superfluous possessions, and exert their good offices in behalf of the humble and lowly, are usually the most patient under the coldness and neglect of those whom they have favoured, and the readiest in devising excuses for their defalcations. For the most part, the rich man's reproach against mankind is set up as a ready excuse for some special refusal of a good turn, some particular withholding of the right hand of fellowship to a friend in distress: and an excellent excuse it is; for, implying as it should seem a wounded spirit, and an honest indignation, it gains credit for good feeling, precisely where feeling is in reality the most thoroughly wanting.

On the part of the poor, the clamour against ingratitude is not so necessarily a conscious departure from truth; for the would-be borrower, deeply sensible of the extent of his own distresses, may well indulge in extravagant notions of the merits of an hypothetical lender; and he who in any emergency has no friend to assist him, may as readily put a value on the absent article, proportionate rather to its rarity than its intrinsic worth. But whatever may be his private opinions on the point, he will not the less insist upon his own sense of obligation, and the pride and pleasure of acknowledging it, when he sees an increased chance of obtaining assistance, through the profession of a lively feeling towards those who may serve him.

Between these two descriptions of persons, there is a sufficient force of lungs to carry all before it, and to establish the opinion that ingratitude is the worst of all offences (*ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris*), and that it is the pet sin and favourite weakness of gentle and simple.

The natural inference from all such general agreements is, that the position so favoured is altogether a fallacy; but without adopting this conclusion in all its rigour, or quixotically maintaining that men are in

this respect a whit better than they should be, we must be permitted to express our belief that the statement is much overcharged, and, at least to a certain extent, founded on a one-sided view of the facts. It is an admitted law of our being, that the present holds a decided preponderance in the will over the past; and that even the future is more influential on conduct, than recollections of what can never return. This being the case, it must be far less our fault than our misfortune, if the sense of an obligation for favours "had or received," should give way to newer impressions, and if (in the common phrase) eaten bread should be soon forgotten. It is quite consonant, also, with the same great law of vital action, that the "memory of the heart" (as the French deaf and dumb boy called it) should be powerfully revived by the near prospect of an approaching necessity for assistance; and that gratitude for benefits yet to come, should produce more powerful reaction in the voluntary system, than that which is purely retrospective. To complain of the order of nature, which has thus regulated our feelings, is to "complain that you are a man;" and to set up claims in opposition to it, is not less absurd than it is weak and unjust.

It may therefore be laid down as a rule, that a large part of the ingratitude about which your twaddling moralists make such a pother, arises out of the unreasonable expectations of the obliging parties, and their deficient experience of their own nature in the particular. It is not indeed too much to believe that if they who personally swell the cry, and express the loudest indignation at the insensibility of the friends on whom they have lavished their kindness, could be brought to look at home, and acknowledge the offences they have themselves committed in the like kind, they would find reason for considerably lowering the tone of their vituperations. If those only who were without the sin of ingratitude were permitted to cast the first stone, the cairn of the ungrateful we apprehend would be an infinitely small quantity; but this *tu quoque* sort of defence, however available against those who complain, may not be thought a very satisfactory ground for acquitting the defendant. Let us, then, look further into the matter.

One cause of the outcry against ingratitude, and that a very frequent one also, is the prevalent disagreement between the parties as to the sum of obligations contracted. Nothing, for instance, is more common than for the rich and the powerful to take credit for all the evil they have neglected to perpetrate, and to hold society obliged to them for acts of simple justice. It is all very well to quote Fra Paolo's assertion, that *mai alcuno si pretende obligato à chi l'habbi fatto giustitia*: that acute politician has not stated that the pretension of having obliged was never set up on the like ground in the opposite quarter; indeed, he must have known the reverse to be the truth. Nor indeed is this the worst; for many persons consider themselves as conferring an obligation by the very act of receiving one. A great man fancies that he has conferred an honour on a little man in eating his dinner, borrowing his money, or the like; and a landlord thinks he lays his tenant under eternal obligation by accepting from him the highest sum that can be got for his farm, and permitting the man, in return, to convert that land from barrenness to a maximum fertility, against the completion of the term. More frequent are the differences of rating the amount of favour between the parties, in cases where the naked fact of a benevolence is

not denied. An architect's estimate is not wider apart from the expense really incurred in the execution of a national monument, than the borrower's estimate of obligation is from that of the lender. "He lent me an hundred pounds, it is true; but what is that to him who is rolling in wealth? and then did I not pay him?" The lender, on the other side, will tell you, "I lent the ungrateful scoundrel an hundred pounds—a large sum to trust with such a scamp, and that also when nobody else would have trusted him. Long enough, too, was I out of my money, and great was the difficulty I had in getting it back again!" Both these statements, indeed, must be set down as unreasonable exaggerations; but that only shows the clearer, how little probability there is of the parties agreeing on the subject of gratitude.

Still greater divergence is to be traced as to the obligation conferred by the accommodating friend who runs off with his neighbour's *chère moitié*. The person thus relieved of what probably he had long been heartily tired, so far from expressing gratitude, is busied in preparing his pistols (or at all events his action) against what he facetiously calls the *offending* party; while that party, becoming suddenly convinced of the load of annoyance he has taken on his own shoulders, thinks the husband a most ungrateful fellow in pressing for damages in a quarter where he has in fact reaped inappreciable advantage.

Another cause of disagreement is the pretension too often set up by the obliging party, upon any trifling overt act of kindness, to make the person who receives it a debtor for the rest of his life. In money transactions, which are the type of all other debtor and creditor accounts, a receipt for the exact sum that was owing, is *pro tanto* as good as a receipt in full; and the man who, having been duly paid, renews his demand, is properly set down as no better than a swindler and a cheat: but if the debt, instead of having been contracted in the lawful currency of the realm, arises out of some less definable benevolence, though the favour should have been repaid a hundred-fold over, the debtor gets no quittance, and to the end of his life is liable to calls on his gratitude, which it is an act of moral bankruptcy to decline. The only admitted exception to this rule is in the account current between voter and candidate. The man who plumped at the last election has an admitted demand on the gratitude of his member till the recurrence of another election, and no longer. Unless he then puts in a ditto repeated, by way of refresher, the whole amount of good feeling is lawfully transferred to another, as completely as if it were by entry in the bank books.

Again, there is a fearful source of disagreement on the score of gratitude, arising out of the imputed causation of certain obligations. The obliging party books up the simple fact of a good turn done; while the obliged is apt to set it down as a sprat flung out to catch a whale,—or as a favour bestowed, not so much to oblige A, as to spite or annoy B, —or perhaps to show off in the sight of C—from sheer ostentation—or hypocrisy—or any other of the innumerable *ricochet* motives which determine half the plausible actions of poor humanity. Now, although it does not speak well for the abstract gratitude of the man, who is on the perpetual look out for such discounting pleas in abatement, yet would it be no less than sheer dupery to overlook them entirely. Such Rochefoucauldian views of man and of society may be derogatory to human nature, malevolent, churlish, or what you will; but it cannot be

said that they have not some foundation in truth,—a foundation, if not wide enough to build a new Royal Exchange upon, still sufficiently ample for the *assiette* of a reasonable hypothesis. A large part of the kindnesses of the world have no better occasions than some one of these indirect impulses; and to claim them as grounds for reciprocal kindness, is scarcely more reasonable than the robber's claim, that you should not prosecute, because in stripping you of your money he did not cut your throat into the bargain.

Among the indirect causes of benevolence which detract, and justly detract from the gratitude of the recipient, may be cited a foolish facility preventing the party from ever saying No. He who obliges everybody obliges nobody, and like the hare with many friends, is banded in his necessities from one to the other, till he ends by getting assistance from none. Somewhat akin to this, is the benevolence done to get rid of importunity. In a thousand instances it is less troublesome to grant a request than to find a good reason for refusing it; and there are cases in which it is preferable to be out of pocket, than out of time, or out of temper. Here, forsooth, is a pretty case for gratitude!

There is another class of benefactors, whose good deeds shine bright in "a naughty world," without exciting any very remarkable glow of thankfulness in the breasts of the objects of their benevolence; and the reader will anticipate us by identifying these persons in the givers of advice. A convalescent may feel grateful to the doctor, e'en with the nauseous drug on his palate,—nay, the surgeon has been loved, in spite of his scalpel; but nobody ever heard, from the days of the ichthyosauri, nor unto the time when man himself shall be added to nature's cabinet of fossil curiosities, will ever hear of such a thing as gratitude for good advice. The generosity of "the Scotchman with his plums" meets not with a less genial return. Nor is this very surprising; for there is nothing so exceedingly strange in the insensibility. It is not merely that the commodity is such a drug,—it is not that nobody takes it (unless indeed when he pays for it), and that therefore there is really no obligation in the case; but there is also something so disagreeable in the adviser, such an assumption of superiority, such an implied contempt for the intellect of the party advised, that the benefit, to common observation, shows very like an insult. It is also an odd peculiarity of advisers in general, that liberal as they are upon this one point, they have an obvious disinclination for giving any thing else; so that their liberality strongly resembles the priest's benefaction; and we presume accordingly, that if it were worth a halfpenny, he would not give it.

So cogent indeed is this inference, that it is commonly extended even to those advisers who, in despair of success on better terms, pass off their advice wrapped up with creature comforts, as the Irishman passed his bad shilling between two coppers. These benefactors are chiefly found among the missionary sectarians, who seek to captivate the "gentle convertite" by an argument not so much *ad hominem*, as *ad ventriculum*, which is the very bull's-eye of human susceptibility. With respect to these, there is too much reciprocity in the bargain, to excite any lively sense of gratitude for the donation. So much meat for so much faith, so much clothing for so much implied deference. If on the one hand the hungry are filled, and the naked covered, on the other self-love is flattered in this world, and gets a corresponding *lien*

on the world to come: thus it is, *quitte à quitte* between them, and there an end.

Very nearly in the same line with this class of self-seekers, may be ranged those obliging people, whose benevolence is directed towards the "lower orders," and employs itself in cutting out for them patterns of education, on the precise model of the straight-waistcoats of the lunatic asylum. They look not to the efficiency of the citizen, nor to the happiness of the man; all their scheme is to prevent him from being mischievous in his high fits, and maltreating that very helpless and innocent part of the public who have more to eat than they can digest. Without breathing a word against the good faith of such benefactors, or attempting to insinuate that they are actuated by less than the purest feelings towards the objects of their care, yet is it not the less true, that their energies are seldom employed so as to deserve the gratitude they expect in return for their labours. It is an indisputable fact in the history of man, that every one desires to be happy in his own way, and that there are as many ways of being happy almost as there are individuals. Unfortunately, however, the carers for the common people have the strangest knack of crossing the paths of their humbler neighbours, and of blocking up the by-ways of individual comfort as assiduously, as certain magistrates block up the paths across the fields, interfering with their cakes and ale, putting out their pipes, denying them their Sunday pleasures, and "wigging" them, their wives, and their children, without mercy, whenever the wretches presume on a will of their own; or when a little gentle exercise of the lungs is necessary to themselves to cool their blood, or burn off their bile. According to their reading of the law, the poor man's cottage is any thing but his castle. Its sanctity is violated at all times and upon all occasions; and an inquisitorial scrutiny is for ever carried on into all that is said, done, or neglected by the jaded inmates. Under these circumstances, candour must acknowledge that to expect gratitude, would be exceedingly unreasonable, and that to reproach the poor with their discontent, is totally to mistake the nature of humanity. If it requires an exercise of the noblest disposition in the mature man to overcome his boyish recollections of restraint, and to regard the memory of his schoolmaster with any approach to complacency, what hope can there be that the lower classes should respect and love *their* schoolmasters, at the moment when the rod is brandished over their ears.

The utmost extent of such benevolence goes to keep its objects in a perpetual *status pupillaris;* and we would ask any inheritor of a fine fortune, who, by the perverse will of a cross parent, has been kept beyond the legal period in a state of protracted minority, what was the amount of gratitude he felt for such a testamentary disposition?

The declaimers against ingratitude have also to thank their own unreasonable expectations for their disappointment, when they look for particular returns, which the obliged party is bound to deny. The man who has served another, too commonly imagines that he has a *lien*, not only on the means and the labour of the obliged, but likewise on his feelings, and his principles, and his duties to general society. A benefactor of this class pretends that you are not only to beg for him and to borrow for him, but to steal for him into the bargain, if need be. As for lying for him, or even perjuring yourself for him, that is a matter of course. Then not only your own money, but whatever you have in

trust for others, must be placed at his disposition; and you are expected to be bound for him for larger sums than you are worth, at once cheating those who have a right to expect solvent security, and consigning your wife and children to hopeless ruin. If you are the guardian of a minor, you are required perhaps to betray the sacred trust, and deliver your ward up to a pauper marriage, to repay the debt of obligation which you have contracted in your own person. This may be thought exaggeration: and we trust that although such unreasonable expectations are not unfrequently entertained, they are not often gratified; but it is not the less true, that the exclamations of the disappointed help powerfully to swell the cry against the ingratitude of the species. One instance, however, of such dishonest pretensions, cannot be denied, or treated as uncommon; and that is the claim of the employer on the political conscience of the employed, the demand that the franchise bestowed for other purposes, should be exerted by the dependant to forward the corrupt interests of the patron, in defiance of every sense of right or fitness.

If not as dishonest, at least as unreasonable, are the eternal jeremiads in which the mistresses of families are so prone to indulge against the ingratitude of their servants. They pay indeed their hapless dependents divers pounds per annum, and they feed them as per agreement; and all that they get in return, is incessant labour during sixteen or more hours per day, implicit submission to dictatorial wills, and a silent endurance of the worst possible tempers,—at the hazard, moreover, of being turned out of bread at any moment, and with a certain prospect of the hospital or workhouse at the end of the vista. Now, if this is not something to be grateful for, we should like to know what is. Let us not, however, be unjust, or indulge in that worst of literary vices, cant: servants, as a body, *are* ungrateful; for they have all the vices imposed upon them by a false and degraded position. Accustomed to coldness and harsh treatment, they consider themselves as in a state of natural warfare with their employers; and when *par extraordinaire*, they meet with kindness, consideration, and a disposition to befriend them, the phenomenon passeth their understandings. They consider it either as an unwilling testimony to their own uncommon merits, a desire to secure services that cannot be bought too highly; or as a token of cullability and softness in the master, of which they are bound, in duty to themselves, to make the most.

But it is not perhaps the menial who incurs the larger portion of this obloquy: it is the humble companion, the domesticated friend taken in to share the luxuries and the *ennuis*, the protection and the caprices of the wealthy and the childless, who never fails to meet the reproach at every turn. Without chicaning on the nature of such obligations, and the reciprocity of the whole transaction, we will freely admit that there are cases where such dependents have been adopted on a benevolent principle, and where much seeming generosity exists on the side of the benefactor; but before we decide on the ingratitude of the party so served, we must inquire whether the daily obligation has not been duly cancelled by a daily reproach. Has there not been *ista commemorata*, which is not *quasi*, but actually an *exprobatio*, and in sound morality a perfect receipt in full for all kindnesses. Or if this has not occurred, has there not been the tyranny of eternal in-

terference in the most trifling or the most sacred particulars? Has there not been an account current opened between benevolence and obsequiousness, between kindness and flattery! Has the obliged party at any moment of the contract been fairly entitled to call his soul his own? Has the poor offender really enjoyed a higher place in the establishment than the lap-dog? Has his interests or his feelings been consulted in any arrangement into which he may have been dragged? Or has he ever been permitted, for a single instant, to forget his peculiar situation in the society of the salon? If not, surely he who is thus circumstanced, and has been long taught the bitter lesson that he is but a parasite, cannot very reasonably be expected to entertain the ennobling and dignified feelings which belong only to the friend.

Swinburne, in his Letters recently published, observes, with more justice than novelty, that "ingratitude is often provoked by something in the behaviour of the obliger which hurts the pride of the obliged, and settles the account." But if this be a general truth, and it is not to be denied that the position of the obliged renders him peculiarly susceptible to such affronts,—in the words of Terence,

> "Omnes quibu' res sunt minu' secundæ, magi sunt, nescio quomodo,
> Suspiciosi; ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis,"—

there is no particular case to which it more closely applies, than to that of the domestic humble friend. If the most weary circumspection, and the most delicate susceptibility, cannot always in this species of intercourse avoid unintentional offence, how can it be expected that the ordinary run of patronizing protectors and ostentatious professors of benevolence should escape, or that the life of their dependant should be otherwise than one protracted torture.

Perhaps the best-founded charge against the ingratitude of mankind, is that which is urged in the case of children towards their parents. It is quite true that the debt which a child incurs is rarely paid directly to the parent, but is indirectly returned in the like services rendered to the grandchild. But even here, the fault is not always wholly on one side. Distance and severity, together with the little disposition which parents feel to place themselves in the child's place, to remember the weaknesses and errors incidental to youth, and to make allowances for the real difference in feeling and in experience between adolescence and maturity, too often render the intercourse of parents with their offspring an interchange of ill-tempers and ill-offices, depriving it of all confidence, and substituting a regime of fear for a government of love.

Then again, it is not the fault of man, or of institutions, that the landed proprietor should be so often jealous of his heir; or that his expectant son, impatient for the property which must one day be his own, should incline to the opinion that his respected governor has had his share of the cake, that he should be ready to exclaim in the purest latinity, "*Tempus abire tibi.*"

After all, then, are we to conclude that there is no such thing as ingratitude, and that it is quite true, as La Rochefoucauld has asserted, that, "*les hommes haissent même ceux qui les ont obligés, et cessent de haïr ceux qui leur ont fait des outrages?*" We do not say so: all we advance is, that we should not always decide for the complainant on

his own word. We believe with Tacitus that, "*Beneficia eo usque læta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse;*" though at the same time we must admit, that on this point, the generality are apt to be easily discouraged. All things considered, this standard of Tacitus's expresses very nearly the truth. Men are grateful when it costs them nothing to be so; and that is as much as ought to be expected from humanity. No one can like a bore in any case; yet who so great a bore as he whose very presence reminds you that you owe more than you can pay, or the man whom you expect will call upon you for large sums which it is inconvenient to book up.

There is another shrewd remark of La Rochefoucauld's that deserves citation. He has said that too great promptitude in discharging debts of gratitude, is itself a species of ingratitude, as indicating probably an impatience under the weight of obligation. Now who shall undertake to say, that a vast number of seeming ingratitudes are not referable to a delicate susceptibility to such an imputation? Who shall say, that the neglect to return a benefit, may not arise from the desire to prove that the party is not above being obliged—a wish to protract the state of gratitude, by deferring the moment of repayment?

On the other hand, there is some reason for suspecting that even if we should succeed in establishing the universal ingratitude of the species, we should prove too much. If ingratitude be universal, it becomes a property like death, common to all the species, and therefore ceases to be chargeable against the individual as a fault. What then would morality gain by such a discovery?

At all events, they who make such a fuss on the subject, must be considered less as disappointed benefactors, than as clamorous creditors, who having advanced their good actions upon a virtual I O U, would willingly run off for a sheriff's officer, if the law had provided its remedy for the case. Besides, a closer inspection into the economy of the human mind will, we imagine, show that some men are born with a special *nisus* to oblige, and others to be obliged. There are men so constituted, that they are never happy but when doing good; and others so unluckily put together, that they are eternally in want of assistance, as if they were made under a special providence for supplying the occasions of such generosity, and as if each were created expressly for the other, as hooks are for eyes. Certain it is that these parties are reciprocally necessary; and if they mutually perform their respective parts with fidelity, all is done that the case seems to require.

To have obliged an ingrate is, after all, not so great a calamity, if it be not indeed rather a fault than a misfortune. If he who lends his money, right and left, to the worthy and the unworthy, is not to be pitied when he gets taken in, neither should that man be compassionated, who having scattered benefits on the wicked, discovers in their ingratitude that he has made a judy of himself.

So on the other part, it is an acknowledged unhappiness to lie under obligations to the unprincipled, to feel yourself called on to acknowledge services from those whom you are ashamed to own. We may therefore safely attribute much apparent ingratitude to the prevalence of this false position. Few, indeed, are the good in this vale of tears, and few the obliged who can boast that their benefactor was worthy of esteem. But in such instances, to show gratitude is nothing less than

to comfort the depraved in their wickedness; and with all due deference to that ultra modification of justice, which consists in giving somebody, who shall be nameless, his due, we still hold that with reference to the world at large, such *summum jus* is beyond all civil *summam injuria*. Everybody indeed pretends that it is not the deed, but the intention which merits reward; and how is it possible that a bad man can do any thing with a good motive? It has, to be sure, been said that we are not to look a gift horse in the mouth; and we so far respect the proverb, that we would not advise the return of a gift, though it came from the greatest scamp in christendom: but returning the obligation is quite another affair.

After all, however, it is not so certain whether gratitude be due to the act or to the intention. On the one hand it must be conceded that "deeds show," while on the other, it must be admitted that it is not always in mortals to command success. The very beggars, when you plead impecuniosity in excuse for a charitable intention *manqué*, look pitiful and exclaim, "thank you all the same." But then, if an assassin *par hazard* opens an imposthume, and saves at once your life and the expense of a surgeon, it does not seem reasonable to require gratitude in return for such a favour: and, *per contra*, if an awkward fellow, in trying to remove an insect from your eye, puts his own finger into it, to the loss of your sight, must you be thankful for good intention? Besides, no one can be certain of intentions before they are manifested in the overt act. It is so easy to protest. The very judge who orders the culprit a good whipping, tells him it is all for his good: just as the inquisitor burned men's bodies for the salvation of their souls,—the kind, considerate creatures!

To give therefore too ready credit to mere intentions, is not gratitude, but folly; and to be grateful on false grounds, diminishes, *pro tanto*, the limited fund which the happiest may possess, for returning the kindnesses of the real benefactor.

These infinite difficulties, which are enough to puzzle the most refined casuist that ever studied how to slip his neck out of the collar, are manifestly too much for a simple-minded man; and it would be absolute want of charity not to suppose that many (so called) acts of ingratitude, are merely opportunities lost, in the vain attempt at solving the duties of the case.

On the whole, then, we cannot but conclude that the matter has commonly been much overstated: that there is some intimate connexion between gratis and gratitude, proving that they who look for a return in kind, have really no claims in the parties they oblige; that half the favours in the world are no favours at all; and that, if friendship is, as the French philosopher asserts, but an interchange of good offices, it becomes a wise man, in this as in all other sorts of commerce, to make the best bargain he can for himself. Upon the whole, it seems to us that an insolvent court and a code of laws are as requisite to settle these disputed debts of gratitude, as for adjusting pecuniary differences of opinion; and as soon as the question of secondary punishments shall have been satisfactorily arranged, we hope to see a bill before parliament for supplying the deficiency.

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THE BEQUEATHED HEART:

A TALE.

By R. B. Peake, Esq.

Gabrielli was the most enchanting singer of her time. Her wondrous style, extraordinary voice, and great powers as an actress, were long the admiration of all Italy. Brydone speaking of her in 1773, describes her as the most dangerous syren of modern times, and one who had made more conquests than any woman breathing. She is said to have owed much of her professional merit to the diligent instruction she received from the eminent Metastasio; and the no less celebrated Garrick spoke thus of her, on witnessing her performance at the theatre of San Carlo at Naples:

"The famous Gabrielli pleased me much; she has a good person, is the best actress I ever saw on the opera stage, and has the most agreeable voice I ever heard; but she sings more to the *ear* than to the *heart*."

Garrick's remark leads us somewhat to the pith of our story; the English Roscius knew accurately the nature of the human heart, and though he has been repeatedly accused of an absence of the best feelings of it, much must be placed to the score of calumny, and this was considerably aided by the sarcastic wit of a theatrical rival, Foote, whose own heart, some people say, was as hard as his wooden leg.

Dukes, princes, cardinals, bishops, all were in love with the fascinating Gabrielli; but she was an object of adoration to the foreign travellers who visited Italy, particularly those from Great Britain. Gabrielli, although she was rich, was very extravagant; and she had discovered that the young gentry of our country had more money to dispose of than the birds of passage of other nations, and were less cautious in parting with it.

Amongst her numerous admirers, was a young Irishman of good family, tolerable fortune, and elegant address. His name was Fitzgerald O'Carrol. His father had died about three years before his visit to Italy, leaving a widow, still handsome, and a daughter, a charming specimen of well-bred Irish beauty. They lived in a mansion that had been long occupied by the family, near the little town of Manor Hamilton, Leitrim county.

Fitzgerald O'Carrol was of an ardent temperament, and generous to the extreme. He mixed in the best society, and entered into every gaiety that youth and high spirits can enjoy. He was devotedly fond of music, and on his first visit to the Opera House of San Carlo, fell desperately in love with Gabrielli. From that night he never was absent from a performance, where he sat and listened with enraptured ears to the melodious voice of the syren; whilst his heart beat with vivid emotion at every transition of her beautiful countenance, and every flash of her brilliant eyes.

He at length, by assiduity and bribery, obtained the *entrée* to the stage and *foyer* and attended the rehearsals, where of course he

soon procured an introduction to the fair vocalist who had interested him so powerfully. This fanned his admiration into an ardent attachment.

But Gabrielli, though possessed of such charms of fascination, and such predominant talents, was capricious and stubborn. She held her patrons, the public, in perfect contempt, and would sing only when she pleased. When she *was* in the humour, nothing could be compared with her performance, for she commanded every passion with unbounded sway. But neither a royal command, interest, flattery, threats, nor punishment, had the least power over her caprice; and she was actually banished from several cities in Italy, for stated periods, for braving the authorities. Even the Emperor Francis I., who invited her to Vienna, and was prodigally munificent to her, was at last compelled to banish her.

Fitzgerald O'Carrol, and other British subjects, endeavoured to persuade Gabrielli to enter into an engagement with the directors of the Opera in London, from whom a *carte blanche* had been sent over to her; but she fairly told them that she could not command her caprice, and feared that in England she would not be allowed to indulge in it; for said she, "Were I to take it in my head not to sing, I am given to understand that the people would certainly mob me, and perhaps break my bones. Now, I like to sleep in a whole skin, although it should even be in prison."

Fitzgerald having made the acquaintance of Gabrielli, prevailed on her, though at first with some seeming difficulty, to accept several magnificent trinkets; and when he beheld her wearing them publicly, his delight was excessive; he thought he had opened the first trench from which to assault her heart. But the prima-donna was crafty; she had too many admirers, to fix her affections on one. And the thoughtless Irish gallant expended large sums of money in too liberal a style for his fortune, in fêtes to amuse her and her friends. Sometimes O'Carrol sighed, and thought of his mother and sister, and old Ireland; but by fatality, Gabrielli either at the moment warbled one of the charming airs of her country, engendered in the composer's brain by the clear and sunny climate, or by her wit, or pathos in acting, dispersed his better feelings.

At one of these festive meetings, where the revelry was prolonged till past midnight, and Gabrielli had been more than usually delightful: O'Carrol, in performing the duties of host, was greatly excited having swallowed more champagne and burgundy than he was wont to do. One of the party, by way of jest, and of giving variety to the amusements of the night, proposed that they should each make a fictitious will, and bequeath to Gabrielli a portion of that which each individual was supposed to possess a superfluity. For instance, the old Marquis Candiano, a bald-headed rake of seventy-eight, was asked what he would bequeath, when Gabrielli requested that the Marquis would leave her *a lock of his hair* and *his prudence!* The Signora Chiaviri, a handsome termagant, was to bequeath *her humility;* and of her husband (as hen-pecked a signor as any in all Italy) Gabrielli begged *his manly spirit;* of a dull author in the company, the prima-donna asked to be favoured with *a smattering of his comic humour.* Her lawyer was at table, a subtle Milanese named Balthazar Valdarno, and Gabrielli archly entreated him to leave

her two very great rarities, which might possibly be in his possession, *a grain of honesty, and a small portion of modesty.* And thus the jest went round the room.

When Fitzgerald's turn came, he said, "Charming Gabrielli, what shall *I* bequeath you?"

Gabrielli fixed her large sparkling eyes on him, and replied, "BEQUEATH ME YOUR HEART!"

The lawyer, Balthazar, overheard this answer, and silently watched the extraordinary effect it had on Fitzgerald, whose face glowed with crimson, and whose eyes lighted up into brilliant animation; the young and handsome Irishman instantly received the words that Gabrielli had uttered as an avowal of her affection. This misconception, added to the effects of the wine, of which he had liberally partaken, raised him to a state of the wildest excitement. At a very late, or rather a very early hour, the party retired to their several homes, with the exception of Balthazar Valdarno, who had a deep scheme of his own to effect; to further which he artfully and plausibly opened a conversation with Fitzgerald, chiefly turning upon the charms and good qualities of Gabrielli. On so engrossing a subject as this, all the warm Hibernian feelings were aroused, and he insisted that Valdarno should pledge the health of the prima-donna in bumpers of burgundy. The wine which rendered the brain of Fitzgerald uncontrollable, strengthened that of the wily lawyer to carry his purpose; and when after repeated libations, he judged his victim ripe for the object he had in view, he first insinuated that he had accidentally overheard the tender and affectionate remark of Gabrielli towards Fitzgerald, and contrasted it with the *brusque* retorts she had uttered to every other person of the party.

The Irish lover listened with greedy attention; the words "BEQUEATH ME YOUR HEART," floated before his excited imagination: and the sentence was on his lips a thousand times. In a moment of delirium, Fitzgerald exclaimed, "Balthazar Valdarno, with your kind assistance, I *will* bequeath Gabrielli my heart, and you shall draw up the testament this very hour."

It was in vain that Balthazar urged Fitzgerald to delay; the reckless enamoured man insisted on his fantastical desire being obeyed. Paper was produced, and the will was drawn up by Balthazar in due form. "*Know ye all men by these presents, that I, Fitzgerald O'Carrol, of Manor Hamilton, in the county of Leitrim, in the kingdom of Ireland, being in sound mind, &c. &c. &c.*" Then it arrived at the point of the bequest, and that his body was to be buried in the mausoleum of his ancestors, in his native country. More wine was called for by Fitzgerald, and when a thought appeared suddenly to strike the cunning lawyer, he affected to smile; but it was that sort of smile which a low and dirty attorney *alone* can assume, and he said,

"This is all very well for a jest, and I have thus far humoured you in it."

"It is no jest, signor," replied Fitzgerald; "I am deeply, determinedly in earnest."

"If that is the case," continued Balthazar, "what security is there should you happen to die (which all good saints forbid!), that your successors would permit your body to be mutilated, and your heart torn therefrom?"

"Put any penalty you please upon the refusal," carelessly answered Fitzgerald. "I have received the command of my enchantress to bequeath her my heart!—let that suffice;" and he drained another goblet of burgundy.

Valdarno then inserted in the will words to this effect:

"*And if my successors should in any way dispute the positive injunction of this my last will and testament, then the sum of ten thousand pounds, English currency, shall be forfeited from my estates, and paid to Virginia Honoria Gabrielli, &c. &c.*"

And now the rash, infatuated Fitzgerald seized a pen, and anxiously was hastening to affix his signature to the will, when Balthazar repressing him, calmly said,

"Hold a moment, we require two witnesses."

A servant born on the estate of Manor Hamilton, by name Michael O'Shea, had accompanied Fitzgerald O'Carrol on his tour. He was foster-brother to his young master: this character among the warm-hearted Irish, renders the distance between gentleman and valet in common intercourse, more in the light of an humble but attached friend, than as a menial.

Michael O'Shea was summoned up into the saloon, with a Neapolitan boy, who was engaged as a sort of *laquais de place* to Fitzgerald. This boy was called Giacomelli Offuscamento, but which name Michael O'Shea (who had only heard it pronounced), would have thus written:

JACK O' MALLY, OF USCAMENTO!

which in grandeur of sound, he thought almost rivalled

MICH. O'SHEA, OF MANOR HAMILTON!!

"Michael," said Fitzgerald, "I have sent for you to witness my signature to this paper: I deliver this as my act and deed;" and he signed it.

Michael was then ordered to subscribe his name as witness, so he took the pen in his big fist, and thrusting the tip of his tongue beyond his lips, and winking his left eye, he flourished a "Michael O'Shea," aud drew a sort of shillelagh underneath the beautiful specimen of his penmanship.

Balthazar then asked the Neapolitan boy, if *he* could write, and by a wonderful accident (in those days) the lad was able to answer in the affirmative, so *he* signed his name on the will.

As O'Shea peeped over his shoulder, he triumphantly in his own mind, compared the two signatures and muttered, "Poor ignorant Italian, he has spelt Jack with a G!"

Balthazar Valdarno under a pretence of having the testament duly registered, took it away with him.

Fitzgerald now daily became more extravagant, and his calls on his agent in Ireland were frequent, and to a large amount. His costly presents to the fair enchantress drained his rents. And Mr. Donovan (the respectable solicitor and agent of Manor Hamilton), besides humbly remonstrating with Fitzgerald by letters, ventured to hint to Mrs. O'Carrol, his mother, his apprehensions that the money was being dissipated too rapidly.

Mrs. O'Carrol wrote a long and affectionate letter to her beloved son, in which she gently alluded to the necessity of his retrenching some of his expenses; expressing, too, a regret that his absence from his estate should have heen prolonged so much beyond the time originally proposed. This epistle also enclosed a note from his sister Henrietta, playfully entreating him to return, and enliven them with his society; accusing him of great barbarity in the brevity of his letters to his Irish home; when she had fully made up her mind to receive a voluminous correspondence from him, descriptive of his travels in Italy.

These last letters induced Fitzgerald to reflect upon the course he was pursuing, for he felt that his venerated and excellent mother, and his charming sister, did not deserve the neglect with which he had treated them. He therefore sat down, and wrote to them in the kindest manner, regretting his absence, described his daily pursuits (with the exception of the all-engrossing pursuit of Gabrielli), but did not fix on any definite period for his return to Ireland. To Mr. Donovan he applied for more money; adding, that if necessary it must be raised by mortgaging a part of the estate.

The infatuation of Fitzgerald increased; his house was filled with the *artistes* and musical professors, who preyed upon him without remorse.

The splendid dresses worn by Gabrielli in every new character, were extravagantly paid for by O'Carrol; and yet, so blinded was he by his passion, that ruin, cureless ruin, never entered his imagination.

And now an event happened which gave a turn to the order of affairs.

A party, composed principally of foreigners, was made up to visit Mount Vesuvius: Fitzgerald accompanied them; a French military officer, a recent visiter to Naples, who was unacquainted with Fitzgerald, joined the party. They carried their wine and provisions with them.

After their curiosity had been satisfied with the usual ascent, they were very merry over their refection, rendered doubly refreshing by the fatigues they had previously undergone, and the champagne and lachrymæ-christi went round in abundance. The French officer sat next to Fitzgerald, who found him a sprightly agreeable person, and between the bumpers of wine which were passing, among other topics of conversation, the merits of the last new opera were discussed: the Frenchman was in raptures with the prima-donna: swore she was divine; and indiscreetly, in the abundance of his vanity, hinted to Fitzgerald that he stood *rather* high in the good graces of Gabrielli. He vivaciously informed Fitzgerald, that Gabrielli on the previous evening at the opera, wore a superb dress, and that a polite signor, who sat next to him in the *parterre*, (a lawyer, by name Balthazar Valdarno), had told him, "that all the costumes worn by Gabrielli on the stage, were furnished at the expense of '*un Inglese stupidezza*,' at whom every body laughed."

Fitzgerald was for one moment astounded; in the next instant he dashed his goblet of aleatico into the face of the unlucky Frenchman.

The natural result of this was a challenge; the friend who had in-

vited the French officer to the party waited on Fitzgerald, on their return to Naples, to call him out; and O'Carrol immediately referred him to an Irish naval captain then in Naples, as his friend, with whom he was to make the necessary arrangements. Fitzgerald then went to seek Signor Balthazar Valdarno, either to make him prove the Frenchman guilty of a falsehood, or to bring Balthazar himself to account for having uttered the offensive words. But Balthazar was absent from home; in fact, he had heard of the affair, and at daybreak had started for Rome, where he pretended he had some law business of importance.

The preliminaries were soon arranged between the Irish captain and the second of the French officer, who was a fierce Biscayan, with quick passions, and a romantic notion of honour. There never were two *friends* (if we permit ourselves to use the word) so little qualified by nature, even if it had been possible, to effect a reconciliation.

The parties met at an early hour on the following morning, on the height at the back of the castle of St. Elmo: and unsheathing their swords, commenced the attack.

It was soon evident to the seconds, that the French officer was the most practised fencer; and although Fitzgerald possessed skill and undaunted courage, he was only an *amateur d'armes* and *bien opiniâtre*, his opponent being a professed *ferrailleur*.

Fitzgerald received the point of the Frenchman's sword in the fleshy part of his arm; the wound, instead of disheartening, caused him to turn like a lion on his foe; but this proved fatal to him, for he lost his cool but determined manner of fighting, and rashly endeavouring to break down the guard of his adversary, and at once end the affair, he received from his quick-eyed enemy, a pass through the lungs—a second—and a third dreadful wound! The unfortunate Irishman fell forwards, with a choking rush of blood oozing from his mouth.

A few words will relate the sequel of this sad event. The French officer and his second hastily quitted the ground; and the Irish captain conveyed Fitzgerald in the carriage that had brought them to St. Elmo, to the residence of the wounded gentleman.

Here to the poignant sorrow of Michael O'Shea, after the best medical aid had been administered, poor Fitzgerald O'Carrol expired in the arms of his faithful servant, being just able to articulate a few words that his wish was to be buried at Manor Hamilton; when O'Shea in the bitter grief of his heart, howled the Irish death-wail over the corpse of his beloved master.

Three weeks had scarcely elapsed, when the closed shutters of the old hall at Manor Hamilton, bespoke the desolation, and announced the mourning of its inmates.

The Irish captain had written to Mr. Donovan, beseeching him to break the dreadful intelligence to the bereaved mother and sister. He added also, with a *naïveté* perfectly characteristic, "that his friend, Fitzgerald O'Carrol, had died like a gentleman, and he begged that he might be buried like a Christian."

It was on an evening late in autumn, that the neighbouring cottagers listened to the passing bell; and as its iron dismal sound vibrated on the blast, a hearse drawn by black horses, slowly ascended the hill. Men, women, and children, followed it up the hill to the hall-door of Manor Hamilton: the men assisting in carrying the

coffin which contained the remains of their beloved young landlord into his once paternal home, preparatory to its being conveyed to the final resting-place. The women wept and howled—the children looked on in wistful wonder: and every one envied Michael O'Shea the honour he had in bringing home his dead master.

The funeral was attended by the whole population for miles around. There is a much stronger feeling created in Ireland at the burial of a benevolent landlord than is evinced in any other part of the world, and the circumstances under which Fitzgerald O'Carrol had died, caused a very powerful sensation.

As a man of business, Mr. Donovan had made every search for a will. Previous to the period that Fitzgerald quitted Manor Hamilton for Italy, his agent had repeatedly urged him to leave some testamentary document behind. The gay and thoughtless Irishman only replied, "'Faith now, and if by any accident I should slip out of this world, my mother will take care of dear Henrietta."

Fitzgerald O'Carrol was a bachelor; all the other male branches of his family were extinct, consequently there was no "heir at law" to the estates; so, as "next of kin," it was thought advisable by Mr. Donovan that Mrs. O'Carrol should take out letters of administration.

Donovan first closely questioned Michael O'Shea on the subject of any will having been made in Italy. O'Shea admitted after much examination, that he had once witnessed the signature of his late master to a paper (the agent's flesh crept at this), and so had a lad of Naples, his fellow-servant, one Jack O'Mally, but that Jack had afterwards told him that it related only to a wager about the Neapolitan horse-races. (Giacomelli had been artfully instructed by Balthazar Valdarno to impress this fact on the simple Irish valet.)

"Two witnesses to a horse-race wager," inwardly muttered Mr. Donovan.

After considerable anxiety and much foreboding of mischief, which, however, he did not communicate to Mrs. O'Carrol, he prepared the necessary forms for her administering to the estate. The repeated extravagances of Fitzgerald had completely drained it of ready money, and Mr. Donovan, as agent, had advanced more cash than he could afford. Mr. Donovan, therefore, opened negotiations with some of the banking firms of the principal towns in Leitrim, in the hope of raising funds, but he was unsuccessful.

In the mean time, a lengthened and dismal winter dragged slowly on. The usual festivities of Christmas were disregarded at the hall. The master, the rash but beloved master, the soul and spirit of the customary hospitality, was extended in the cold tomb. The only approach to cheerfulness was before the kitchen fire on the winter nights, where Michael O'Shea used to describe the *mangia maccaroni*, or maccaroni eaters of Naples, to his fellow servants.

"But Mich, darlin'," inquired Shelah Sullivan, the laundry-maid, "what's this Mac-an'-crony?"

"I don't exactly know what it is," replied O'Shea, "but some of it is white and flat like long bandages or tapes, and others *is* round, with a little hole running through it like bacca-pipes made aisy, as the man says in the play, and they boil it and sell it at every corner of the streets and the courts, and the pe-attzers. Devil a knife or fork is

there, they take up a handful of mac-an'-crony in their naked fistes, open their mouths like young birds waiting for worms, and then slip down their throats a string of the stuff as long and as wide as a horse's belly-band."

"And what sort of tree does it grow on?" asked Shelah.

"Och, I never seed it growing," said O'Shea; "I think it is a kind of sea-weed, and comes from out of the Bay of Naples."

The spring at last arrived; and the sheltered valleys of Manor Hamilton and Dromahair put forth their verdure, and the vegetation on the kindly soil no longer suffered from the influence of the rushing gales across the billows of the mighty Atlantic. Mrs. O'Carrol and Henrietta rode out, and their appearance was kindly greeted by the peasantry, whose salutations were simple and heartfelt.

This was the first gleam of cheerfulness the mother and daughter had experienced for many months, and their gentle spirits were mildly elated. Henrietta was the earliest to feel the re-action of her mind, and to discover that the thoughts which had darkened her hours could be dispelled. This agreeable soothing sensation communicated itself to the more matured parent. They returned home, invigorated by the air, and comparatively happy.

On entering the library, their customary sitting-room, they found Mr. Donovan pale, and with an expression of something exceedingly distressing on his countenance. On inquiry as to what had happened, he evaded their questions, but with evident embarrassment. At length, being compelled to answer, he told them that in the process of taking out the administration in the name of Mrs. O'Carrol, a strange claim had been made on the estate; and it appeared that Fitzgerald O'Carrol had executed a will in Italy, which now hadby some extraordinary means come to light.

This intelligence did not startle Mrs. O'Carrol and Henrietta so much because they felt convinced that their own high-minded Fitzgerald's love, duty, and honour, would be their protection: but they were certainly at a loss to account for the perturbation of Mr. Donovan. The kind old agent had not the nerve to explain the contents of a letter he had just received from a law firm in Dublin (with which he was concerned in occasional business), but he told the ladies that the affair was pressing, and unlooked for, and that he must start for Dublin that very day, and that they should hear from him on his arrival. To prevent any further inquiries he hastily bade them farewell. When he arrived at his own home he closed his office door, and with a sigh again read over the subjoined letter.

"Dublin, April 18th, 1774.
"Dame-street.

"Dear sir,

"As your Dublin agents, we have received a letter, by date 7th of this month, from Messrs. Grasper, Mc Murdo, and Tater, solicitors, No. 1, Nick's-court, Dublin, to this effect;

"'The last will and testament of the demised Fitzgerald O'Carrol, Esq., of Manor-house, Manor Hamilton, in the county of Leitrim, Connaught, Ireland, Great Britain,

"'In the case of Virginia Honoria Gabrielli, &c. &c. &c. claimant,

setteth forth and showeth accordingly, that the above-named Fitzgerald O'Carrol, of, &c. &c. &c., did, on the 7th of May, 1773, duly execute a will and testament, in the city of Naples, &c. &c., wherein he hath formally BEQUEATHED HIS HEART to the aforesaid Virginia Honoria Gabrielli, her heirs, executors, or assignees; and in case of non-compliance by the heirs, executors, or assignees of the aforesaid Fitzgerald O'Carrol, Esq., &c. &c. &c., if the same individual HEART (to be taken from the body of the aforesaid Fitzgerald O'Carrol) should not be delivered to the aforesaid Virginia Honoria Gabrielli, then and there immediately only; the aforesaid Virginia Honoria Gabrielli, her heirs, executors, administrators, assignees, (or personal attorney,) shall have due and unqualified power to claim on the estate or estates of the aforesaid Fitzgerald O'Carrol, &c. &c. &c. &c., the sum of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.'"

The letter went on to state that Mr. Donovan's correspondents had waited on Messrs. Grasper, Mc Murdo, and Tater, and had seen the strange will, which was duly attested, signed, and sealed, and begged Mr. Donovan's immediate advice and attention to the affair, as the firm of Grasper, Mc Murdo, and Tater was rather renowned for sharp practice.

Donovan was completely unnerved by this epistle; he, however, arranged his affairs so that he could leave home for a week or ten days, and he started with a heavy heart for Dublin. His only hope as he travelled, was that he might discover some flaw or some forgery, for he could scarcely believe it possible that Fitzgerald O'Carrol would have put his signature to such a will.

Two or three days after the departure of Mr. Donovan, a stranger arrived at the Shamrock, the principal inn of the town of Manor Hamilton, attended by a servant lad, in a foreign livery. He was a dark, shrewd-looking person, well dressed, but with a sinister expression of eye.

The folks of a little country town are always inquisitive about strangers, and many a conjecture was formed "as to whom or what he might be, and where he came from."

He spoke English, but not fluently, and with a foreign accent. The landlord of the inn, a sagacious Patlander, remarked that he required "soup" daily, and that he wanted "fried liver," was surprised that there were neither "vermicelli" nor "maccaroni" in the larder, and that he had asked if they had a bird in that country called the "beccafico." Mr. Hoolagan, the host of the Shamrock, was puzzled, but with great Irish presence of mind replied "He could furnish a duck or a goose, which was a pretty eating bird, seeing his customer was a "furriner," and mayhap had never tasted them in Connaught fashion, baked with potatoes in their insides."

Speaking of potatoes too, Hoolagan could not believe his eyes when he saw the stranger and his "futman" eat potatoes cold, sliced with beetroot and mixed as a salad; and these "furriners" had not been fixed in their quarters three days before all the *Lucky* (Lucca) oil of the town of Manor Hamilton was used up. But the greatest wonderment of all to Mr. Hoolagan and his gossips, both male and female, was, that neither master nor man would drink "a taste of whisky."

Oh! how the ignorance of "furriners" was commented on in Manor Hamilton!

The next thing that excited the curiosity of Mr. Hoolagan was, that the stranger wanted a carriage to drive him over the O'Carrol estates. The only vehicle that could be procured was an Irish jaunting car. There was, to be sure, an old post-chaise in the yard of the Shamrock, but it had only three wheels, and a hen turkey was sitting on ten eggs in the straw at the bottom of it.

The jaunting car was drawn up to the inn door by a horse, we are bold enough to say, that could not be matched in any other country in the world but Ireland; his coat sticking out all manner of ways, and much in want of darning; a wall-eye, which he had doubtless got by staring at the bricks where the manger and rack ought to have been; buzzes were fixed to his apology for a mane and fetlocks; and he had a tail that resembled a Bologna sausage, which he kept wagging knowingly to frighten away the flies. The driver of this elegant equipage was one Tim O'Leary, with a face like a large red potatoe, and a wide mouth full of short white teeth, which mouth when opened, exhibited a greater width of gums than teeth; he had light blue eyes, and a carroty poll that had not been mown for the last two seasons—in fact, it looked as if it had been formerly burnt off to save the expense of cutting.

"Plaise yer honour, the carriage is at the door," said Mr. Hoolagan. The foreigner, wrapped in his ample cloak, on hearing "the carriage" announced, stepped from the portal, but made a sort of wincing start at the unpicturesque vehicle which was presented to his astonished eyes. He evidently did not quite understand how or whereabouts he was to sit, as he had never ridden sideways before in all his life. Mr. Hoolagan in an instant saw the dilemma, and stepping on the footboard and seating himself, said to the driver,

"Tim, you villain, when did you grease this off-wheel?"

Tim scratched his ear and replied,

"Faiks, the wheel's niver been off in my time."

Tim, on his fare being seated, cracked his whip several times before the horse thought of going on; and when he *did* move, he did it in true Irish fashion, by beginning first to back; but receiving three or four jerks in the mouth from the reins held in Tim's hands, and hearing a certain encouraging "*checcuping*," he set off at a loose shambling pace, while a parcel of ragged idle urchins, intimate friends of Mr. O'Leary, ran and pushed behind the car, until it was clean out of the town of Manor Hamilton.

As the foreigner rode along, he put many questions to the car-driver, relative to the lands and cattle that they passed, whether they belonged to the Manor Hamilton Hall estate; and Tim was in the position of Puss in Boots with the Marquis de Carabas, and had to reply that all he could see, and more too, was the property of the O'Carrols.

An open carriage approached, in which were seated an elderly lady and a lovely young woman in mourning. On the dickey of their carriage was perched Michael O'Shea, who in an instant recognised on the jaunting-car Signor Balthazar Valdarno. The man-of-law took no notice of O'Shea; but in passing, gazed earnestly at Henrietta O'Carrol; and the thought passed in his mind, "Cospetto di Bacco,

what a handsome likeness of her brother!" And by one of those extraordinary emotions to which human nature is subject, the crafty lawyer was struck to the heart by the placid charms of Henrietta. He inquired of his conducfor if he knew the names of the ladies? Tim answered, "Shure it is her honour's glory, Lady O'Carrol, an' her darlin' daughter, Miss Henrietty, the pride of the whole counthry."

After Valdarno had, with avaricious eyes, surveyed the whole estate, and saw that there was more than sufficient security for his purposes, he returned to the inn. But he could not sleep that night, he was so enraptured with the lovely features of Miss O'Carrol: and he communed within himself whether it would be possible to gain her heart and hand as well as her lands; for be it said, he had no small idea of his own personal attractions and powers of pleasing, putting aside the tremendous argument in his favour—the will.

And now we must acquit Gabrielli of all share in this transaction; she had never seen this will, nor in her round of theatrical engagements and pleasures, had probably ever again thought of the events of the fatal evening, when Fitzgerald madly signed the paper; but Balthazar Valdarno held in his possession a general power of attorney to conduct the affairs of Gabrielli.

Balthazar took every opportunity he could to place himself so that he might obtain a sight of Henrietta—and at each time his passion for her increased amazingly. At length he determined to make a visit to Manor Hamilton Hall, through the intervention of Michael O'Shea; so he sent the Neapolitan boy, Giacomelli Offuscamento, whom he had taken into his service on the death of Fitzgerald, and who had picked up a little English, to reconnoitre, and try to get a chance interview with O'Shea. This the lad soon effected, and Michael warmly shook his former fellow-servant by the hand, with "A welcome to ould Ireland, Jack O'Mally of Uscamento. What brings you hither?"

Giacomelli told him that he had entered the service of Signor Valdarno, who had come over on business, and that he was sure that his master would be glad to see O'Shea, and invited him to accompany him to the Shamrock Hotel. On his arrival, the wily Balthazar received O'Shea with much civility, and contrived to place on the table, so as it would be certain to attract the eye of Michael, a framed portrait of Fitzgerald O'Carrol (which had been painted by a celebrated artist of Italy). It was a capital likeness, and had been entrusted to the rascally hands of Valdarno by Fitzgerald, in his imbecile and unpardonable vanity to find an opportunity of begging Gabrielli's acceptance of it. The lawyer kept it in his own possession, and for his own purposes—and this was the first use he made of it. On Michael O'Shea seeing the portrait, he burst into a whining sort of howl, exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his face,

"Och, my dear, my beautiful dead masther! why did you die? Ah aye! wouldn't my sweet mistresses like to behold this picture any how?" And the faithfully-attached servant and foster-brother dropped on his knees, and fervently kissed the portrait. Balthazar observing his extreme emotion, ordered Giacomelli to fetch from below some "licore." Michael O'Shea continued absorbedly gazing on the picture, till the welcome smell of a tumbler of Mr. Hoolagan's whisky suddenly restored him to comparative serenity.

The object of Valdarno was soon attained. Michael O'Shea being easily excited to return to the Hall, and inform Mrs. and Miss O'Carrol that a foreign friend of Fitzgerald's had arrived at Manor Hamilton with the picture of the deceased, which he was most anxious to present to his family. The strong feeling of affection that Michael had for his master, communicated itself painfully to the mother and sister, and opened their wounds afresh; but they sent a note requesting the favour of a call from Signor Balthazar Valdarno, and accordingly he waited on them and conducted himself so skilfully, that Mrs. O'Carrol looked upon him as a kind friend of her lost son.

Valdarno presented the picture: on the frame of which he had fixed a moveable curtain of black silk; an emblem of mourning which reproduced the deepest feelings of grief upon the mother and Henrietta. The hypocrite, with great tact, begged permission to retire; and hoped to have the honour of calling on them on a future occasion.

On repeating his visit, he guardedly replied to the numerous questions put to him by Mrs. O'Carrol respecting Fitzgerald: in fact, he told his story so plausibly, and described his connexion with his late friend so feelingly, that he was regarded with interest by both mother and sister; and having visited them as frequently as decency would permit, he returned to Dublin, after taking a respectful leave of them, —bidding adieu to Henrietta, however, in a manner that rather startled her.

About a week after this, Mr. Donovan came back, considerably more anxious in mind than when he left home. The poor old agent had seen the fatal will, and was thoroughly assured of its validity. And now the difficulty he felt was as to how he should break the intelligence to Mrs. O'Carrol.

But this wretched task he was compelled to perform. The old lady, though a woman of strong mind, was seized with a fainting fit at the dreadful news; and Henrietta insisted on knowing the cause, and by entreaties learnt the whole state of affairs from Mr. Donovan. Although horror-stricken, she had firmness enough to devise every means by which the dreadful demand might be met.

It has already been shown, that there were almost insurmountable difficulties in raising such a sum, in the then existing condition of Ireland.

The firm of Grasper and Co. had informed Mr. Donovan that their instructions were to bring the affair to a close as speedily as possible, and that no delay must occur. Counsel had been consulted as to the possibility of annulling this extraordinary testamentary document; but they had stated it had been drawn up too clearly, too cleverly; and finally, that there appeared but one of two things to do—either to pay the forfeit, or *deliver up* THE BEQUEATHED HEART *of Fitzgerald.*

Had this affair happened in these times, when folks, perhaps, read and think more, and are less superstitious than they were at the period we are describing: the legal advisers of Mrs. O'Carrol might have endeavoured to persuade her to give up the cold and worthless heart. But it is notorious that the Irish people are more devoted to their deceased relations than the natives of any other country in the world (the

North American Indians, perhaps, excepted). The proposition to mutilate a body would have been considered impious, under the circumstances.

Balthazar Valdarno remained in his hotel at Dublin all this time, very much in the capacity of a large spider in its web, awaiting the lucky moment when the fly should happen to be entangled in it.

Days, weeks, months, glided on, until Donovan was compelled to impart the distressing news to the lady of the manor, that the penalty, in the default of payment of the ten thousand pounds, was to be enforced; words cannot convey the extent of the mental anguish it produced on the mother and sister.

To add to this misery, a letter arrived from Italy, from the Irish captain, who had been the second of Fitzgerald O'Carrol, giving the whole minute particulars of the origin of the quarrel; and that it had all arisen from a remark made by one Signor Balthazar Valdarno, a notary of Naples as to the connexion between Gabrielli and Fitzgerald. This naturally aroused the indignation of Mrs. and Miss O'Carrol, that Signor Valdarno should have had the audacity to make his way to Manor Hamilton Hall; while, to add to their miseries, the next post brought a letter from Messrs. Grasper, McMurdo, and Tater, making an imperative demand of the legacy, and announcing that in the event of non-compliance, summary legal measures were to be expected. A correspondence passed between the parties, and poor old Donovan went once more to Dublin to have a final appointment with the law agent of Signora Gabrielli.

They met, and the surprise of Donovan must be imagined, when Balthazar Valdarno told him that a compromise might be made: that he would withdraw the claim altogether, if a party deeply interested would consent to the arrangement, in which his (Balthazar's) happiness was at stake. He then proceeded to inform Donovan that if Miss Henrietta would bestow her hand on him, he would undertake to forego all claims whatever under the last will and testament of the late Fitzgerald.

Shocked as he was at the proposition, Mr. Donovan was compelled to carry it to Manor Hamilton Hall. When it had been delivered, ineffable disdain marked the open brow of Henrietta; while Mrs. O'Carroll regarded the animated features of her insulted child with deep emotion.

Donovan respectfully, but hesitatingly inquired how this offer should be answered.

"How to be answered, sir?" replied Henrietta. "As a deliberate insult from one who was the immediate cause of the murder of my loved brother, there is no further answer than scorn and contempt—bid the demon do his worst. Yet stay, Mr. Donovan, I will not more deeply implicate you in this wretched affair; I will write these words to Signor Valdarno, with my own hand."

The high-spirited girl instantly penned a few lines, which were despatched by that day's post.

When Balthazar read her indignant refusal, he was thunderstruck; he had imagined that his toils were admirably planned; and as we have elsewhere adverted to an overweening vanity in regard to his

person and address, he felt himself terribly humbled by the disdainful epistle.

Finding that all hope was crushed, his feeling of ardent admiration for Henrietta suddenly curdled into one of deadly hate: and on the instant he gave instructions to Messrs. Grasper and Co. to issue immediate proceedings. The howling wolves of the law were accordingly let loose, and an execution was to be enforced upon the Manor Hamilton Hall estate.

Donovan had, in his distress of mind, communicated to Michael O'Shea an outline of the unfortunate state of affairs, and of the prominent part that he had taken by being a subscribing witness of the will. Honest Mike took an oath to himself, in penance, that "He *niver* would write his name, nor another line in the whole *coorse* of his existence," and he went down to the priest, and made a solemn asseveration against penmanship for the future.

The worthy pastor applauded his resolution and said, "I' faith, my penitent soul, you're well inclined: I never knew, in all my experience, any good whatsoever emanate from writing and reading, while you have your clargy to do all that for ye."

On Donovan expressing his apprehensions that the officers of the law were coming to distrain on the estate of Manor Hamilton Hall, unless the heart of the late Fitzgerald O'Carrol should be given up to them, the eye of Michael O'Shea flashed fire. He abruptly left the room, made his way to the stable, saddled a horse, and gallopped round to all the tenants, rendering a wild story much more wild.

The farmers and peasantry quitted their work and held consultation with Mike O'Shea, as to the best mode of defending the Hall against the invasion of the "inimy;" and before the council of war was broken up, an opportunity occurred for commencing operations, for a postchaise brought Mr. Mc Murdo, with two sheriff's officers, within sight of the premises.

At a shout from O'Shea, his followers rushed forward, they stopped the horses and dismounted the driver. In a twinkling Mike O'Shea leapt into the saddle, rapidly pulling the heads of the steeds round, they retraced the road at a smart pace. Mc Murdo was taken by surprise, and endeavoured to open the front windows of the chaise; but they were of "rale" Irish make, and did not understand being "let down." Mc Murdo, in a fit of passion, and armed for travelling, fired a pistol through one of the glasses at O'Shea. From the jolting of the carriage in the rugged road, the aim was fruitless, and the report only served to alarm and hasten the movements of O'Shea's partisans.

Close to the place where they came to a halt, flowed the river Bonnet. The mob of peasantry surrounded the chaise, the women and children hanging on the wheels. Michael O'Shea dismounted, the horses were instantly unharnessed, and Mr. Mc Murdo, lowering a side window, fired a second pistol, which, however, only struck a shillelah out of a tall fellow's hand, as he was flourishing it, and the jarring it occasioned to his "funny-bone" stopped his capering. Finding Mc Murdo desperate, they one and all agreed to cool his courage, so they simultaneously dragged and pushed the chaise, with the infuriated attorney and the two sheriff's officers, down the declining bank, fairly into the river until it floated, and then was very nearly filled with

water. As it was at a ford, the Manor Hamilton-hall boys knew that they should not drown their victims. After shouting and roaring with laughter at the ineffectual attempts of the inmates of the carriage to extricate themselves, they bade them a prosperous voyage.

"Good luck to ye!" bawled out O'Shea.

"Good luck to ye!" screamed fifty voices.

"Arrah now don't be after runnin' over the salmon!"

"There's more than one *perch* in the stream!"

"By St. Patrick they are the *water*-bailiffs!"

"Och! let's see the Dublin sharks swim out," and other such witticisms, were showered on the men-of-law, when Michael cried "Don't come agin to Manor Hamilton, my darlins; remimber your ducking;" and he turned round, and made his way back homewards, followed by the hilarious mob, and the postilion with his horses, whom they compelled to go with them. In this predicament, with the doors of the chaise beaten in tight, they remained for an hour, the river flowing in at one window and out at the other, with at least "four foot water in the hold," until they were fortunately discovered by two men who were navigating a turf-boat round a bend of the stream, and who with some difficulty relieved them from their disagreeable situation, and then began raking and sounding the bottom of the Bonnet with their boat-hook and pole. On being asked why they did so, they replied, "Any how, wouldn't it be right to fish up their honours' horses?"

We abstain from entering into a descriptive detail of the various efforts made by Messrs. Grasper, Mc Murdo, and Tater to enforce the claim of Signora Gabrielli, and the difficulties they had to encounter. It was an unprecedented claim, and the legal authorities were not very warm upon it. The police of Ireland at that period was in an inefficient state. Even soldiers were scarce, for every disposable regiment was on the continent or in America. Suffice it to say, that General Mike O'Shea, at the head of the Manor Hamilton-hall boys, contrived to prevent every attempt of an entry on the premises, by force or strategy. There was not a cow on the estate but had its defender. To be sure she was sometimes milked as a "refresher" for her body guard. At length Balthazar Valdarno becoming aware of the extreme unpopularity of his side of the question, secretly contrived to get the adjudication of the affair moved in a higher quarter, from which a more summary exactment of his claim could be enforced, and this arrived at the Hall in so decided a manner, that Donovan became alarmed for the eventual liberty of his fair mistress. Then the cunning lawyer entered on a negotiation by which (finding that he could neither distrain nor obtain payment in ready cash) he proposed to take the joint bonds, for various periods, of Mrs. and Miss O'Carrol, and their agent Mr. Donovan, for the 10,000*l.*

After much pressing and threatening, these ruinous bonds were finally and sorrowfully executed, and delivered to Balthazar Valdarno.

These bonds Balthazar Valdarno secured in an iron box, until the time should arrive when he could make the first of his periodical demands. And now he thought that he had fully effected his purpose. He debated within himself whether he should return directly to the continent, or await the departure of a merchant vessel, bound from Dublin to Leghorn, which probably might sail in about five weeks.

But this question was settled by an event which occurred as he was coming one night from an Italian concert, which had been given at the old Rotunda. Giacomelli was in waiting with his master's cloak at the door. Balthazar had scarcely stepped into the street when he received a severe blow on the head with a bludgeon, which felled him to the pavement, and a voice at the same time exclaimed, "Jack O'Mally, tell your master, that's with Mike O'Shea's compliments."

On Valdarno being conveyed home, it was discovered that the wound was not of a serious nature, but he became alarmed, and did not like to risk a second chance of a beating, so he resolved to depart by the first vessel that might leave Ireland. He accordingly travelled to Cork, where he embarked in an Irish trading vessel.

An Extract from a Newspaper, Sept. 17, 1774.

"SHIPWRECK.—The Eagle, barque, Hennessy commander, laden with salted salmon and beef, sailed from Cork on the 20th of August, for Bordeaux, but encountered in the Bay of Biscay hard gales from the west. Was spoken by the Hesperia frigate, Captain Maldon, on the 8th, off Scilly Islands.

"A boat and portions of the rigging of the Eagle having been picked up, it is conjectured that she has unfortunately foundered at sea."

Extract from a Letter dated Bordeaux, Oct. 2, 1774.

"We have to advise you of the total loss of the Eagle and the whole of her cargo, consigned by your house to this firm. We regret to inform you that one of the mates and a boy are the only survivors, who were miraculously saved off a floating spar by a Bilboa fishing-boat. Captain Henessy and his crew (with the above exception) have perished; also two passengers, an Italian gentleman, named Balthazar Valdarno, and his servant. The cargo is fortunately insured," &c.

Now, as the too cunning Balthazar had kept his secret about the bonds, and we have already related that Gabrielli herself was unacquainted with the object of his mission to England, the iron box with its contents, in all probability is somewhere embedded in the earth, at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay.

Donovan read the newspaper paragraph to Mrs. and Miss O'Carrol, advising them to leave the result of the strange affair to chance; and certain it is, that the family were never afterwards troubled on the subject of

THE BEQUEATHED HEART.

FOREIGN SPORTING.

By Nimrod.

INDIA.

Another writer on hog-hunting, and one who asserts that "it is, to his ideas, the finest sport in the world," says, "A person who has never hunted a hog, cannot fancy the pace they go at. In hog-hunting, nerve is the greatest desideratum—confidence in one's horse the next. These, with a keen eye, must bring success."

In speaking of hog-hunters, I allude to those who are enthusiasts; for it is a sport that will admit no half-and-half kind of feelings; and with such, the moment "Tally ho!" sounds, all ideas of caution and of self evaporate.

The young boar is active and incautious; goes off with amazing speed, and fights well. The boar, full grown, affords finer sport; but the grunter just on the turn, is the one to make a man's blood run brisk. The only way to come up with one of this class is, to press him hard the moment he bursts, when he will slacken his pace after about a mile. The moment he sees you have the speed of him, he will turn, and then is the time to give him the blow. A hog-hunter should always keep his game about ten yards a-head of him, a little on the right, so that when he turns he may have him under his spear-hand—for hogs generally turn on the hunter when they come to the stop. This is the time a man's eye and horsemanship tell; if he has a good eye on the hog, and a correct hand on his horse, he does his business for him; and at the moment he delivers his spear into the small of the back (a favourite place), he has his horse off to the left. The force of the blow checks the hog, and the right spur well put in, takes off the horse. People generally get their horses cut at this critical moment—that is to say, if they miss their aim, and do not quickly get their horse away.

The size hogs grow to is surprising. A spirited writer whom I have quoted, was at the death of one forty-four inches high, and he killed several of forty inches!

The tenacity of life in full-grown boars is extraordinary. "I have seen a hog at bay," says the same writer, "with eight spears in him. But it is not so much the chase as the fight that pleases; and yet the ride for the first spear is worth seeing, especially when two sportsmen pretty well matched contend for it. In the energy of such a moment, I have dropped a boar with a single spear. This flatters one's quickness of eye and steady strength of arm, and was once the means of saving a friend's life when the hog was at his side. A single spear dropped him dead within a yard of his fallen foe."

This enthusiastic sportsman draws a comparison between hog-hunting and fox-hunting, deciding in favour of the former. He says he has seen both, and is of opinion, that were hogs as abundant in England as they used to be in India, foxes would be much neglected.

The variety of game in India is greater than it is generally believed to be. Saying nothing of boars and tigers, and other *feræ*, which may be reckoned among the principal beasts of venerie, the Indian sportsman's return of the day's diversion often includes the bustard, the black-cock (a delicious kind of partridge), the partridge, the snipe, the quail, the florikan, the pea-fowl, the pheasant, and the hare, with various aquatic birds from the cyrus (a magnificent bird of the heron species), to the teal. There are likewise the jungle-fowl and spur-fowl, which afford excellent sport.

What is called "riding across a country," in which so many shades of excellence exist in all who have tried their hands at it, must put to the test both the nerves and the hand of Indian sportsmen. In the first place, the unevenness of the surface, together with the high grass which covers the water-courses, formed by the strong currents of water in the rainy season, which prevents their being seen until they are on the very brink of them, added to cracks in the ground from great heat, requires horses to be very active on their legs, and their riders to have quick eyes, steady seats, and good hands. Secondly, the ground, if not hard and cracked by heat, is both sloughy and boggy; and lastly, the fences are for the most part of rather a formidable nature, consisting of high banks, walls, with either single or double ditches, broad and awkward brooks, wattled bamboo fences, and every now and then a river to be swum. I have, however, reason to know, that there has been many an Indian sportsman who, could himself and his horse have been magically transported from the side of a cover in Bengal, to Melton Spiney in Leicestershire, would not have been easily beaten in a quick forty-minutes burst.

As I intend offering you a separate paper on the comparative excellence of English and foreign horses, I shall confine myself at present to a short notice of racing in India, which has long been carried on with great spirit in the three Presidencies, although a considerable check was given to it in Bengal by the retirement of General Gilbert, who has for the last dozen years or more been a conspicuous character on our own turf, as well as one of the best of our gentleman jockeys; of Mr. Thornhill, now residing in Oxfordshire; Colonel Stevenson, and others, who entered into the pursuit with an enterprise worthy of Lord George Bentinck himself, and generally with the like success. Suffice it then at present to say, that in two Calcutta meetings of last year, which are said "to rank first on the list after England, whether for the amount of public money, betting, or sport," thirty-eight races were run, matches included, which is quite equal in amount to our two October meetings at Newmarket; although in the value of the stakes the balance is of course greatly on the side of the far-famed Olympic of modern days. Amongst the prizes was the Auckland cup, the annual gift of the Governor General, value 1600 rupees, for all horses, weight for age, two and a half miles. A sweepstakes of twenty-five gold mohurs (1*l.* 12*s.*) each, ten forfeit, are added to this stakes, English horses carrying 2 st. 7 lbs. more weight than that carried by Arabs, a pretty decisive proof of their superiority! It was won by Mr. Bacon's grey Arabian horse Fieschi, 8 st. 8 lbs., four other horses being in the race; yet Lucifer, an English horse, carrying 11 st. 11 lbs. could have

won, but was not allowed to do so, being the property of the owner of Fieschi, who declared to win with him; time, four minutes fifty-six seconds. "This pretty clearly shows," writes the reporter of this race, "that even in a tropical climate, a first-rate Arab, which Fieschi is, has no chance, even receiving 2 st. 7 lbs. against an English racer." In the same meeting, Fieschi won a sweepstakes of 100 gold mohurs each, beating three Arabians, and running the two miles in three minutes and fifty seconds, which shows that Lucifer ran in good company. The course boasts an elegant stand for the spectators, and what is more important, plenty of money to be run for, thanks to the inhabitants, male and female, of Calcutta and its environs.

DEER STALKING IN INDIA.

For the following spirited and graphic description of Indian deer-stalking, I am indebted to a sporting contemporary.

"The glare of a tropical sun-rise was brightening up a gloomy amphitheatre of hills on the skirts of that eternal forest which forms a barrier between the barren table-land of the Deccan, and the palm-fringed coast of Koman, when a dark figure was seen galloping along the path which led to the jungle. The noise of the horse's hoofs roused a party of natives, who were squatting in a circle round a fire in front of a ruined hut. One long whiff was inhaled by each of the group from the humble hookah that had been passing round the party, and every man starting up, arranged his turban, and salaamed to the earth as a tall gaunt European dismounted from a panting Arab. Exposure to the sun had bronzed his features nearly to the tint of their own complexions, and black mustaches gave a still more Asiatic character to the weather-beaten features of the exiled sportsman. Gaiters of deer-skins, and a belt of a tiger's hide, from which hung an Affghaun knife, would have told the nature of his pursuits, if the dress of dark-green had not already betrayed the *deer-stalker*. A hunting-cap of green velvet, indented by repeated falls, completed his unbecoming, but characteristic costume. Without a word being spoken, a heavy double-rifle was handed to him by a peon, and loaded with the utmost care, much to the edification of a band of half-naked beaters, armed with clubs and hatchets, who watched every motion with a grin of savage delight. Till the balls were hammered home, not a word was uttered; and then silence was first broken by one brief question in Hindustanee, addressed to the leader of the band—

"'Any news of the wandering tiger?'

"'The big thief would not come to eat your Highness's bullets yesterday, but the star of your fate is great, and she will be in the toils of the hunter before night, God willing; Burmah and the other shikarees are now watching the path where she comes down every day.'

"'Very good, we must not disturb that part of the jungle; send the people to mark on the high ground any herds that may be returning from feed, and if I cannot track up a deer before I reach them, we can have a beat in the large ravines.'

"So saying, the deer-stalker strode down the hill, followed by one at-

tendant, who quickly exchanged his white-cotton frock, and gaudy turban for a head-dress of leaves, and a pair of short brown drawers, leaving the rest of his person naked. There was nothing at first sight remarkable in the lean, wiry figure of the Mussulman, who followed his master with a noiseless tread that hardly rustled the fallen leaves. But look at him again, and you can trace in the springy step and restless eagle-eye that glanced keenly at every bush, one whose life had been spent amongst the beasts of the forest. He had been promoted to the rank of Jemmadax of Blice (equivalent to serjeant), for the courage he displayed by rushing in single-handed, and cutting down a wounded tiger which had seized one of the beaters at a hunting-party; and he was now the favourite attendant of the eccentric sportsman who had witnessed and rewarded his gallantry.

"The cold damp mist was rising like wreaths of smoke from every valley, and the bushes wet with the dews of night, showered down their sparkling drops as they brushed by. The jackal's long-protracted howl, as he sneaked like a felon to his den at the approach of day; the merry carol of the shrill-voiced jungle-fowl, welcomed the rising sun; and the clear wild scream of the painted partridge from his roost before he alighted, rung in their varied notes through the jungle. The grating cry of the toucan, spreading his piebald wings before the breeze, mingled with the glad notes of the brilliant mina of the ghauts, while he sat smoothing his ruffled plumage for his first flight. Troops of monkeys alternately chattered, and raising that howl which Coleridge says he can compare only to the din of iron bars rattling up Fleet-street; the wail of one hundred bagpipes playing at once, and the silly laughter of a crowd of drunken men. The jungle seemed to teem with life, and the whole scene was calculated to raise the spirits even of those whose ear was daily accustomed to listen to and discriminate the cry of every inhabitant of the forest. A sound far more welcome to his ears, the sharp bark of the axis deer raised its voice with the others, and hearing it approach, both dropped, and knelt listening behind a tree, like figures carved from the rock, till the patter of feet approaching became distinctly audible. In another instant a spotted buck stood before them, clearing a path through the cover with his spreading antlers. The long rifle was slowly raised; for one second it rested motionless on the sinewy hand; the trigger was pressed, and a soft plash followed the sharp crack of the fatal tube.

"'Within an inch of his elbow,' muttered the Englishman.

"'The Sahab has made him eat a good ball!' shouted the Mussulman; and both rushed to the spot where the buck, after springing into the air, staggered with the life-blood welling from his side into the thickest part of the bamboo-jungle. The trail was plain, and the Mussulman followed it up with the ardour of a bloodhound, till the traces from single drops became splashes of frothy crimson, and the wounded deer was seen struggling to force his tottering frame through the interwoven cover. Again the grooved bore sent its deadly contents with fatal precision, and the buck dropped lifeless, hit between the ears. With the ferocity of a beast of prey throwing itself on its victim, the excited peon dashed at his game, eager to offer up his brief prayer, and bleed the deer, still kicking in his last agonies, ere life was

quite extinct. He was just in time, and after breaking the deer, the two proceeded on their beat in silence, examining every spot where there were traces of game having harboured, either from the nibbled branches, or the broken bark against which the bucks had been rubbing their horns.

"Some miles were traversed without meeting a recent trail. A jungle-dog would occasionally trot across their path, giving an inquiring look, more of curiosity than of fear, at the intruders; and small game of all sorts, from the pea-fowl to the quail, rose before them unheeded. The sun was now high enough to make objects visible on the dark background, where but a few minutes ago nothing could be distinguished amidst the maze of impenetrable jungle. On a bare peak, about a mile distant, the eye of the Mussulman had been rivetted for several minutes, and he now extended his lean black arm towards it, with a look that spoke more expressively than words. A spy-glass was unslung, and a minute survey taken in silence, during which a group of deer was clearly distinguished feeding upon the high summit. Their position rendered all attempts to approach them useless; they were watched for some time in hopes of their moving to a more favourable situation. At least an hour elapsed before any change in their situation afforded a chance of success; when a doe, wandering with her fawn on the plain below towards a favourite nullah, enticed them to join her. As the two men were unseen by any of the herd, a run was now made to intercept them before they could reach the cover. By the time they had gained a narrow neck of land commanding the pass, none of them were visible; but a panting dog returning from the ravine, sufficiently explained the reason. The sportsman therefore returned to one of the look-out men, posted on a rising ground which overlooked the whole jungle, to ascertain if the deer had passed. Their line was immediately telegraphed to one of the deep valleys where they were certain to lay up; and here a beat was arranged with that skill which a knowledge of the country, and of the habits of the animal, and the experience of years, in all that related to woodcraft, rendered almost certain of succeeding. The deer, after one attempt to break back, passed at a canter within seventy yards of the post where the unerring rifle-shot was concealed behind a fence of leaves. A noble buck which led the herd was selected, and the ball told with that dull sound so welcome to the sportsman's ear. The buck, struck behind the shoulder, staggered a few paces, and dropped in a small nullah, where he lay kicking till the knife of his pursuer ended his struggles."

GIBRALTAR.

Twenty years back, who would have dreamed of races at Gibraltar! Such, however, is the case now, and at the spring meeting of last year, nine prizes were contested for—one of which was for horses, the property of members of the Calpe Hunt. This really sounds "sporting;" but only fancy a steeple-chase over this "pillar of Hercules," as the ancients called it! Verily, we have a full account of one which took place last year, attended, not only as is usually said on those oc-

casions, with "all the beauty and fashion of the place," but after the usual fashion with those silly, cruel, and unsportsmanlike exhibitions, with sundry appalling accidents, and the death of one of the riders from a fall. We will give the following short extract, in combination of the censure bestowed upon what is termed by the reporter, "the amusement (!) of the day."

"The start—(eleven horses came to the post)—was good. Some of the leading horses made a gap in one of the first fences; towards this point, Highlander and Early Bird made a rush, and coming in contact, both riders were spilt, and nothing more seen of them during the rest of the run, which received a considerable check at the 'wet ditch.' Until this point, Zorab had the lead; but here his moorish blood got a cooling, for leaping short, both he and his rider went to look for soundings below. Dick Turpin next came up gallantly; but dame Fortune, determined to show no more favour to the Aide-de-camp than she had done to the Adjutant, hurled him likewise into the mire, which was destined also to damp the ardour of Mr. Pickwick, which made up the trio of 'mud-larkers.' Mulatto at this moment approached the fearful chasm, but not wishing to interrupt the harmony of the interesting party below, swerved to one side, and taking the leap in a slant direction, lodged on his knees on the opposite bank, pitching his rider over his head. Captain D'Enycourt did not, however, lose his reins, and not being overburdened with ballast, was instantly in his saddle; went over all the succeeding leaps in masterly style, and won the race by his very superior riding, putting besides a good 'lump of tin' into the pocket of Mulatto's master, as the betting had been twenty to one against him.

A second race was won by Lieutenant Mansell's Sorcerer, but a sad damp was thrown over the amusements of the day by the result of Mr. Sullivan's fall, which has been alluded to above. He was taken up and carried across the bay to his quarters, in one of the boats of H.M.S. Wasp, where he remained insensible for thirty-six hours, when he breathed his last, from what proved to have been a concussion of the brain. He was universally regretted by his brother officers, and promised to become an ornament to the profession in which he had so lately entered, and from which he was so suddenly removed.

HAWKING.

We learn from Major Archer's "Tours in Upper India," that hawkis practised by the Rajah of that country, and the following interesting account of a day's sport is related:

"The Rajah had promised his hawks and cheetahs for the morning's amusement, and at daylight we sallied forth. We were not out long before some royal curlews were discovered feeding in a field, quite unconscious of the array against them; but on being put up, they were fully aware of their danger. It may prove interesting to those unacquainted with Indian field-sports, to have that which relates to hawking described; and the present day's sport is instanced to commemorate as gratifying a specimen of this particular kind as ever was witnessed. The curlew being

roused, and seeing his enemies, screamed loudly, and began to mount almost perpendicularly. The hawk, which was of the long-wing, soaring kind, named a bkyree, proceeded in chase. Aware of his inability to rise so fast as his quarry, he went away, as if not disposed to come back, but imperceptibly ascending. Having gone far enough, he tacked, and continued to do so until he was above the curlew. These turns which the hawk makes, are very beautiful, and evince great sagacity. In the meantime, the curlew had got so high, as scarcely to be within ken, having also gained a considerable distance from where it rose. It is necessary, therefore, that those following this sport, should ride very hard, and the eye and mind being intent on the birds in the skies, renders the work of a hazardous nature. The hawk continues his tacking, though far away from the curlew, until he finds himself above the level of his prey, and then off he goes with the speed of lightning; the curlew perceives his disadvantage, and hastens to get over water, as the hawk knows that he is then in great danger, and refuses to strike. If, however, no water is near, the curlew makes for the ground as fast as he can fly, and it is only known by his descending, that the hawk is above him, both are so high and so far away. At this moment the greatest delight is experienced: the hawk closing his wings, rushes down in the pursuit with a velocity incredible to those who have not witnessed it: and such is it, that his passage through the air sounds like a mighty wind. The curlew cannot escape, and before he has time to reach the earth, the hawk has stricken him senseless. The latter is too careful to come with all his own force with the curlew to the ground, as he would most likely be killed; but he instinctively drops him when within a few yards, and then follows and secures his prey. The keepers and amateurs come up and prevent the hawk being injured by the fluttering or pecking of the curlew. The proceedings are similar to those in European countries after the flight and capture—such as breaking the poor creature's wings, and permitting the hawk to find his own way to the victim's heart through his breast, and having the marrow of the legs drawn out by a feather of his wing, and given as a sop of reward for his success."

FOREIGN COURSING.

Coursing upon system—that is, where the dog called the greyhound is brought into the field with his natural powers greatly augmented by what is called condition—is peculiar to Great Britain. The greyhound, however, in some form or other, is to be found in most countries, and in No. 77, vol. xiii. of the *New Sporting Magazine*, is to be seen a splendid engraving, by Nickolson, after Hamilton, of a Persian greyhound, the only female of that variety of the dog at that time in England, although there were two males, one at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and the other in the Zoological Gardens.

This species of greyhound is much esteemed in Persia, where the nobles keep a great number of them at a considerable expense; the best and most favoured of them having collars and housings, covered with precious stones and embroidery. They are used for coursing hares on the plains, and, assisted by the hawk, in chasing the antelope.

The antelope having been discovered, the hawk is cast off, when fastening his talons in the animal's head, he impedes its course, and enables the greyhounds to overtake it. The greyhound is also used in Persia for the chase of the wild ass, considered by the Persians as the swiftest of quadrupeds, and represented as such by Xenophon, in his "Anabasis." Surely the horse of the desert must here be said to be either forgotten or maligned. That the wild ass or goorkhur is one of the wildest of animals, we learn from Scripture authority, and the allusion to him and his indomitable spirit by Job, is thus beautifully paraphrased by Scott:

"Who from the forest ass his collar broke,
And manumized his shoulders from the yoke?
Wild tenant of the waste, I send him there
Among the shrubs to breathe in freedom's air.
Swift as an arrow in his speed he flies;
Sees from afar the smoky city rise;
Scorns the throng'd street where slavery drags her load,
The loud-voic'd driver, and his urging goad:
Where'er the mountain waves its lofty wood,
A boundless range, he seeks his verdant food."

That he is likewise possessed of extraordinary powers of speed and endurance, is very generally admitted; so much so indeed, that in hunting them down with greyhounds in Persia, it is found necessary to have relays posted at sundry points, likely to be traversed by the game; nor is it often that, even with such advantage, the "whowhoop" is achieved without the assistance of the rifle.

CEYLON.

Who would have looked for a pack of English-bred hounds in a land of spices—within seven or eight degrees of the equator—the island of Ceylon? Such, however, is the case; they were established six years back, under the title of the Nuwera-Ellia Subscription Pack, during the administration of Sir R. Wilmot Horton, Bart., and also patronised by the Hon. Major-general Sir John Wilson, and other influential gentlemen of the place. In their third season, a summary of their sport was made public, and it amounted to sixty-eight elks, and eight wild hogs. The pack is under the direction and management of Lieutenant Walson, who imported the first English hound. Here is another striking illustration of the old Latin proverb, which the name of the place reminds me of:—

"Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

And another proof of this inextinguishable love of sporting in Englishmen now lies before me. I allude to a letter I received two months back from a field-officer of the 90th light infantry, on the eve of his departure to join his regiment in the Island of Ceylon, containing a request, that I would favour him with a letter on some sporting subject, which he might take to his brother officers, whom he described as being "as sporting a set of fellows as the army could produce."

What adds to the peculiarity of this request is, that the writer is a perfect stranger to me; nevertheless, that circumstance did not prevent my, to a certain extent, complying with his request, at the same time expressing my regret, that "a set of sporting fellows" should be sent to such a distance from the land of sporting, and the land they love.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

According to "Lang's Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales," the organization of a regular system of racing in this colony dates from the administration of Sir Thomas Brisbane (1821), who is thus, as it were, the patron-saint of the Australian turf. There are the Sydney and the Parramatta races, as distinct as those of Epsom and Doncaster, although the towns are only fourteen miles apart. There are the Windsor races for the dwellers on the Hawkesbury, and the Liverpool and the Campbelltown meetings for the inhabitants of these minor colonial towns and their adjoining vicinities. There are races at Maitland and Patrick's Plain, two different stations on Hunter's River; at Bathurst beyond the mountains; and at Goulburn Plains, two hundred miles from Sydney, in the district of Argyle. In short, the march of improvement is much too weak a phrase for the meridian of New South Wales; we must there speak of the *race* of improvement, for the three appropriate and never-failing accompaniments of advancing civilization in that colony are, race-courses, public-houses and jails.

In the sister-colony of Van Deiman's Land, is some of our best racing blood; and from the circumstance of the climate being very favourable to the breeding of thorough-bred horses, together with the encouragement given by the several governors to breed them, racing and its results will soon be amongst the leading characteristics of the country—as indeed they will ever continue to be where Englishmen form the principal and influential portion of the community.

RUSSIA.

The following description of bear-shooting in Russia has been procured for me, by the kindness of a friend, and when your readers are told that it is from the pen of one of the most successful bear-shooters of the present day in Russia, they will feel assured that no exaggeration has been resorted to in the detail to give additional colour to this most exhilarating sport.

My friend has likewise afforded me valuable information on other subjects connected with sporting in Russia, and especially as to the improvement the country is making in the breed of their horses by the aid of English blood. He has also given a short account of the progress of the chase, which it appears even the rigour of a Russian climate is not equal to oppose.

To show what has been done with regard to that most important branch of domestic economy—horse-breeding, it is only necessary to annex a

list of the celebrated thoroughbred horses which have been imported into Russia from England, within the last twenty years, and likewise of those at this time existing in the country.

Among the former *were* the Alderman, Leopold, Soothsayer, Smolensko, Interpreter, and Cerberus. These are dead, but among the latter *are*,

Bourbon, Birmingham (winner of the Doncaster St. Leger), Memnon (ditto), Barefoot (ditto), Middleton (winner of the Derby), Telescope, Antar, Anti-Gallican, Navarino, Apis, Boscobel, Phœnix, Regent, Allegro by Orville, Red Rover, Jupiter, Young Selim, Argus, Director, Palmerine and Faggot.

The above-named horses were imported *viâ* Cronstadt; but there have been several others, first-raters, imported *viâ* Odessa and Riga, not included in this list; and among the principal breeders in the country are the following landed proprietors:

The Countess Orloffs, the two Princes Gargarins, Count Rostopschin, General Lunins, Mr. Scratin, Mr. Viakoff, Mr. Solovovo, Mr. Panovas, Mr. Masitoff, Mr. Mysnova, &c., and exclusive of these private studs, which are very extensive, the government breeds upon a most extensive scale.

Racing is progressing rapidly. The Grand-duke Alexander has hired George Taylor of Newmarket, as his trainer and rider, who, in addition to four exercise-boys from the same classic ground, was accompanied by the following thoroughbred racing stock:

Marchioness, Alderman, Rose Bradwardine, Lalla Rookh, and Resolution.

Previous to further notice of the progress and success of horse-breeding in Russia, I must state one circumstance in relation to the rural economy of the country, which although known to the greater part of your readers, may not be familiar to all.

The extent of a Russian nobleman or gentleman's property is not reckoned as in other countries by its acrage, but by the number of persons employed upon it. Now, there are estates belonging to government, on which are 80,000 serfs, entirely devoted to the breeding of horses. They import annually some of our best English blood, and have at one establishment alone, 1100 brood mares! It is under the management of a committee, of which General Lunins is chairman, and that well-known sportsman who has spent so many seasons at Melton Mowbray, the Count Matuchevitz, is a member, which is sufficient assurance for the conduct of it—the general being also well qualified for his post. From this stud about 600 five-year-old horses are brought to St. Petersburg, for the cavalry, every summer; and on the authority of a friend of mine, who has seen them for several years, they improve every year. Lords Londonderry and Anglesea saw them lately, and expressed their surprise at the immense improvement that had taken place, since they had last been in the country.*

* What is called the "British Hunt," has existed in Russia for upwards of seventy years, the meuvels and slotters being at the village of Garella, twelve miles from St. Petersburg on the Peterhoff road; and at one time it was under the management of this well known and highly esteemed Count. Some parts of the country hunted over are as good as the others are bad; and the game pursued has been the fox, the hare, and occasionally the wolf, but it is now confined to the fox.

The present Emperor of Russia has a very good eye to a horse, approving of the stamp we all consider the best to endure hard service —namely, fifteen hands two inches in height, with short legs, and plenty of substance, with action. His Majesty also holds out great encouragement to breeders, having established and patronized races in various parts of his empire—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Lebodan (I believe in the government of Tamboff), and several other towns; and at the last-named place he gives, amongst other prizes, a plate equal to two thousand two hundred and twenty-five guineas, for a trial of speed and bottom; although in my regard for that noble animal, the horse, I am bound to pronounce it to be too great, as well as unnecessary trespass upon his powers.

The distance to be run for this prize is thirty versts, or twenty miles, *in one heat*; and being open to all the world, horses of all breeds, Cossack, Circassian, Arabian, and of course English, are brought to the post; but those of pure English blood have always proved the winners. One by Red Rover (I cannot give the name of his dam), bred by General Lunins, carried off this prize the two last years, performing the distance, each time, some seconds under one hour! !

It must be gratifying to the feelings of humanity, that all such cruel practices, as hunting trammelled wolves and other animals on the Wolga, are losing ground in Russia, and are gradually yielding to what may be called the fair and legitimate chase.

The English residents at St. Petersburg have a fox-hunting establishment eleven miles from the capital, and the hounds are hunted as we hunt them in England; but from the very short season allowed them by the climate, it cannot be expected that a succession of good sport can be the result. There is, however, a kind of diversion in the winter season, when these hounds are confined to their kennel, which is much esteemed in Russia. I allude to tracking wolves—or rather pursuing them by the track in the snow; and a wolf is a sure find any day within twenty miles of St. Petersburg.

When the snow is in a proper state, the chase is said to be most exciting, as may be imagined by the following features in it. The sportsmen know the pace at which the wolf is travelling, by his track, which is clearly marked both in his walk and in his trot; but when neared by his pursuers, and it is found to be changed to the gallop, he is considered to be "gone away." The sportsmen then commence the chase, and finish it by riding him down, when the bullet gives the *who-whoop*.

About half a foot's depth of snow on the ground is considered the true thing for the enjoyment of this sport, both as regards the safety of the riders, who may then go the *ultra-pace* without danger, and the tracking the game they are in pursuit of; and should he be "run into" —as the fox-hunting term is—after a chase of from half-an-hour to an hour, and shot dead on the spot, the burst is said to be complete.

My informant, a practised hand at this sport, and now hunting at Melton Mowbray, says, not one wolf in ten can escape from two well-mounted sportsmen.

I have now the pleasure of presenting your readers with an accurate detail of the several sports of the Russians, from the pen of the celebrated sportsman previously alluded to, who, to use the words of my

Anglo-Russian Melton friend, to whom I am indebted for procuring it for me, has "killed more bears than most other people." On the other hand, our Russian brethren of the chase and turf have a pretty accurate idea of what are our pursuits in our own country, by the aid of the various papers on those subjects from my pen, which have been translated into their language. And I may also add the pleasing fact, that the Emperor and his court never fail to give encouragement to every thing that is British.

There is a tolerable sprinkling of game of various kinds in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, and the sportsman may find amusement at every time of the year, excepting perhaps the months of May and June. The lawful shooting-season commences on the 29th of June, when blackcock, and a kind of grouse may everywhere be found, generally, however, at this early season, much smaller than the principles of British sportsmen would allow them to put into their bag. It is at this period, that the Russian peasant, who shoots for a livelihood, will flush a covey, get what he can at their rising, old or young, and then ensconcing himself behind a few branches, placed to conceal him, will whistle or call the covey together again, and pick all the young ones up, one by one, probably without firing another shot. The dog points the bird, and by carefully examining the grass and bushes near the dog's nose, the poacher easily catches him by putting his foot on him. When, however, the white partridges, as they call them in Russia, are full grown, they afford excellent sport, being generally found in the extensive peat mosses which everywhere abound, and where there is plenty of room for the widest ranging dogs. The blackcock being more frequently found on the edge of covers, is on this account, for the most part, less amusing shooting.

The cock-of-the-woods is found here also; but the tangled nature of the ground where he is to be met with, renders the shooting difficult and tiresome, the dog being frequently difficult to find when on a point; the bird either missed or blown to pieces as he gets up amongst high trees, and seldom to be accurately marked. The peasants, however, when they find a covey, will invariably kill every bird by calling them.

Later in the season grey partridges are found, but not in any abundance, owing, probably, to their being so frequently netted in winter, when by leading them on in the snow, by sprinkling a little corn, they are easily decoyed to the neighbourhood of a barn.

The snipe-shooting is excellent, particularly from the latter end of August to the latter end of September, when the double or solitary snipe is in season. These are seldom found in bogs, as the other species of snipe are, preferring meadows with long grass and stunted brushwood. In a good season, thirty brace are frequently killed to one gun in the course of the day. The common snipe, the jack-snipe, and the woodcock, also afford very fair sport.

Wild ducks, as may be supposed, abound in the marshy parts of the country. Wild geese in September alight on the fields; but are difficult of approach.

The Russian nobility frequently combine hunting, coursing, and shooting together, in the autumn months. A pack of mongrel, slow

hounds are turned into a covert with perhaps six, perhaps ten huntsmen.

These necessarily drive every thing out of the covert, and the sportsmen, standing round, shoot whatever they can—birds, foxes, hares, and wolves; any of the quadrupeds that may chance to escape their shot are instantly pursued in the plain by the greyhounds, which are held in slips at the skirts of the wood for this purpose.

Where wolves are suspected to harbour, nets are frequently suspended from branch to branch, or when these fail, to stakes, for the space of a mile or more. The net, which trails on the ground towards the inside of the cover, drops on the wolf when he runs against it, and he is then despatched by the men in waiting on the nets.

Coursing is an amusement well known to the Russian nobility, who have even something like a code of regulations to decide matches. Their greyhounds are mostly of the larger rough-haired fan-tail breed, occasionally crossed with the Persian.

Hunting with thoroughbred fox-hounds is not much practised by the Russians, and it is seldom that they ever allow their harriers a fair chance of killing out of cover, always aiding them, if possible, with greyhounds. When hunting in cover, and a hound challenges, their object is apparently to create as much bustle and noise as possible.

The winter sport is principally for bears and elks; occasionally, also, batteries are made for wolves and roedeer.

In order that a season should be very favourable for bear-shooting, it is required that the snow fall early in the season before any other indication of winter appears, the bears being then still on their legs feeding on the smaller kind of cranberry; and as they are rather choice in their selection of a place to sleep out the winter, in searching for one, they necessarily make a track in the snow, which assists the peasants materially in afterwards finding their retreat, as this track would scarcely be obliterated for a month, although frequent falls of snow should intervene. The peasant who falls in with the track of a bear, will follow the same as long as it only leads through wood open below, but makes a circuit the moment the bear has passed into a place where fallen trees or thickets might tempt him to lay down. If the peasant, when returning to his own track, has not come across any other track of the bear, he is safely ringed, and will probably remain there the whole winter. It is, however, necessary to go the rounds immediately after any fresh fall of snow, as the bear may have heard the peasant, and he is cunning enough to change his lair when a snow-storm offers him the chance of doing so without leaving a track behind him. And this he will probably accomplish either by following a road or crossing a plain, where all traces are instantly lost in a high wind.

The usual way of shooting the bear is, by driving him with a host of peasants, who stand on the ring shouting, whilst two or three, with a cur dog or so, put him up out of his den. He of course tries to escape, when silence leads him to expect no enemy at hand; and then the shots, placed at about forty yards apart, kill him when he comes up. The fir-wood being so thick, he is generally shot at ten yards; but, near as this seems, he is often missed at half that distance, which is enough to astonish any but those who have occasionally seen the

characters who aspire to the glory of killing a bear. As the ball which has missed the bear must go somewhere, it is most probable that it will go along the line of sportsmen who are placed on the road or track, and this constitutes by far the greatest danger in this style of bear-shooting.

Those who have a slight knowledge of the language had better, if they can, buy a ringed bear, and patiently hunt every part of the ring, attended by a peasant or two if they please; by doing so carefully, especially with a dog, they will be nearly sure of lighting upon the bear sooner or later, and have an infinitely better chance of killing one. It frequently happens that the peasant knows where the den is, when of course this system of hunting is a certainty.

The bear is very tenacious of life, and often carries off shots that would be expected to kill him.

To ring the elk, the same method must be adopted as with the bear; but as he is not dormant during winter, and holds mostly in brush-wood when the buds of the mountain-ash, willow, and aspen, afford him sustenance, it is necessary to be much more cautious, and to have a full knowledge of the country; as by indiscriminately cutting off a mile square of the wood, the sportsman may cross the best feeding-ground in the forest, disturb the elks, and render his chance of ringing them that day very precarious. The elk is found in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Petersburg in tolerable numbers, herds of ten or fifteen being occasionally ringed. A ring for these beasts should not be less than three-quarters of a mile in diameter, as, independent of there seldom being large trees to prevent a ball from traversing the whole circle, and injuring the beaters on the opposite side, the elks would probably force the ring at the onset if they found themselves in such very close quarters; whereas, if they have plenty of room on first being roused, they will steal gently towards the shots, the oldest of the herd leading at a gentle trot. He gradually relaxes into a walk as he approaches the line, which he will wind at a considerable distance, and at last he will stand still to reconnoitre. This is the most favourable shot, perhaps at a hundred, or hundred and fifty yards; but the number of small branches and twigs that intervene in this space, sometimes renders this chance uncertain. If not fired at immediately, ten to one that the herd return to the centre of the ring, and, bewildered by the echoing of a couple of hundred voices, will remain there until again set a-going either by an experienced peasant or a slow fox-hound, when they are obliged again to look for a place to escape.

When an elk-hunt is well managed, and the beaters remain steadily at their places, the elks may be brought half-a-dozen times within reach of the shot; but it is astonishing to see how frequently they are missed at moderate distances by first-rate shots. The only way to account for this is, that the beast is so much larger than what one is in the habit of shooting, that he appears nearer than he really is, and at the same time is going at a much greater speed than is allowed for. It is the general belief, that most shots fall behind him.

As the country adapted for elks is impracticable for horses, it is difficult to estimate the relative speed of the two. Judging, however, from the stride of a full-grown elk in a trot, which is rather over than

under seven English feet, and repeated with tolerable rapidity, it would appear that his speed must be very great. The elk seldom gallops, excepting when very hard pressed, or struck by a ball; his gallop is heavy and awkward, his trot beautiful; the action behind, however, resembles rather too much that of a cow.

My obliging correspondent was present at an elk-hunt, when in consequence of the morass not being frozen under the snow, the elks in passing only presented as much of their bodies as would be seen in swimming. One of them being struck, galloped through this ground, bounding free of the surface of the snow at every leap, till he dropped. A common peasant's horse, being led off the road with nothing but traces attached to him, was so helpless with such a load behind him, as to require being dragged on to the road again instead of being serviceable in leading away the elk. The difference in size will, however, partly account for this apparent superiority in strength; a large elk, standing somewhere about twenty-one hands on the shoulder, and weighing ten or eleven hundredweight.

A shot behind the shoulders will always kill the elk, not however till he has galloped between one and two hundred yards, when he rises on his hind legs, and falls over backwards stone dead.

The elk makes no attempt to injure the beaters, and well is it he does not, as hemming in a dozen beasts of such power and speed would be no joke. If wounded and attacked by a dog, he will defend himself with his fore-feet, and he requires considerable address to avoid injury.

The elk is sometimes so completely blown by running through the deep snow, as at last not to be able to go with any degree of speed; it is then that he is the most obstinate and difficult to turn.

The bear is likewise at times so exhausted by sudden exertion in making his way through deep snow, over windfalls or drifts, as not to be by any means so dangerous as he otherwise might be.

The mustering of the beaters on the morning of a bear or elk-hunt is rather a strange sight as it does not come under the head of labour in the eyes of the Russian peasant; he will, in fact, leave more profitable work to earn one ruble (not quite a shilling) as beater. Old and young men, and even children, go out as beaters, all receiving the same emolument. In case of a scarcity of men, women and girls go out; but this is highly objectionable, as it is out of the power of the strictest disciplinarian to keep order.

The beaters muster either in the woodyard if near enough, or else in some open glade in the forest, standing in a line two deep, to be counted and registered according to their villages. If for bear-shooting, they are armed with pikes and pointed staves,—which, by the way, never prove of the slightest use; and if for elk-shooting without any weapon at all.

The sportsmen are in the meantime loading their guns, frequently the most diverting part of the day's sport. Independently of occasionally finding powder so coarse as not to pass through the cone of the breeching of the gun; balls too large or too small by five numbers; and German copper-caps to English nipples; to hear the execrations and abuse lavished upon some ignorant laquey, for having washed out a rifle with the old charge of powder and ball in it; the powder of

course wet; the ball not to be drawn, in consequence of the coating of rust in the barrel; no nipple-screw of course; together with the various applications for pasteboard, paper, a little tow, &c. &c., and the explosions of copper-caps to ascertain the freedom of the passage through the barrel, give one the idea that all the sporting implements had been raffled for the preceding night, and that the sportsmen had to sort them again for the occasion. Perhaps ants hunting for their eggs in an ant's nest turned up by a schoolboy, would give the best notion of the scene on the morning of a *battue* in Russia, excepting that perhaps the ants are a little deficient in noise and abuse.

The guns being all at length loaded, each sportsman gets into a separate little country-sledge, drawn by one horse, and proceeds to the glade in the wood, where the beaters are waiting at a convenient distance from the ring, divided into two equal bodies.

Two peasants who know the ring, then lead the beaters in Indian file, one party going to the right, the other to the left. At the tail of each phalanx, follows an experienced sportsman, who, at stated distances, varying according to the thickness or openness of the wood, stops the peasant next in front of him, and thus stopping one at about every fifteen yards, he will, by the time he reaches the opposite point of the circle, have disposed of all his people, and met his brother sportsman who has done the same; and then, by comparing notes, they are enabled to decide where to place the guns, if they are not already placed, or even if they be, they may safely be moved if advisable when the ring is once complete; a halloo is then given, and the sport commences as above described.

Frequently the snow is so deep that it requires two hours or more to lead the beaters their half-way round, and the difficulty of making them move with any degree of order is inconceivable. Those who are in the immediate vicinity of the leading peasant, are of course aware that they will have to wade through the snow, and over the tangled wood to the opposite side of the circle and back again, and only receive the same pay as the more fortunate fellows who get placed on first turning from the road. They will therefore, under some pretence or other, quit the line, and let two or three pass them; or, if an opportunity offer, hide behind a fir-bush, till nearly the whole line be passed, and then take a fresh place. Then the squabbles and noise attendant on these pranks, occasionally distract the game before the circle is complete, and the day's sport is ruined.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHARLES CHESTERFIELD,

THE YOUTH OF GENIUS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

Chap. XXV.

CHARLES RECEIVES MANY ASSURANCES OF FRIENDSHIP, AND CONTRIVES TO SETTLE SOME IMPORTANT BUSINESS WITHOUT LOSING ANY TIME ABOUT IT.

If a kind reception from the friends he went to visit could have cured the sorrows he brought with him, Charles Chesterfield would have forgotten all his misfortunes at Brighton. Mrs. Longuéville received him as she had never received him before, for he had been in the room with her for at least ten minutes before it became evident that she had forgotten his presence. Clara was really and truly glad to see him, and testified more interest in her inquiries after his welfare, upon remarking his worried look and clouded eye, than she might have done had he worn the same hopeful and almost triumphant aspect that she had left him with. But all this was nothing in comparison to the warm affection displayed by Sir George. He really could scarcely have appeared more delighted had an only son returned to him after long absence, and he so frequently called the heavens to witness that he was "devilish glad" to see him, that a temper much less disposed to have faith in professions than that of Charles might have been tempted to believe him.

All this was, of course, very soothing and agreeable, and the more so as it rendered easy the task of confession, which he was well aware he must fully perform before he could profit by their advice. Sir George was so inexpressibly amused by the narrative of his adventure with Mrs. Sherbourne, that it was some time before the vehemence of his mirth left him power to speak, and when it did, his first words were not very encouraging.

"The woman is an atrocious animal, Charles, there is no doubt upon that point: and as to marrying her, it would be a considerably worse speculation than hanging yourself. But, after all, such a business as this is no joke, I promise you. She may easily get half your fortune from you by way of damages and I am terribly afraid that it will be no easy matter to get out of it. But stay! Egad Charles, I've thought of a way that will do her completely, and neatly, and featly! Hurrah! I have it, I have it!"

Greatly comforted, but exceedingly anxious nevertheless to learn the means by which his kind friend hoped to release him from the threatened danger, he replied—

"Thank Heaven, Sir George, that you see hope for me! The half of all I depend upon for subsistence would be bad enough, but I should hold it as nothing in comparison to the disgrace which would for ever attach to my name were I to become the defendant in such a cause as this. Tell me, dear Sir George, I entreat you to tell me, how you think I may get out of it?"

Sir George Meddows very properly replied to the former part of this speech before he answered the latter.

"You are only too right, my dear fellow," said he; "it is certainly no subject for joking, and I feel heartily ashamed of having for a moment been beguiled into laughing at it. To a fine, promising, talented fellow like you, the loss of a few thousands is nothing, positively nothing by way of misfortune; and I'll lay my life that it would only act as a spur to drive you further and faster on your road to fortune. But the indelible disgrace of having such a story as this tacked to your name for ever, must be guarded against at any risk. A man is never ruined, Charles, till he has lost his good name, and that must be preserved to you, *coûte que coûte.*"

"But speak, dear sir! Tell me, I entreat you, in what way you think I may escape from this dreadful danger?"

"Be satisfied, Charles, when I tell you that I will take the management of this very awkward business entirely upon myself. Some way or other I must get you through it, my poor fellow; but the notion that came into my head just now is not altogether unobjectionable. It might possibly involve my own name in a way I should not like, and therefore I had rather think about it, and see if any thing else can be done before I name it to you. But set your mind at ease, my dear boy; I pledge you my honour that I will not forsake you in this straight, and will get you through it too, somehow or other, whether I involve myself by doing so or not."

Charles seized the hand of his generous benefactor with the most enthusiastic gratitude, and truly declared that he knew no words strong enough to express the feelings such kindness inspired. Altogether the scene became really touching, for Sir George himself, though rarely manifesting any kind of emotion, except gaiety, seemed moved; and as he wrung the hand of Charles in return for his fervent pressure, he turned away his head, as if in some degree overcome by it.

This conversation was, in truth, a great relief to the embarrassed young man; for so heartily did he feel ashamed of the folly which had put him in the power of Mrs. Sherbourne, that he had, more than once since the receipt of her last letter, thought it better to marry her, than let his name reach his native village through the jocose report of a newspaper, upon such a trial as that with which she threatened him! Alas! how far unlike was this to the fame which he had hoped would precede his return!

His mind lightened of this pressing burden, he proceeded to recount his adventure with Mr. Marchmont, and the hostile termination of their intercourse; and here again Sir George showed himself to be a very cordial friend, by the warm indignation he expressed at what he very justly called the Regenerator's rascally conduct.

"But here, Charles," he added, with a very discouraging shake of the head, "I fear I cannot help you. Mr. Marchmont would not care a straw for any thing either you or I could say of him. He is armed both with dagger and shield; and the best advice I can give you is, to let him alone, and take good care to keep out of the way of such dirty doings in future."

To Sir George, notwithstanding all this great kindness, Charles said

not a word of what was after all perhaps the bitterest of his misfortunes, namely, his terrible disappointment about his poem. He dreaded lest the gay baronet might laugh at this too, and he shrunk from the agony he should feel under such an infliction with a degree of cowardice which he had never felt on any occasion before. But of Clara he felt no such fear, and to her he resolved to confess this deepest of all his sorrows. She listened to him as he expected she would do: her speaking features expressed concern, sympathy, and what was certainly as welcome as either, surprise.

"There is but one way of consoling yourself, Mr. Chesterfield, for this painful disappointment," she said. "It will reconcile you to your natural home; and when you shall come, after all these misadventures, to compare the feverish hopes of London with the joys of a country life, which never fails to keep every promise of pleasure it makes us, will you not at last confess that it is the best and safest? For when do spring or autumn cheat us of their promised flowers and fruits?—or the summer hide its glorious face from us?—or even winter fail to bring its crispy brightness and its cosey comfort?—When you shall come again to compare all this with what you have lost since you looked elsewhere for enjoyment, will you not feel that Charlton is a safer and a happier place than London?"

"Ah, Miss Meddows!" replied Charles, colouring, "I am sure that such were your thoughts about me from the very first."

"Yes, Mr. Chesterfield. I thought your situation at Maplebury appeared to be a singularly happy one, and I own I thought you were running great risk of changing the better for the worser part; were you to take my advice now, it would not be long ere your good mother held you in her arms again. You have been quite long enough from home to enjoy the return to it, and have seen quite enough of London and its ways to furnish materials for many a winter night's pleasant talk in the country. There is no occasion whatever that you should cease to exercise your talent for writing, which, as you are happily independent, may be indulged blamelessly, and perhaps, in the end, profitably. Come, Mr. Chesterfield, take my advice. Let your family have the great pleasure of seeing you in the midst of them the day that you come of age. You may do this, and yet have time enough to see all that this part of the country has to show. What say you to it?"

"That there is nothing in the whole world which I should like so well!" exclaimed Charles, in a tone that showed for a moment, at least, a perfect oblivion of all his sorrows. "But—but—there is a great deal of business which I must do before I can leave London for good—and some of it cannot be done till after I am of age," he added.

Could Mr. Dalrymple have witnessed the change of colour which this avowal produced on the cheek of Clara, it is probable that he would have interpreted it as the proof of a much deeper interest in the young man's concerns than it was at all seemly for Miss Meddows to feel—and most other people might have been of the same opinion; for who could have guessed the vague, yet defined, the really unknown, yet strangely assured evil, which she prognosticated from young Chesterfield's coming into possession of his little fortune, while still under the influence of her father? She meditated for a moment, uncertain

whether she ought to—whether she could say more. At length she replied, "I have certainly no right, Mr. Chesterfield, to question or to admonish you; but you have spoken to me so candidly about your literary affairs that I will venture to take the same tone, and say that I trust that you have no concerns of any importance with which your excellent father is unacquainted. Trust me, he is your best and safest counseller; and I will venture to predict that if you rob him, from any motive whatever, of the confidence which is so justly his due, you will never, while you live, cease to repent it."

"I hope and trust, my dear Miss Clara," said Charles, deeply touched, and most truly grateful for the interest which her earnest manner expressed, "that I shall soon again be under the shelter of my father's roof, and of my father's wisdom. Your kindness has done me great good now, as it always has done from the first hour that I was thrown into your way. You have almost removed the bitterness of my disappointment about my poem, by showing that you did not care the less about me for it—and that makes me hope that they won't despise me for it at home, either. Perhaps," he added, with something of solemnity that touched his friend Clara deeply, "perhaps I have great reason to be thankful for it. I fear that I have been very near falling into a pit of death and darkness, which was made attractive to me by the silly belief that Fame lay at the bottom of it Had Marchmont been an honest man, he might have ended by leaving me with as little religion as he has got himself."

"If you never lose your religion, Mr. Chesterfield, till an honest man seeks to take it from you, I have a great notion that you have a great chance of keeping it as long as you live," answered Clara. "And now," she added, laughing, "I will release you without preaching any more for the present. You will find delightful rambling upon the downs, and I will bid you good-bye till dinner-time."

Seldom has a poor lad at a distance from all his kith and kind felt himself more in want of their healing love than did our unfortunate Charles when he left London for Brighton; and still seldomer has such a one met from persons so little near to him in any way, such efficient consolation as he had found. Sir George's knowing nods, gay winkings, and confident assurances that he would steer him as clear of that dangerous little quicksand, the Sherbourne, as if he had never driven within sight of her, set him perfectly, though still ignorantly, at ease on that score; while Mrs. Longuéville's increased civility proved that he had lost nothing in the eyes of the finest lady of his acquaintance by having quarrelled with the celebrated Mr. Marchmont; and Clara's greatly augmented kindness of manner, her air of more familiar intimacy, and the frank sincerity with which she entered into all his concerns, proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the check which his literary hopes had received had in no degree lessened him in her eyes.

Days—nay, weeks,—flew rapidly. Charles was in nobody's way, for when not inlisted into some scheme of amusement by his friends, he wandered for hours over the beautiful heights which showed him for the first time in his life all the different aspects which the broad sea, for ever varying, yet for ever the same, could wear. But if, instead of this convenient independence of occupation, he had been the most trouble-

some hanger-on that an unfortunate invitation ever hitched upon a family, it would have made no difference in the length of his visit; for Sir George Meddows's affection for him was still very evidently on the increase, and he seldom suffered a day to pass without repeating that he was quite determined not to part with Charles till after Christmas.

After some discussion, it had been settled between the brother and sister that as Brighton was in all ways so exceedingly agreeable, it would be "wisest, discreetest, best," to let their house in Bruton-street. To this arrangement Clara most joyfully acceded, and was made more happy by this new approach to prudence and economy than she believed any thing could now make her.

But before this arrangement could take place, it was necessary that some part of the family should go to town in order to see that the house, and all that was in it, was left fit for the reception of a tenant. Sir George declared that nothing should induce him to leave the sea for a single day, as the doing so might bring back the complaint which its vicinity had so wonderfully cured; and he declared, also, that dear Charles Chesterfield should stay with him, as he could not be left entirely alone.

Happy as Charles had been at Brighton, he certainly would greatly have preferred leaving it for London at this time. A few days only remained of his minority, and his punctual father had already transmitted to him all instructions as to how he might immediately avail himself of its termination, for the purpose of paying Sir George's, as well as some other debts, all trifling however, but which he could not have discharged before he left town without stripping himself of his last shilling. He was eager, therefore, to show his vouchers at the bank, and to relieve himself from the responsibilities which appeared to him almost disgraceful. But he felt far too grateful for all the kindness he had received not to yield to Sir George's wish, and merely saying that his principal business in London would be to obtain the money necessary for liquidating the debt he owed him, he agreed to postpone it till the ladies should return. Any attempt on the part of Clara to interfere with this arrangement was impossible; and the two ladies set off for London attended only by servants.

Sir George was still an excellent walker, and as it happened that the day on which Mrs. Longuéville and her niece started on this expedition was a remarkably fine one, he proposed to his young companion, as soon as their carriage had driven off, that they should take a long ramble upon the downs. Charles readily agreed, and they set off, arm-in-arm, in a very friendly and familiar manner.

As soon as they had fairly quitted the town, and its suburbs, Sir George, gaily addressing his companion, said, "My dear Charles, you have never yet heard what my scheme is for freeing you from the clutches of Mrs. Sherbourne. Have you no curiosity about it?—no longing desire to know what I mean to do?"

"Not much, Sir George," replied the young man; "I am so ignorant myself, and so full of faith in you, that I have permitted my mind to turn away as much as possible from all thoughts on the subject. But I shall be very glad to listen to you, if you have any information to communicate on the subject. Do you think, however, from my

having heard nothing more of her, that she may have changed her mind upon the subject?"

"And come to the magnanimous resolution of letting you rest in peace?" said Sir George. "No, upon my word, Charles, I do not think any such thing. The weeks that have passed since her sublime resolution was taken, have not been more, nor so much, I should think, as would be necessary to put the business *en train*—not to mention, moreover, that it is exceedingly probable they don't know where to find you. How should they—you did not leave your address with her, I suppose?"

"Most certainly I did not."

"Then lay not the flattering unction to your soul that you will hear no more of her. Trust me, the next *billet-doux* you will receive will be through the hands of her lawyer."

Charles answered only with a deep sigh, which seemed to acknowledge the truth of the prediction, and all the horror of it.

"Nay, sigh not so," said Sir George, laughing "faint heart, they say, never won fair lady, nor got rid of one either, Charles; you must remember that, if you please. And now let me speak to you very seriously of a matter of business, not so wholly unconnected with this of Mrs. Sherbourne as you may think at first sight. It is one, too, my dear Charles, which I do assure you without the slightest mixture of flattery, or making a boast of the real affection which I feel for you, has very frequently employed my thoughts since you left your good father's house with me. I speak of the employment, or investment as it is technically called, of your little fortune, Charles. I know no man living who better understands the management of the particular class of affairs in which he is engaged than your excellent father; but his manner of life has put all questions concerning the profitable investment of money quite out of his reach, and it is for that reason that I feel myself called upon, imperatively, I may say, to step forward with my knowledge and experience upon a subject which certainly, beyond all others, requires both. Are you disposed to listen to me, my dear young friend, and for the present to turn your thoughts altogether from Mrs. Sherbourne?"

Charles assured him that he should listen with grateful attention to every thing he said on the subject.

"Well then," was the kind reply, "I will speak to you as I would to my own son, if I were blessed with one. Are you aware, Charles, how very low the rate of government interest has fallen?"

"I think my father told me, Sir George, but upon my word I forget all about it," replied the young man, ingenuously.

"So it ever is with men of genius, I believe. Speculators upon Providence do not pay half the attention that they ought to do to the admirable equality that exists between man and man. You write verses with the facility of Pope, and at the very moment of coming into possession of the money, upon the interest of which you are to exist, you actually do not know what that interest is! whilst I, who could hardly write a stanza if my life depended upon it, understand with the nicest accuracy the varying value of every species of property, with its real worth and annual returns, as thoroughly as a shepherd knows his flock, or a gardener his seedlings. Nor is the case peculiar to us, Charles.

You will find, as you get on, the same chequered pattern of intellect over the whole world. It is, therefore, that men find it necessary to help each other—and by doing this, the talents of each turn to the advantage of all."

Charles was delighted. He had never heard Sir George descant in so philosophical a strain before; and he felt all the advantage of having for a friend and guide a man whose general views were as enlarged, as his practical and special knowledge was acute.

"He will get me out of this Sherbourne noose," thought he, "if mortal man can do it."

"Your income, my dear fellow," resumed the baronet, "if your property remains in the funds, will be somewhat less than a hundred and fifty pounds a year. On this sum, I will venture to say, from what I already know of your gentlemanly habits and feelings, you will find it quite impossible to live. You know what you have already spent since you came to town, Charles, and you know too, that you have not altogether lived at your own expense. Guess, therefore, how things would go with you, if you attempted to live independently upon a hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"It would be impossible, Sir George," replied the young man, while a pang shot through his heart, as he remembered with what confidence he had made his calculations for the future, under the persuasion that the principal part of his income would proceed from his literary labours. But after the pause of a moment, he added, with tolerable composure, "I am in no danger, however, of falling into difficulties on that account. I shall hope in a year or two to get into orders, and in the interval my father will be both able and willing to help me."

This was not exactly such an answer as Sir George would have desired; but, nevertheless, it rather stimulated than checked his eloquence, and he therefore proceeded with great animation.

"How I love you, Charles," he exclaimed, "for that gentle and beautiful spirit of contentment which prepares you, as it were, for every possible contingency. But this rather increases than lessens the desire I feel to see you absolutely and *bonâ fide* independent. Independent of the world and all its caprices, independent of Mr. Marchmont, independent even of your own excellent father. And most truly do I rejoice to say that it is in my power to put you in the way of becoming so. I have, as you probably know, very large estates in Ireland."

Sir George paused; but Charles never happened to have heard any thing about his large estates in Ireland, and he therefore replied by a gentle shake of the head, which very distinctly said "*No;*" but which implied no shadow of doubt as to the fact.

"Yes," resumed Sir George, "the estate is in truth only too large, and, notwithstanding its noble rent-roll, is perpetually encumbered by enormous expenses in the way of—of—repairing farm-houses, draining bogs, building bridges, making roads, and a hundred other things, too tedious to mention, all more or less inevitable upon widely spreading property of this kind. Now, of course, this enables—I may say, indeed, that it obliges me to raise trifling sums of money from time to time upon this fine property. Your excellent father, as perhaps you know, Charles, has already had the advantage of vesting a thousand pounds in this very advantageous manner. I had great pleasure in

The Regenerator "done".

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offering it to him, but not so much, I freely confess, as I feel now in proposing the same thing to you; for somehow or other you have contrived to take a singularly strong hold upon my affections. Your four thousand pounds, Charles, secured by a mortgage upon my estate, will bring you in exactly three times the income yielded by the funds; and though this, my dear boy, is by no means equal to the fortune I shall hope eventually to see you enjoy, it would at any rate be a maintenance. What say you to this, my dear Charles? Are you willing to trust me with your money upon my personal security?"

These last words were uttered with a pleasant smile, which smile Charles affectionately returned, as he said—

"Trust you, Sir George?"

The extremity of the rustic ignorance in which poor Charles Chesterfield had been reared will be properly estimated, when it is stated that the ill-matched ideas of dishonesty and high station had never at any instant of his existence entered his head together. The noonday sun and total darkness would hardly have seemed more incongruous had he heard them named together: and Sir George's little obliviousness about shillings and sixpences was so far from having even awakened suspicion within him, that it only made him feel more respectfully aware of the great difference in their situations, inasmuch as what to him was quite inconvenient to lose, was too trifling for his wealthy patron even to remember.

This merry question therefore, "Are you willing to trust me with your money?" very naturally produced a smiling rejoinder, because of course he could only take it jocosely; but when after patting him good-humouredly on the shoulder, and nodding his head as much as to say, "We understand each other,"—when, after this little eloquent dumb show, Sir George resumed the conversation in a graver and more business-like tone, Charles answered with equal gravity, and assured Sir George that he himself and all his family would be most deeply grateful if he would have the great kindness to undertake the management of his money, and the placing it in whatever way he thought most advantageous.

"I believe it, my dear boy," replied the baronet, wringing his hand with much affection. "And this business once settled, I will explain my plan about Mrs. Sherbourne."

No one could be more lively and agreeable than was Sir George after the conversation had reached this point; but he soon confessed that he felt himself some few years older than he had been, and therefore proposed that they should turn their steps homewards, which brought them back in time for Sir George to despatch a letter or two by the post; one of which was to desire his man of business immediately to send down a power of attorney for Charles to execute, which as he observed to Chesterfield, would enable them to complete the business without having the bore and the expense of a journey to London, just when Brighton was so particularly agreeable.

This sort of business indeed, when proper agents are set to manage it is easily and promptly executed; and several days before Mrs. Longuéville and Clara returned from London, Sir George Meddows was in possession of Charles Chesterfield's legacy, and Charles Chesterfield was in possession of Sir George Meddows's note of hand for the amount.

Chap. XXVI.

SCHEMES—THE PLOTTERS DISAGREE—MUCH BUSINESS IS A-FOOT—A SUDDEN JOURNEY—A TETE-A-TETE BETWEEN THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

As soon as this little affair was completely settled, Charles once more led the after-dinner conversation between himself and his patron to the subject of his threatened difficulties with Mrs. Sherbourne.

"All our money business is settled now, Sir George," said he, "is it not?"

"Yes, Charles, quite settled; every thing is now perfectly straight between us."

"Well then, my dear sir, will you forgive my plaguing you once more about Mrs. Sherbourne? You said that you had thought of some plan to get me out of her power."

"And so I have, Charles; do not fancy that I have forgotten it: but no man who thoroughly understands business, none at least with such regular habits as myself, ever will mix two things together, if it be in any way possible to keep them separate. It is for this reason, and for this reason only, that I have suffered this subject to drop. You refer to it, my dear fellow, exactly at the proper time, not only because one thing being finished another may be taken in hand; but because the completion of the one enables you very advantageously to set about the other. But tell me, Charles, do you think you can stand the shock of being told that in my opinion Mrs. Sherbourne's tender attachment to you originated in her knowledge of the fact that you had a sum of ready money in your possession?"

"My vanity *has* made a great fool of me, Sir George, as I am quite ready to confess: but as far as Mrs. Sherbourne is concerned that weakness is quite over, and did I think it at all possible that she could have known of this before I myself named it to her, I should be quite ready to believe that from the very first her attention to me had no other object."

"Have no further doubts then on the subject. I will undertake to assure you that she did know it,—and further, Charles, I will undertake to assure you also, that this threatened action is only brought forward because she knows you have those few thousands wherewith to pay the hoped-for damages. This being the case, you have only to let her understand that you have made away with your money in order to make her instantly suspend the proceedings."

"But if I tell her that I have let you have the money, Sir George, she will know that it is only ten times safer than ever it was. That will not stop her," said Charles innocently.

Sir George for a moment employed himself very intently on peeling a dry walnut, but presently answered,

"That is perfectly true, certainly; and therefore care must be taken that the transaction between us is placed in such a light as to make her feel that you have no longer the command of the money. To say the

truth, I believe it was this notion which first led me to think of your placing it in my hands, and I particularly wish that you should let your excellent father understand that such was my motive."

"My father, Sir George?" replied Charles, with a look of dismay; "I would not for the whole world that my father or any of my friends at Charlton should ever know any thing about Mrs. Sherbourne, or the foolish scrape I have got into with her. Indeed, Sir George, you must excuse my saying any thing to my father about it."

Sir George's countenance had less of good humour in it at that moment than young Chesterfield had ever seen it wear before.

"I should be very sorry to vex you, Charles, in any way," he replied; "but I'll tell you fairly that I shall consider myself as exceedingly ill used if your father is not made to understand the reason for which I have so hurried through this business. With me every thing, it is true, is done promptly—such is my habit, as it is in fact of all real men of business; but in this case I should certainly not have permitted you to place this money in my hands without consulting your dear good father on the subject, had it not been for the sake of having it at once in our power to stop this nefarious claim upon you. He must know it, Charles, he must indeed; unless, by the bye, you should prefer not mentioning the transaction to him at all; in that case, of course, I shall have nothing more to say."

"I should prefer any thing, Sir George," replied Charles, turning pale at the idea of Bessy's hearing of this hateful promise of marriage; "I should prefer any thing to my father's knowing—to any of them down at Maplebury knowing of this woman's pretended claim upon me."

"Then will you give me your word of honour, my dear Charles, that you will not say a word to your father, or to any member of your family, of your having sold your money out of the funds?" demanded Sir George eagerly.

Charles looked puzzled and embarrassed. The idea of having such a secret as this to keep from his family was extremely painful to him, and he ventured to say,

"Indeed, Sir George, my father will feel very grateful to you; as I told you when you first mentioned taking my money upon such good interest, and he could not be more so, I am sure, because of your having a second motive, besides your kindness, for doing it."

"You must give me leave to be a judge of that, Mr. Chesterfield," replied the baronet gravely. "I know your father well; he is an excellent man, but he has notions of his own; and I am quite sure that he would not like it well, that you and I should have settled this business without consulting him. In fact, nothing but this entanglement with Mrs. Sherbourne could have led me to do it. When he hears of that, he will understand my motives, and appreciate them properly, but not before."

"But, Sir George," persisted poor Charles, "how much more cause he will have to be angry if the transaction be kept secret from him altogether, than if it has only been arranged without consulting him. So very advantageous it is to me, he cannot be seriously angry at that, especially, Sir George, as he knows, I dare say, your prompt way of doing business that you speak of."

"Very well, Mr. Charles Chesterfield. Of course you are perfectly the master of yourself and of your actions. You may communicate, or you may conceal, precisely which you choose—far be it from me to attempt to assume any control, or even influence over you. But in the same manner that I leave you free, I expect that you will leave me so; and I tell you with the honest frankness which you ought by this time to know is the most remarkable feature in my character, that whenever you inform your father, or any of your relatives, that you have sold your money out of the funds, and placed it in my hands, I shall forthwith inform them what the motive was which induced me to permit your doing so, without writing to consult them on the subject. I mean to say—understand me clearly, I never permit the slightest equivocation or uncertainty to rest on any words of mine—I mean to say, that whenever you inform them of this transfer of your money to me, I shall inform them of your promise of marriage to Mrs. Sherbourne."

"Then both the one and the other shall remain secret, Sir George," replied the embarrassed young man, whose objections to his misadventure being known at Maplebury, grew stronger the more he thought of it. "I do give you the promise you require, and hereby pledge you my word and honour never to mention the subject to my father or any of my family as long as you will keep the other secret too."

"Very well, my dear fellow, that is as it should be," said Sir George, cordially holding out his hand to him. "It would be a thousand pities if you and I should ever have any lasting dispute, our real feelings and principles are so completely in unison."

Exceedingly touched, and exceedingly flattered, Charles pressed respectfully the offered hand, and said with a smile that marked his entire satisfaction,

"Now then, my dear Sir George, have the kindness to tell me what it is I ought to say to Mrs. Sherbourne about my money?"

To conceal nothing from the courteous reader, it must be confessed that this question found Sir George Meddows totally unprepared with an answer. His first object had been to get possession of Charles Chesterfield's legacy; his second, to conceal the whole transaction from the friendly but shrewd old farmer, and further than that "his habits of business" had not yet carried him. But he was not a man to be easily disconcerted by a question, and raising his hand to his chin with a look of much meditative wisdom, he said, after the interval of two or three minutes,

"The object we have in view, Charles, is distinct and clear enough, that we must of course take care not to lose sight of. But as to the manner of it, there may be room for doubt. In the course of to-morrow, however, I will make a sort of sketch of the letter which I think you ought to write to her."

Charles was all gratitude. That evening he accompanied his distinguished friend to the theatre, and feeling convinced that his affairs were speedily drawing to the crisis which would immediately enable him to return to Maplebury, now become to his imagination the only haven of rest in which he desired to find himself, he once more felt himself a fortunate and happy man; and though smiling at the folly

which had once led him to fancy that he should find happiness any where else, he yet rejoiced to think how much he should have to talk about, how much to describe when he next found himself seated beside little Bessy in the orchard. Sometimes it is true, he recalled the style of his last letter to her, and his very ears tingled as he remembered how many times he had called her "little girl;" but he got over this by mentally exclaiming,

"And so she is! she is a little girl, and a most angelic little girl. And when she finds I think her so still, she will forgive my letters for being rather more stupid than my sonnets."

At a rather late breakfast on the following morning, Sir George presented to him the draught of a letter to Mrs. Sherbourne.

"You see what habits of business are, Charles," said he, "I suppose you have been sleeping snugly, while I have been at work for you. Read this over, and tell me if you do not think it will answer our purpose."

Charles took the paper with a little trepidation, and read as follows:—

"Madam,

"The nature of your attachment to me from the very beginning has become so evident, that I scruple not to treat your present course of proceeding with the unceremonious frankness which must be most convenient to both of us.

"The action which you threaten to bring has doubtless for its object the obtaining a portion of the legacy which you have heard spoken of, as damages. I therefore think it right to inform you, that this legacy has passed from my hands into those of a gentleman, to whom I have paid it as a debt of honour, so that I am now the same penniless individual that I was before this little fortune came to me. If, however, your attachment is not of the mercenary kind which I have been led to suppose, and that from motives of real affection you are still willing to become my wife, destitute as I am, this proof of your sincerity will at once remove all my doubts, and find me perfectly willing to renew the engagement."

Sir George Meddows sat watching Charles with a sort of triumphant chuckle as he perused these lines, and felt both indignation and disappointment upon perceiving that instead of the satisfaction which they were expected to produce, the countenance of young Chesterfield expressed nothing but dismay.

Having reached its conclusion, the astounded young man folded up the paper, and laying it as far from himself and as near to Sir George as he conveniently could, said with an air of simple and profound astonishment,

"But there is no truth in it, Sir George!"

The baronet laughed. The laugh was about half genuine, and half affected.

"Ah! I see now," said his comforted companion, "you are only making fun of Mrs. Sherbourne, and of me too, perhaps. But, dear Sir George, do tell me, in serious earnest, what you think I had better say to her? Of course you do not mean I should send this?"

Sir George Meddows took counsel with himself for a moment as to the importance of the rustic lad's opinion of him at this advanced period of their acquaintance, and speedily came to the conclusion that at present it mattered not a pin whether he thought him an angel or a demon, a saint or a sinner. Nevertheless, though be condescended not to change his mode of proceeding, he was willing to give it as fair an appearance as might be, and answered lightly, that he had no jest in his thoughts, but added,

"You probably do not very clearly understand the nature of the business you are upon, Mr. Chesterfield. When you know the world a little better, you will become aware of the necessity, imperative upon all men, of using for defence pretty nearly the same weapons as those with which they are attacked. Were your *inamorata* a lady of high principle and unblemished integrity, every word addressed to her should be marked by these attributes; but, as the case stands, you are lost, if in your skirmishing you use not foils of the self-same length as her own."

Charles mused for a moment or two, as if endeavouring fully to understand the meaning of what had been said to him, and then replied—

"I am sure you know best about every thing, excepting just what nobody can tell exactly except myself. How *can* I tell her that I am ready to marry her, when I know in my own heart that I would rather lose every farthing I have got in the world, than do any such thing."

"Then tell her this, Mr. Chesterfield, if you think your doing so will stop the action. But I doubt if you would find it succeed."

"No, no, Sir George, I don't want to tell her any thing about it; and I do not see there is any need that I should. What I hoped you would be kind enough to explain to me was, the nature of my loan to you, which, if I understood you rightly, would render a verdict for damages of no use to her."

"Most assuredly the loan you have made is of that nature," replied the baronet, with a peculiar smile, that was not unusual with him. "And as to the phrase, '*debt of honour*,' you may safely use it, without at all wounding your conscience—for you did once owe me a hundred pounds, you know, which was decidedly a debt of honour, inasmuch as I had taken no security for it—and the paying this was a part of the transaction. Take my word for it, my good fellow, the best thing you can do will be to copy this letter, and send it off, without making any more fuss about it;" and as he spoke, Sir George pushed the paper back towards his companion.

Harassed and puzzled, poor Charles once more opened the paper and read it; but though much more aware than he had at first been of the excellent effect which it was calculated to produce upon the lady, he was, if possible, more conscious also of its falsehood; and the bold words, "I never told a lie in my life, Sir George," were on his lips, but as he raised his head to utter them, he perceived such an expression of haughty contempt on the countenance of the baronet, that he checked himself, and suddenly feeling that he was bound to him by no tie which exacted either obedience or confidence beyond what was con-

venient to himself, he pocketed the paper with an air of such quiet composure as somewhat to puzzle his sharp-witted patron, and said,—

"I am sure it is exceedingly kind of you, Sir George, to take so much trouble about it; but the sun is shining so gloriously upon the sea, and the pier looks so very delightful, that I must go and enjoy it a little before I think any more about this tiresome business—I shall have plenty of time to write afterwards."

Au ewspaper, together with several letters, were handed to Sir George at this moment, which stopped whatever reply he might have been going to make; and hastily finishing his breakfast, Charles made a silent unseen bow, and departed, leaving the baronet deeply engaged with his despatches, and betaking himself according to his proclaimed intention to the enjoyment of a bright wintry sun; but the morning did not pass without his having composed the following amended version of Sir George's epistle.

"Madam,

"The nature of your attachment to me has become so evident, that I scruple not to treat your present course of proceeding with the frankness which must be most convenient to both of us. The action which you threaten to bring against me has doubtless for its object the obtaining a portion of the legacy which you have heard spoken of, as damages. I therefore think it right to inform you that this legacy has passed from my hands in a manner which prevents its being available to any such object.

"I remain, Madam,

"Your obedient Servant,

"CHARLES CHESTERFIELD."

This amended epistle was put into the post before he met his patron at dinner, and he had reason to rejoice at having been so prompt, as he would have found small leisure for writing afterwards. Sir George rang the bell sharply the moment he appeared.

"Let us have dinner the instant it is ready," he said to the servant who answered it; then turning to Charles, he continued, "You must not think of dressing, my good fellow, I must be off for town to-night—and I think you had better accompany me. I have for some time been only waiting the result of a consultation of physicians well acquainted with my case, in order to decide upon taking a short tour on the continent: I have received their approval of this scheme by this morning's post, as I should have told you directly, had you not bolted in such a hurry. But with this I received other letters also, mentioning circumstances which render it necessary for me to settle two or three trifling affairs before I leave England. You know my regular habits of business, Charles, and will not wonder at my being in a hurry to finish whatever there is to be done. Of course, my dear fellow, you will now return home immediately, and I have great pleasure in thinking what a much smarter fellow I send back than I brought out with me—and a wiser one too, I have no doubt of it. Here comes a summons to dinner—that's well, for we have not a moment to lose. The coach starts at ten, and you must get your things together as soon as

you have dined. My man has been at the same work for me all the morning."

This hurried movement considerably startled young Chesterfield: but obedience being inevitable, he gave himself very little trouble concerning the motives which led to the command he had received, and leaping the not very agreeable interval that must occur before he started again from London on his journey homeward, he fixed his thoughts almost wholly on that dear home itself, and on all the cherished objects it contained; every one of which had resumed its proper niche in his heart, from the moment the film engendered by his wild literary hopes fell from his eyes. The night-journey, therefore, though his companion was either sleepy, sad, or sulky (for he never uttered a word), was far from disagreeable, as between waking and sleeping dreams, he passed the whole time that it lasted in the most agreeable manner that a night-journey could permit.

On arriving in town, the stage was exchanged for a hack, that speedily rattled them to Bruton-street, where the bills upon the windows announcing that it was still to let, accounted for the continued residence there of Mrs. Longuéville and Clara, which had been prolonged some days beyond the period at first proposed.

The greatly reduced household were all fast asleep, and the difficulty of obtaining an entrance seemed to complete the discomfiture of the lively baronet's temper, for he swore vehemently before the lagging doors of his once gay mansion opened to receive him, and as he entered them, he uttered something so like a groan that Chesterfield started.

It is not an uncommon thing for persons entering even their own mansions unexpectedly, and at an hour which custom dedicates to repose, to give especial directions that no one shall be disturbed before their usual time of rising; but Sir George Meddows was not one of these. He ordered the *Dustabell* who let them in, first to awaken Miss Meddows without a moment's delay, and desire her to come immediately to make his breakfast, and then to return again, without a moment's delay, to light a fire in the library; which being done, Sir George sat himself down beside it in a state of mind by no means enviable.

There exists in all *very* highly civilized parts of the world a race of male human beings, who, after having forfeited successively, and sometimes in very rapid succession, every openly recognised claim to respect from their fellow creatures, contrive to avoid the penalty consequent on the loss of it, by boldly enacting a code of their own, in which the relative positions of virtue and vice, according to the classification of the vulgar, is so far reversed as to render a practical defiance of the old-fashioned decalogue no impediment whatever to the very highest consideration and esteem. This species of conventional toleration would be much less remarkable were it wholly confined to those benefited by it; but, till one becomes used to it, the effect of seeing this sort of gentry received with distinguished consideration in all fashionable circles, and treated as something too precious to be examined freely, is somewhat startling to the moral sense. Such is the case, however; and few persons owed more to this species of voluntary blindness in those with whom they associated, than Sir George Meddows. In so slight a sketch of this accomplished gentleman as the progress of Charles

Chesterfield's adventures has rendered necessary, any detailed rehearsal of his various claims to distinction as a man of fashion would be out of place; but enough has been said to make it conceivable that, notwithstanding his peculiarly regular habits of business, he might find himself occasionally in difficulties which threatened to dash him, by a most Satan-like descent, from the heaven of elegant indifference to the grimy depths of a spunging-house. Though not quite so witty a man as the immortal spendthrift, who not unfrequently paid the claims which called for gold by a sparkling currency of his own, as bright and almost as precious as diamonds, Sir George Meddows had great mental resources. He was plausible, yet keen: seemingly frank, while beyond sounding, false; and so boldly unscrupulous as to all ways and means which did not threaten to involve discovery, as to render him a very perfect master of elegant dishonesty. Yet, notwithstanding all the chartered privileges of an insolvent of *bon ton*, there are some few ticklish points in their code which, having reference only to their own mutual convenience, and being perfectly independent of any vulgar consideration for the insignificant class who furnish the clique with the necessaries of life, are adhered to and obeyed with almost superstitious reverence. Rather than infringe such and live, many a very life-loving individual has sent a brace of bullets through his brains; and rather than infringe such and die, many more of the same class have violated other claims ten thousand times more sacred, and reduced wife and children to want bread, rather than be pointed at as a defaulter in the only pecuniary engagement in which honesty has nothing to do.

It was under the *peine forte et dure* of a pressing claim of this kind, that Sir George Meddows had made his present visit to town. The same post which had brought him that sort of gentle hint from an *honourable* dun, from which neither wit nor wile can procure an escape, brought also a letter from Arthur Dalrymple, stating his intention of waiting upon him at Brighton, for the purpose of settling the business they had to transact, previous to his setting off for St. Petersburg, if it would be more convenient for Sir George to see him there than in town. Unfortunately for the gay baronet, this latter claim, though a just one, was, from circumstances which had given it considerable notoriety, almost as imperative as the former one. From the time, however, that Sir George had got rid of the importunate Mr. Cromwell, by the aid of a loan from Dalrymple, he had felt no other anxiety respecting this, as well as the other claims which his ward had against him, than what arose from the unlucky month or two by which the majority of Arthur Dalrymple preceded that of Charles Chesterfield. Concerning his power of obtaining possession of poor Charles's little fortune, he had never entertained the slightest doubt; and the satisfaction which he felt when the transaction was completed, arose chiefly from knowing that he might now be released from the bore of the foolish lad's presence. But unfortunately the four thousand pounds thus obtained, though somewhat more than was due to Dalrymple, was by no means sufficient to satisfy both that and the still more pressing claim of his purely *honourable* creditor; and he now sat beside the comfortless-looking impromptu breakfast which his yawning valet spread before him, in deep rumination of the ways and means by which he might get clear of both.

So thoroughly had he already availed himself of every possible mode of raising money, that one only resource was now left him, and it certainly was not without something a little like an honest pang at his heart that he at length resolutely determined to avail himself of it—for this last resource was the fortune of Clara. Besides this passing pang at the idea of robbing her of her last shilling, he had moreover a great aversion to making the request, for he knew it could only be done effectually by making her comprehend the necessity for it. She could neither be mystified, like Charles, into a belief that the transaction was a profitable one; nor be persuaded to consider it her duty to administer to the extravagance which it was the constant object of her life to check.

Nevertheless, he was as sure of success with her, as he had before been with Charles; for he was certain that he had only to state his inability to settle with Mr. Dalrymple without her assistance in order to obtain it.

"And after all," thought he, "I have no doubt, or at least very little, that he will end by making her his wife, and then this trifle will not signify a straw. There can be no question about their liking each other, and there would be fifty times more chance of my spoiling the match by showing myself up as a ruined man, than by privately making Clara understand how greatly I want her assistance."

This train of reasoning proved so thoroughly successful, that by the time his daughter had completed her hasty toilet, and stood before him, he felt perfectly ready to eat his breakfast, and set about the parental robbery at the same time.

"How do, Clara dear? Mercy on me, child! London in the dead season does not seem to agree better with you than it does with me. It is a horrid climate, except just when the air is fanned and revivified, as it were, by the rapid evolutions of aristocratic equipages. In sober earnest, you look exceedingly pale, and if I had not decided upon a continental trip before, I should certainly do so now, and that solely for your sake, my love."

Clara assured him that she was perfectly well, and then made some inquiries upon this new travelling plan, of which she had as yet heard nothing, and which in truth inspired her with no very pleasant anticipations.

"To tell you the truth, Clara," said her father in reply, "I rejoice that your aunt's lie-a-bed propensities will leave us *tête-à-tête* for a little while this morning, as I have some very important business on which to consult you. I have sent young Chesterfield off on an errand to the city on purpose, and told him to breakfast at a coffee-house, as I was going to be busy; so that I may now have the comfort of opening my heart to you, my dear girl, without interruption; and with such a daughter, this is the greatest comfort a harassed father can have."

Must it be accounted as one of the good or the evil features of Clara's fortune, that nothing which her father did or said could deceive her? Neither his lively sallies, nor his impromptu jokes, his cajoling fondness, nor his careless *insouciance*, could ever persuade her that he was not labouring in his incessant vocation of seeming what he was not. Any uninitiated spectator, who had witnessed the cold reception which she now gave to his offered confidence, would have classed her as a

young woman of hard, unfeeling temper, and him, good man, as one of the most unfortunate fathers in the world. Nor would such a spectator have been altogether wrong as to the latter clause, for Clara was as far as possible from being such a daughter as Sir George Meddows would have wished for. It was, unquestionably, exceedingly annoying to read pain, doubt, and distrust, in the anxious look which fixed itself on his, as he spoke.

"Confound the girl's eyes!" he murmured inwardly; "what a cursed way she has of looking in one's face."

The business a-foot, however, was not of a nature to be remitted upon any discouragement which the pale Clara's eyes could give; and getting rid of their discomfiting influence by fixing his own on his plate, he resumed:

"I am devilish sorry to tell you, my dear Clara, that I find we have been living too fast. Not but what my habits of business would have protected me of course from all inconvenience of this kind, had it not been that, in an evil hour, my goodnature and kindness of heart beguiled me into becoming security for a friend. I give you my honour, Clara, that when I did this, I believed the fellow to be as honourable a man as myself; or otherwise, for your sake, my dear child, I should have been more cautious. Never again, Clara, will I be guilty of such imprudence. You who know my habits of business must be as much astonished at it as I am myself. But we are none of us wise at all times! Be this as it may, however, it is useless, and worse than useless, to waste time and thought on what is done. The poet is right, my dear child, when he says—

'Not Jove himself has power upon the past.'

So no more of what I have done, let us rather concentrate all our wisdom as to the best manner of repairing it."

Here Sir George paused, and looked with an air of smiling fondness into his daughter's face, as if to give and receive consolation. But Clara said not a word, and now in her turn seemed anxious to avoid all communing with eyes, for she too fixed her glances upon her plate.

"You are aware, my love," resumed Sir George, now sighing deeply, "you are aware that Dalrymple is of age, and is now in town, expressly for the purpose of settling accounts with me. You are aware of this, are you not, dear Clara?"

Dear Clara replied as steadily as she could, that she knew Mr. Dalrymple was of age, but not that he was in town.

"Yes, he is here—and unless something can be done amongst us to prevent it, I must submit to the eternal disgrace of telling him that I am four thousand pounds in his debt, but that I have no means of paying him."

Clara changed colour; she first blushed violently, and then became paler than before. But still she spoke not.

"What can be done? For God's sake, Clara, give me your advice. What can be done to save us all from this withering disgrace?" said her father, suddenly slapping his forehead with his hand, and looking rather desperate.

This species of melo-dramatic performance did Clara good; she saw how completely he was acting, and had she not known that he had re-

ceived rents for Dalrymple, she might have even hoped that the whole history of his debt was a fable; nor was her sympathy at all increased when he rose from his chair, and seizing her hand, said in the most approved style of tragic intensity,

"Clara! My honour is in your keeping. Will you save me? Will you lend me, only for a few short weeks perhaps, the four thousand pounds required to pay this dreadful debt?"

If the being prepared for this demand could have enabled her to receive it with composure, she would not have trembled so violently, for she had guessed most accurately what was coming, from the moment he had mentioned his wish for confidential conversation with her. To do Mrs. Longuéville justice, it must be stated, that while keeping a most strict guard over every shilling of her own property, she had not failed to point out to her niece the absolute necessity of preserving the little independence she possessed; openly avowing her fears that Sir George was involved, and very eloquently insisting upon the obvious fact, that if these fears were just, the kindest and most dutiful things his daughter could do, would be to retain the power of giving him, at least, the necessaries of life, should his imprudence ever place him in want of them. This sort of conversation, frequently repeated, had naturally in some degree prepared Clara for the present scene; and when it began, she moved herself with all the resolution of which she was mistress, in order to prevent the weakness which might tempt her to give up what she was quite convinced it was her duty to keep. But the introduction of Dalrymple's name into the business had totally overset all her reasonings, and shaken all her resolutions. A thousand feelings which she would have found it impossible to explain, made her conscious that no foregone conclusions on the subject could settle the question of yielding or not yielding as it now stood, and the very utmost efforts of her self-command could only enable her to say—"I must beg time to think, papa, before I answer you. You must, sir, allow me a little time before I can decide."

Sir George's habits of business led him to wince a little at this delay, which he not only feared might be dangerous, but knew to be inconvenient: yet after a slight word or two, indicative of his wish that the matter might be settled at once, he yielded to it with the best grace he could: for there was that in Clara's look and manner which convinced him he had judged rightly in believing that the shame of this debt to Dalrymple was more than she could bear.

"Well then, be it so, my dearest child!" said he, in a tone of melancholy submissiveness. "I have done my duty. I have placed my own honour, and the honour of your name and race in your hands, and I will await your fiat with patience, however agonizing the uncertainty may be."

"The uncertainty shall not last long, father," she replied. "To-day is Wednesday—on Friday I will tell you how I have decided to act"—and so they parted; Sir George leaving the house at as early an hour as he deemed it respectable to be seen in the streets, and poor Clara retreating to her little sitting-room to ruminate and chew the cud of fancies that had considerably less of sweet than bitter in them.

TIME'S CHANGES.

A TALE FROM LIFE.

By E. F. W.

I saw a lady—'twas her hour
Of woman's triumph, beauty's power;
For she was young in life and love,
And all was bright, around, above!

Caressed by all, by all admired,
With classic elegance attired,
Mid fashion's gay and radiant train
In truth she almost seemed *to reign*.

No gifts a husband's love denied
To deck his fair and lovely bride;
And all proclaimed her to the view
Fortune's and Nature's favourite too.

And more—I've said that Nature smiled
Upon her features sweet and mild;—
Far more—she gave that better part
Some beauties want; she gave—*a heart!*

Whene'er she sang, the list'ning crowd
Stood hushed and mute; or half aloud
Their murmured praises caught the ear,
"Was ever nightingale so clear!"

With magic touches, just and true,
Her pencil o'er the paper flew,
Gay fancy's images to trace,
In fairy forms of light and grace.

And when with pensive thought inspired,
Or glowing dreams her bosom fired,
Alike her verse's easy flow
Could thrill with joy, or melt to woe.

She read—(grave critic why that sneer?)—
Nor Greek, nor Latin, much I fear;
And what she wore, if tinged with *blue*,
"The petticoat concealed from view."

Thus born to please, and formed to shine,
A lot where meeting joys combine—
'Twas thus, when *first* she met my sight
Clad in her robes of bridal white.

* * * * *

Now time roll'd on, three springs of bliss
Had passed; and happier still in this,
A son was given to her arms,
And life for *her* had added charms.

The babe was strong in infant health,
Nor was denied the boon of wealth,—
Ah me! one moment changed the scene,
And sorrow dwelt where joy had been.

A husband's accents brief and wild,
Proclaimed the ruin of that child;
Their hopes were wrecked, their riches flown,
And all was lost save love alone.

He clasped his wife in mute despair,
She wept—but not a tear was there
That flowed for *self;* and soon her smile
Could sorrow's bitter pang beguile.

Amid the tempest of that hour,
She sought with guardian angel's power,
Each holiest hope to fix and seal,
Deep in the heart she fain would heal.

* * * * *

Years pass'd—and o'er her gentle head,
Had Time with various changes sped;
And if he lightly touched her face,
He lent her form a matron grace.

A home of competence and ease,
Where friends confessed her powers to please,
Where sportive children light and gay,
Enjoyed the soft maternal sway,

Was hers—and oh that "woman's worth,"
Might meet its due reward on earth!
Yet no! if such our mortal sphere,
Who would not wish to linger here?

Therefore a transient bliss is lent,
But as a glimpse of Heaven is sent,
To lift our thoughts, and bid them rise
To brighter realms and cloudless skies.

While thus, in moralizing strain,
I owned life's pleasures were but vain,
Yet lady—when I thought on *you*,
I fondly deemed it half untrue.

And hoped (thy every trial past)
That peace and joy had found at last
A happy home—vain hope—vain care,—
Sickness had gained an entrance there.

A light elastic step of late
Received me at the cottage-gate;
But now, with accents faint and low,
A welcome she could scarce bestow.

With pallid cheek and wasted form,
Bent like a lily to the storm
She seemed—unless a fevered flush
Usurped the place of Nature's blush.

The hazel eye no more was bright,
Or gleamed but with a fitful light;
I could not look—but turned aside
To check the tears I fain would hide!

I sought the garden for relief,
But soon the voice of infant grief
Assailed my ear—I looked around,
And lo! the artless child I found.

Its little hands upraised in prayer,
The innocent was kneeling there—
While lisping words and sobs implored
A mother's health might be restored.

Oh, never was that holy name
By lip more pure from mortal blame
Invoked—it seemed of angel birth,
Lent for a season to this earth

Of grief and sin—to point the way
To regions of celestial day.
Its prayer was heard—no idle dream
Or poet's fancy was my theme.

I've held the child in fond embrace,
I've looked upon its mother's face,
Where health's returning tints are seen
And all is happiness serene.

* * * * * *

'Twas thus my tale of love and youth,
Of "woman's worth" and childhood's truth
Was ended; —— Since I wrote the last,
Ten years of change have o'er us passed!

Where *is* she? Eye hath never seen
That "better land" where she hath been;
But should she ever bless our sight,
'Twill be in robes of spotless white.

And flowers may deck—not such as those
A short, brief loveliness disclose;
But amaranthine wreaths are there,
Immortal blossoms, fresh and fair.

A crown upon her brow shall rest,
Which mortal forehead never pressed!
And that sweet voice, whose tuneful art
Had power to soothe or charm the heart,

Shall still be heard—but in its tone
Shall breathe a melody unknown,
Save to the Pair in Eden given
To hear on Earth the strains of Heaven.

Where *is* she? Mortals cannot say
Where lie the realms of endless day;
Where the pure spirit wings its flight,
To seek its home of joy and light!

Nor where the ransomed souls remain,
Till perfect happiness shall reign;
E'en in that high and holy place
Where powers angelic veil the face.

Where *is* she? Ask not here below
What faith, when merged in sight, shall know
Enough—let *human* love resign
Its treasure unto love *divine*.

A few short seasons numbered o'er,
And time for us shall be no more;
Then may we seek *her* lot to share,
For Heaven is won by fervent prayer!

THOUGHTS ON PREFACES.

ALL things must have a beginning, and the beginning is sometimes the best of all things. Morning is the beginning of day—youth of life; spring of the year; and the honeymoon is the commencement of matrimony. Many things, however, have something even before the beginning which is oftentimes better still: a play, even a dull one, may have a witty prologue; a temple has its portico; dinner has a grace before it; a book has its preface; and it is of prefaces to books that we were just now thinking.

The world—that is, the world of readers, forming a tolerably large proportion nowadays of the world at large,—may be divided into two classes: those who never read the preface to a book, and those who never read beyond it.

We well remember in our younger days leaping from the title-page to the first page of the first chapter, clean over the heads of all dedicatory, prefatory, and introductory matter whatever, as so many bars and hinderances to the wisdom or the wit that awaited us within the body of the work. We do not so now; for we have often found that what we missed was better than what we gained; and that as ladies are said to reserve the point of their epistles for the postscripts, so an author sometimes puts his best wit into the preface. Besides, we like the preface—we like to have the first salutation of an author—we discover his address and manners in it, and as they, like those of other friends, do not invariably improve upon acquaintance, we are glad not to lose his first bow—the smile at meeting with his gentle and courteous reader—the becoming diffidence with which he presents himself to your notice, before familiarity has made him pert, and practice tempted him to be prolix.

We propose then, as we have observed before, to say a few words upon prefaces: the legitimate prelude to all books in modern days whether good, bad, or indifferent. We repeat expressly *in modern days*, for however essential they may be considered now, it is certain that the ancients were ignorant of the good or the evil, the use or the abuse of such customary mode of making their advances to the public in order to bespeak their favour or avert their censure. If they dedicated, as they sometimes did, to a patron or a friend, a work of science or of literature, the dedication was inwoven with the book itself, and became merely the first part and parcel thereof; and figured not, as we are fated to see it, in the form of a long adulatory detached invocation. Thus, for instance, Tully might address his Orator to Brutus, or Plutarch his Lives to Senecio.

Their prefaces, too, were in like manner rather incorporated with the work itself than appended to it; even when the matter contained in them formed no necessary part of the subject, but was so completely distinct and disjointed, that however beautiful they appear as pieces of disquisition, we are at a loss to discover how they found their way to the place they are in. Of this species of preface we have indeed two beautiful examples in the Catalinarian and Jugurthine wars of Sallust.

"The things we know to be both rich and rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there."

Polybius opens the first book of his History with an introductory discourse on the value and use of that study; but it is a mere exordium of the work, and certainly contains nothing of what is usually found in the thing we call a preface.

Lord Shaftesbury, who was an enthusiastic admirer and follower of the ancients, has expressed the highest contempt for this kind of composition, and considers it as the resource only of weakness and cowardice.

"To judge of the circumstances of a modern author," says that elegant and accomplished nobleman, "by the pattern of his prefaces, dedications, and introductions, one would think that at the moment when a piece of his was in hand, some conjuration was forming against him—some diabolical powers drawing together to blast his work, and cross his generous design. He therefore rouses his indignation, hardens his forehead and with many furious defiances and *avaunt Satan!*s, enters on his business."*

It would require more time and more learning than we are masters of at present, to go deep into the present question, and investigate the causes which have produced so considerable a difference in the practice of ancient and modern authors.

As there are some prefaces which may be the best things to be found in the books to which they are prefixed, so there are some of the best books without prefaces. Prefaces vary in their title. Dryden called his celebrated preface to Juvenal a "Dedication to Lord Dorset"—and indeed he made it so; Locke entitled his to the "Essay on Human Understanding," an "Epistle to the Reader;" Milton disdained to court his reader in a preface to the "Paradise Lost," and proudly prefixed only a few words touching "The Verse;" Hume has no preface to his "History," nor Smith to the "Wealth of Nations." And yet we incline to think that some of the finest compositions in the English language are prefaces; we could name many in evidence of this. Dryden's prefaces to his Juvenal, which we have just alluded to, and his "Fables;" Pope's prefaces to his translation of "Homer," and his edition of "Shakspeare;" Dr. Johnson to his "Dictionary," and *his* edition of "Shakspeare;" Parr's dedication of the "Warburtonian Tracts" to Hurd.

The first and greatest master of Dedication was Dryden, a writer whose prose has been considered by no incompetent critics—Mr. Fox we believe was one of them—as the standard of English style. Now nearly all the compositions which we have of that great poet, meaning his compositions in prose, are either dedications or prefaces, or both. Prefaces in the form of dedications; disquisitions of the most varied elegance of the most acute and ingenious criticism in the form of prefaces. There is indeed a variety and an exuberance in the language of Dryden that is almost unequalled. In the famous dedication of "Juvenal" to the Duke of Dorset, we have an example of the two blended—the form and the flattery being expressly those of dedication, the matter for the greater part turned into a discourse, profuse in learning, lively,

* Charact., vol. i. Soliloq.; or, Advice to an Author.

and discursive. Often original and always generous in his criticism, he seems to revel in the boundless resources of his diction as it offers itself to clothe the varied and vivid imagery of his mind; and this is all made to bear upon the subject before him—poetry, satire, and Juvenal.

It was in that splendid specimen of hyperbolic and exalted panegyric that he was pleased to say of his patron—a wit and a gentleman no doubt, and Lord Chamberlain to boot; and whose greatest effort in literature, says Johnson, was a song of eleven stanzas. "That in tragedy and satire I shall undertake to maintain against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds of composition; and I would instance Shakspeare in the former, and your Lordship in the latter sort." And this was written by the author of "Mac Flickase" and "Absalom and Achilophel," with Juvenal and Persius in his hand, and to whom Horace was not unknown.

And here we cannot but remark, that there is something approaching the sublime in the very excess and plenitude of Dryden's encomium—clothed as it is in language of such consummate elegance, and set off by every grace and ornament with which praise from one mortal can be offered up to another. Let any body take up and read four or five of the first pages of the address we are now referring to, and he will, we think, feel the truth of what we say, and will perhaps recognise an example of the justness of a theory of a very profound philosopher, when he asserted that a passion or a sentiment in itself disagreeable or repulsive, may be so heightened at once, and so refined by the force of eloquence, as to overpower the imagination in delight, and hold the heart in a kind of rapture.*

"There are no factions," says the Poet, addressing his patron, "though irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their affection to your Lordship. Titus was not more the delight of human kind. Universal empire made him only more known, but could not make him more beloved. I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the East at your first rising above the hemisphere. I was soon sensible of that light when it was just shooting out, and beginning to travel towards the meridian. I made my early addresses to your Lordship, and there bespoke you to the world wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer than the skill; when I was drawing the outlines of an art without any living master to instruct me in it—an art which had been better praised than studied here in England; wherein Shakspeare had written rather happily than knowingly and justly; when thus I was sailing in a vast ocean before the use of the loadstone or a knowledge of the compass, I had the presumption to dedicate to your Lordship. Yet was I stronger in prophecy than in criticism; I was inspired to fortel you to mankind as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

"Good nature and good sense are never separated, though the

* Hume—Essay on Tragedy.

ignorant world has thought otherwise. 'Tis incident to an elevated understanding like your Lordship's, to find out the errors of other men; but it is your prerogative to pardon them: to look with pleasure on those things which are somewhat congenial and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions; and to forgive the many failings of those who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess from a happy, abundant, and native genius, which are as inborn to you as they were to Shakspeare, and for aught I know, to Homer, in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them."* And so he goes on, sentence after sentence, in a stream of praise so lavish, so intense, so exquisite, so prodigal in expression, that had Dryden left no other monument of his genius behind him, we think the dedication to Dorset would alone have placed him, on the score of composition, among the first writers of English prose.

It has been a long time the fashion, and still continues to be so, to sneer at the editors and commentators of Shakspeare, as a set of incurable dunces—men of no mark or likelihood, and to consider them as having rather obscured than illuminated by their labour the genius of the Poet. We cannot agree to this. On the contrary, we regard as not amongst the least of the glories attendant on the name of Shakspeare, that he has numbered amongst those who have sought to extend his fame and illustrate his works, three such men as Pope, Warburton, and Johnson. Now the prefaces of two of these prefixed to their respective editions of his works, are equally distinguished perhaps for the beauty and elegance of the style. Johnson's has been pronounced by many to be the finest composition in the English language. Adam Smith declared that it was unsurpassed for original and manly criticism. Burke extolled it in the highest terms; Parr preferred it to all the other writings of its author; and, unbiassed by such authorities, if we may presume to add our humble tribute in its praise, we will say, that had we to point out a disquisition distinguished for correct and classic taste—bold, yet liberal criticism, teeming with classical allusion, and adorned with the utmost magnificence of language, we assuredly know nothing that we should prefer in the wide range of English literature to the preface to Shakspeare. Yet did Johnson himself, as is well known, consider Pope's as superior to his own, for it is recorded that when a lady once complimented him by saying how much his preface to the great Poet was superior to Pope's, he answered, "I fear not, madam; the little fellow has indeed done wonders."

But of this at some other time. The preface to Shakspeare is not the only one of similar compositions with which Johnson has enriched our tongue. We read very lately the striking discourse which he prefixed under that title to his Dictionary of the English language; and we read it not without paying to it that tribute which haply we may not be much accustomed to pay when sometimes called upon by a more direct importunate appeal to our sympathy. We may possibly conclude this rambling paper by citing the concluding paragraphs of that remarkable production, and we will venture to say, that few of our readers will feel disposed to dispute with us, that the consciousness of

* Dedication to Juvenal.

virtue and the pride of intellect, exerted for the use and instruction of his fellow men, never were expressed in language of higher dignity and pathos.

But we have lost sight of Warburton. It may startle some of our readers to find that almost forgotten, but once formidable name thus joined with those two imperishable names of Pope and Johnson. Yet surely the Bishop of Gloucester was no ordinary person. Compared with whom even Johnson confessed that he was ignorant; of whom he expressed himself—not in his preface to Shakspeare when Warburton was living, but at a later period* when he was no more, and when there could be no longer a motive—if such could ever have swayed the mind of Johnson—to fear or flatter the haughty prelate in terms like these: "He was a man of vigorous faculties. A mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination or clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combination, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner and the wit."†

Yet of his mighty genius, thus spoken of, what are the remains, or what is his present fame! A vast voluminous book of controversy, big with erudition and wit, eloquence and knowledge—rarely referred to—more rarely quoted, and never read!

It was said of a great statesman of the last age, that he,

> "Though born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

It may be said in like manner of Warburton, that he sacrificed to the rearing a fanciful hypothesis in divinity those faculties which if they had been otherwise employed might have produced a work that would have endured as long as the language in which it was written, and earned for its author a celebrity in some measure commensurate with the intellectual powers he possessed. His notes to Shakspeare sometimes display a force of imagination hardly surpassed by the text they are designed to illustrate.

Another very admirable preface we remember is that to Hampton's translation of "Polybius," and we have heard an intimate friend of the late Dr. Parr say, that the Doctor once observed to him, that he was sure he could detect the author of the "Rambler" in that composition; and he added that it was not the only one of his writings in which the latent and original whiggism of Johnson might be distinctly traced, maugre the acquired and high-flying tory politics which he always proclaimed.

We have little doubt that Dr. Parr was right in his conjecture. The preface was assuredly not wholly written by Johnson; but that it contains passages of his composition, and something of the general impress of his hand, can hardly be questioned. The supposition is the less improbable, perhaps, from the circumstance of a translation of "Polybius" being numbered, if we recollect rightly, amongst the early literary projects of Johnson himself, from his known intimacy with Hampton, and his critique of the work when published, which appeared in the *Literary Magazine*, a journal of that day.

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* Lives of the Poets.—Pope.

† Life of Pope.

There was manifested a disposition some time back amongst the sciolists and witlings, the sophisters and economists of this precocious age, to undervalue the genius and to carp at the fame of Johnson. We trust it has passed away, like other fashions, and that the vigour of his intellect, the variety of his learning, the loftiness of his morals, may still be admitted, even in an age which has produced Mill, and Bentham, and Carlyle, albeit he could write English, and believed in the existence of a God.

The whole passage is rather too long for insertion here, but the following forms part of that noble and pathetic strain with which he closes the preface to his Dictionary.

"In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country; that we may no longer yield the palm of philology without a contest to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add any thing by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressure of disease, much has been trifled away, and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth—if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton and to Boyle.

"When I am animated by this wish I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular, I have not promised myself. When it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed, and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the 'English Dictionary' was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive—if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni—if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds; I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise."

W.

MIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.

A ROMANCE OF THE TYROLESE WAR.

By the Hon. E. Phipps.

Chap. VII.

Thus far had Spechbacher's efforts been ever attended with success; he was now, however, about to undertake a task which, from its very nature, brought with it delays and difficulties peculiarly galling to his impetuous temper. He was sent to lay siege to the strong fortress of Kufstein, situate near a town of the same name on the frontiers of Bavaria. Instead therefore of finding himself in the midst of friends, his ranks ready to be reinforced whenever he issued his stirring summons, and the familiar music of war in his ears, he had to set down in apparent inaction, with an army constantly diminishing from distaste in his men for the trammels of daily duty and desire to return to their rural occupations: he was, moreover, in a hostile district, for the townspeople of Kufstein were devoted to the Bavarian interest.

Many a surprise did he plan, many a night attack for which he hoped to find the garrison unprepared, but on every such occasion they appeared, as if by magic, to be made acquainted with his plans, and the storming party was repelled with loss. He at length discovered that certain fair dames of the town of Kufstein, who met with no cold reception from his sturdy troops when they came to beguile the tedious hours of their camp duty, had been apparently very much interested in any intelligence they could procure about the plans of the general. To forbid them the camp would he knew be useless; to command his men not to receive them still more hopeless; selecting therefore two of the prettiest and the most inquisitive, he had them brought before him.

Conscious of their crime, they approached him trembling, tears in their eyes and their long black hair hanging in dishevelled locks about their beautiful faces. It was a scene to remind one of Scipio and his captives, and equally temperate, but not equally merciful was the mountaineer general. Turning to a soldier at his side, who appeared aware of his intended plans, and pointing to the heads of the trembling captives, he uttered only the ominous words, "Cut them off, Franz."

A cry of agony burst from the unfortunate maidens, who threw themselves at his feet, while intercessions for mercy were made both by word and look from those about him.

"Oh, spare our lives, noble sir," said the captives, "only spare our lives, and we will never come here more?"

"Your lives?" said Spechbacher, "I threaten not your lives. I said not, cut off your heads, but your flowing tresses, which made you so dangerous to my poor fellows. Our good friend Franz here is not the executioner but the barber of the regiment. Be sure you shave them close, Franz."

Strange to say, this order which produced smiles on the countenances of some, and loud laughter from others, appeared in no degree to di-

minish the grief of the maidens. Whether it was that even that modified sentence was worthy of the utmost expression of grief that the human face divine can show, or that this, like all other secondary punishments, carried with it more terror from the certainty of its infliction, we need not stop to inquire. Certain it is the effect of it was that all the beauty of the unfortunate damsels could not save them from the roars of laughter of their former admirers, as with bare polls and disconsolate faces they sought their homes, and equally certain that no more sanguinary punishment could have been half so effectual. From that day forth not a petticoat was seen in Spechbacher's camp, both pretty and ugly agreeing in one point, that under present circumstances the adventure was too hazardous.

Spechbacher meantime finding his ammunition failing, his army dispersing, and feeling weary of the whole affair, determined on one great effort for terminating the siege. Alas! on the very day he completed his arrangements a courier arrived from Hofer with the following missive.

"My dear brother in arms.

"Again is the fortune of war in other countries doomed to affect the Tyrol. A battle has been fought at Wagram in which Austria has been worsted, and unmindful of the promises he has made, the hopes he has held out, and the peril to which he has led our unfortunate people, the Emperor has agreed to evacuate the Tyrol, and recommends us to trust to the tender mercies of Bavaria and its generals. Provide for thy safety. God protect thee. Farewell."

Within an hour of the receipt of this despatch, Spechbacher had dismissed his little army to their own homes, and retired to consult with his friends whether the future must be given up to hope or to despair.

Not so hasty in the dispersion of his forces was Andrew Hofer. He was at the time of sending the above letter to Spechbacher surrounded by a chosen band of friends in his own mountain fastnesses. His decision was therefore to be formed under very different circumstances from those of Spechbacher, who was separated from all assistance, on the very frontiers of the enemy, and liable to be overwhelmed by their armies at any moment. To the urgent advice of Austria, conveyed through general Hormayer, that he should lay down his arms, Hofer listened respectfully, but without any signs of assent. When however that general further represented to him that his personal safety might be compromised, and that his best hope for mercy lay in early submission, he replied,

"And what will become of the poor fellows who are now in arms in each valley that branches from hence? Will you guarantee them from the infliction of such cruelties as *have* been? Know you not that each hill-side bristles with armed men, and that my tongue would blister were I to cry submission where the very echo of more stirring appeals has not yet died away? Shall I then from base considerations of personal safety desert them? Never! No, Herr General, follow out the cautious policy of your Emperor and withdraw, if you will, but tempt me no more to save my own life at the expense of my honour!"

The tempter being thus foiled by the honest indignation of the

patriot, the only hope of success in extinguishing the flame of resistance that blazed in the Tyrol appeared to be to open communications with the other leaders before they should have consulted together, and thus by breaking their union destroy their strength.

It was at a moment when he was suffering under discouragement from the result of his abortive attempts against Kufstein that the Austrian generals Buol and Hormayer sought out Spechbacher. The failure of their plans for inducing Hofer to give up the contest had made them more cautious in the arguments they adopted, for in that instance they had found that to urge on a true patriot his own danger as a motive for laying down the sword, or to tempt him to inaction by any exclusive promises of safety for himself, was but to strengthen his resolution. And yet they had reason to think that the honour of their Emperor, nay perhaps the security of peace to Austria, depended upon the submission without further struggle of the Tyrolese to Bavarian rule.

To increase, by any considerations that suggested themselves, the despondency under which Spechbacher laboured was their first task. To depict to him in lively colours the misery which would be entailed on his countrymen by useless resistance was their next argument, and lastly to explain to him the intense anxiety which was felt by the Emperor to behold and load with honours one, of whose gallantry and daring he had heard so much. Were we to affirm that when once the impossibility of further resistance was obvious, the vanity of even the rough Spechbacher was untouched by the idea of being crowned with honours at Vienna rather than sinking into obscurity or being exposed to oppression under a Bavarian rule at home, it would be adding to his undaunted bravery a perfection of virtue which he did not possess. With the specious reasoning however which inclination is ever ready to furnish at a pinch, he persuaded himself that vague ideas of advantage to his country from his personal appearance in the Austrian court at such a moment were the acting motives for his decision. Certain it is that he promised the generals to join them at the moment of their departure, time being allowed him to take leave of his family. Bitter was that parting. His wife, ever accustomed to approve whatever her husband decided on, could only sigh over what he assured her should only be a short separation. Little Karl, who was trying to lift with feeble arm (his sling having been long discarded) the heavy rifle which his father took not with him on his present mission, cast on him looks of inquiry, and at length turning to his mother exclaimed, "Do not weep! there can be no danger or father would not leave us, and if there were, he would soon be back again."

Spechbacher could contain his feelings no longer, but rushing from the house, he rejoined the Austrian generals, and entered their open carriage which was to convey him to Vienna.

After their first congratulations at the resolution he had taken, during the utterance of which he maintained a moody silence, they naturally turned to other topics, and while the mind of Spechbacher was still meditating on the new feature of difficulty which the artless speech of the young boy had presented to his mind, viz., the possibility of danger to those dear ones whom he was leaving, the Austrians had discussed Vienna gaieties, court balls, and new singers, as if nought of more importance existed in the world. Even when military events were

again mentioned, Spechbacher could not fail to remark that the projects of Bonaparte with respect to other nations, and his successes in other quarters of the world, seemed to engage their mind, to the exclusion of all thoughts about his unfortunate country. Its fortune indeed appeared to be looked upon as already settled, and other more important because more imminent events must be cared for.

It was while these considerations passing rapidly through his mind seemed to open his eyes to the false step he had taken, to the utter futility of any hopes of any advantage to the Tyrolese from it, nay to the premature obscurity in which it would involve himself, that the carriage, slowly winding round the brow of a hill, passed under a huge fragment of impending rock. His head was at this moment drooping over his breast, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on vacancy, but the Austrian generals, more alive to what was going on, caught sight of a party of armed mountaineers congregated on the summit of the rock. Fearful of the effect such a sight might produce on the mind of Spechbacher, General Buol exclaimed in a voice of thunder to the postillion, "*Vorwarts!*" (forward!) happily too late, for the attention of their companion had been already aroused by far other words. Could he trust his ears as this fearful sentence, uttered in a deep, clear tone, seemed to pierce them, "*Auch Du, Spechbacher, willst mich im Stiche lassen!*" (And wilt thou too, Spechbacher, leave me in the lurch!) He raised his head. Were his eyes deceived, or was it indeed the figure of Andrew Hofer, surrounded by a band of patriots, who looked reproachfully down upon him from the height?

Another moment, and the order of the Austrian general was obeyed; the speed of their horses was quickened, and the vision vanished from his sight.

Chap. VIII.

It was in truth Hofer, who, acting on the resolution announced by him to the Austrian generals, was consulting with a chosen band of patriots, at the moment when the carriage containing Spechbacher passed under their appointed place of meeting. The sight was one of disappointment and discouragement to all; it seemed as if not the head indeed, but the right hand of their strength had been removed. For a long time silence ensued, while each looked at the other in dismay. Hofer, unswayed by any feelings of petty jealousy, was loud and sincere in his expressions of regret.

"Who could have foreseen," he exclaimed, "that that gallant spirit would be led astray by the specious sophistry of those he despised! Who could have anticipated that he would desert his country, or leave it to be said after all his daring deeds, the man *was* noble! 'Tis, alas! ever thus with the honest and high-spirited, they suspect not, and therefore guard not against treachery in others. But 'tis past: and the ardent and bold patriot is lost for ever in the pensioner of Austria. Never again shall we behold the Spechbacher that once was!"

They descended from their eminence to the road, and proceeded on their return to Mount Brenner, unable to pursue for the moment the further discussion of their plans. They had already turned up a

mountain path, when the rapid galloping of a horse was heard in the distance, and at a pace which seemed all but madness over so rough a track, a single horseman was seen urging on his steed, as if in pursuit of them.

The little party had hardly time to recognise the honest features of Spechbacher, before he was in the midst of them. First waving his plumed hat over his head, then uttering a cry of joy, he bounded from his panting steed, and threw himself on Hofer's breast.

"Behold me yet again, thanks to Heaven!" he exclaimed, "the same happy being I was twelve hours ago: since that time I have not known a moment's peace. But you will receive me again, my brothers, I *know* you will admit me again into your holy band. Ah, Andrew!" he added, turning to Hofer, "one look from thee had been enough, one look of reproach! But those words of contempt which accompanied it, fell on me like a death-stroke, and smote me to the heart. I mastered my feelings till we had wound down the hill to the post-house, and then while my companions retired into the house, I seized one of their fresh horses, which the people there knew me too well to refuse. I spurred it up the mountain-side: I caught sight of your well known forms: I cleared, in my progress, bog, and brook, and rock, and at length I breathe again!"

A universal shout of welcome from his brothers in arms awoke the silent echoes, and served to convince the now joyous Spechbacher that his momentary lapse was forgotten in joy at his return.

Again did one heart animate the whole Tyrolese body, and amply did they require the strength which union can alone afford, for two armies were menacing them in different quarters.

The one under Marshal Wrede, was fortunately detained by the wounds which that gallant soldier had received at Wagram, and from which he was not sufficiently recovered to leave Vienna, while the Bavarians, and their allies under the Duke of Dantzic, had already advanced from Schwatz (the first scene of their devastations on taking possession of the Tyrol) and entered Inspruck.

The proclamation issued by the Austrians and addressed to the whole Tyrolese people, in order to induce them to submission had declared the continued interest of the Emperor in their welfare; that the generals of the invading army would be specially urged to treat them mildly, but that such treatment must necessarily depend on their own behaviour—it concluded by recommending them to submit to the will of Providence, and put their trust in Heaven.

Whether swayed by this, or by the impossibility of opposing so large a force, the inhabitants of Schwatz offered no resistance to the Duke of Dantzic's troops, a large party of the inhabitants flying in their terror to the mountains; so that high mass was said in an empty church. So far, however, from the expectation held out by the Austrians being realised, cruelty, exaction, and oppression in every shape, marked the conduct of the invaders; and such was the waste and prodigal luxury in which they indulged, that even before they moved on to Inspruck, every kind of food which the town of Schwatz could afford was exhausted, and the army was without provisions, while the unfortunate citizens were left in a state of starvation. Having thus succeeded in

exciting the hatred of the inhabitants, and driving them to desperation, the Duke of Dantzic proceeded to Inspruck.

Nor was this the only error committed by that commander before he could be joined by General Wrede: he was guilty of a succession of blunders which, combined with the non-arrival of the other general, afforded to the Tyrolese their only chance of success. His first and most fatal error was the loss of much precious time while he summoned to submission, by a three days' proclamation, those leaders of the peasantry, who had already announced their intention of never yielding. Instead of following the retreating Austrians, step by step, by which means he would have got into the centre of the enemy's country without striking a blow, he permitted such delays in their evacuation of the Tyrol, and such an interval to elapse after their departure, as allowed resistance time to gain strength and organization. In the progress of his march from Inspruck, he was continually detaching parties to attack isolated bands in remote valleys, which were either unsuccessful in finding those they were sent against, or were surprised and beaten. He kept up the most relaxed discipline on his march, so that the outrages committed by his soldiery excited the hatred and confirmed the determination of inhabitants. In short, by the time he had reached the wild districts beyond Mount Brenner, he was at the head of an army that had been frequently beaten in detail, and opposed to a people who, though as yet hardly prepared for combined resistance, were irritated and excited to oppose and avenge.

Nor were the means of opposition, which a connected plan directed by competent leaders could furnish, long wanting.

Haspinger, the Capuchin, having after his short stay at Wilten returned to his own monastery at Clausen, was about this time summoned to preside at the procession of St. Cassian. After the holy ceremony was over, he called aside three bold men on whose fidelity he could rely, Kemenater, Mayer, and Schenk, and after consulting them on the present aspect of affairs, and obtaining the promise of their co-operation, he addressed the assembled multitude with such stirring words, as made them promise that though their country was betrayed by its natural protector, and sold to the oppressor, they, and they alone, unaided and unsupported, would raise the banner of freedom, and fight for it to the last. They were at once joined by Spechbacher and their plan of operation no sooner settled than acted on.

Spechbacher with the few troops he could hastily collect, undertook the arduous duty of keeping in check the Bavarians, so as to prevent any sudden attack on the Capuchin—that leader being anxious to concentrate his troops near Neustift. This was a point which, as commanding the entrances of the three great valleys of the Innthal, Pusterthal, and Etchthal, it was the object of the Tyrolese to protect, and of the Duke of Dantzic to gain.

Spechbacher therefore first erected barricades in Mittewald, and then seizing upon the men who had assisted him in this work, he converted them into soldiers, and joined them to his little army, exerting himself indefatigably to keep them together in some sort of discipline, to explain to them his plans of resistance, and to imbue them with his own spirit. Nor were these operations very easy, for

many of his troops having come out merely to defend their own valleys, were ignorant of the person of their leader, and only knew his character from the report they had heard of his gallant deeds.

Meantime the Duke of Dantzic's advanced guard, having overcome the obstacles placed in their way, were already upon Spechbacher's division. Nothing daunted, however, he placed his men so as to have every advantage of position, and prepared to contest the passage of one of the bridges over the Eisach.

On the 8th of August, a division under General Stengel advanced to the attack, and Spechbacher felt that his character with his men, and the probable continuance of the contest, depended on his first beginning. To his own troops he appeared ubiquitous; wherever the contest raged fiercest, his arm was raised to strike; whenever his men wavered for a moment under the attacks of a superior force, his encouraging voice was heard; he encountered more risks than the commonest soldier under his command, and strove to set before them an example of daring and courage.

Upon one occasion, having entered into a deadly contest, hand to hand with a Bavarian officer, whom he had dragged from his horse, and was bearing away in his arms up the mountain as prisoner, a ball, whether from friend or foe, struck the captive dead in his arms, leaving the captor by a lucky chance alive and unhurt. With a coolness that was beyond all proof, he laid the body on the ground, merely removing the richly ornamented sword from his side, and the silver spurs from the feet, exclaiming, "Such a trophy so won, will be a worthy present for my brave little Karl."

Nor did his men fail to emulate his valour. One brave fellow, having had the lock of his rifle shattered by a ball, rushed into the very ranks of the enemy, and seizing a musket out of the hands of a soldier, made off with it as he said, "Your comrades have spoilt mine, so thus I help myself."

Another peasant, whose age and infirmities unfitted him for active exertion, had taken post on a height overhanging the river, from which with unerring aim he marked out for destruction the Bavarian officers. At length a strong party was sent up to take him prisoner. Perceiving resistance was useless, he discharged his rifle for the last time, by which the first of his assailants fell a victim, and then seizing the second round the body, as he exclaimed, "In the name of God!" he sprang over the precipice with him into the gulph below.

General Stengel's division unable to force this little band of heroes, was forced to retreat, and Spechbacher remained master of the field, though his numbers were utterly unable to maintain such a position for any length of time.

Next day a still stronger body under General Witgenstein advanced against him, and overpowered by numbers he was obliged to give way, and order a retreat over the bridge which was the object of contest. The last man of the Tyrolese had retreated in good order, when at this critical moment one of the many Austrian officers who had remained behind with Spechbacher's army, disdaining to leave their former allies in their utmost need, by his resolution and presence of mind changes the fortune of the day.

"Fire the bridge," he exclaimed, "and the victory is yours!" In an

instant his orders were obeyed, torches were applied, a shower of bullets where rifles were at hand, and of stones where they were not, kept the enemy in check for a moment, and made an approach to the bridge certain death. At length a gallant young Bavarian officer, setting spurs to his horse and cheering his men on to the attack, sprang forward, and reached the middle of the bridge. At this moment the crackling beams gave way with a loud crash, the flames blazed higher, mingled with dense clouds of smoke, and the next minute the burning fragments floated down the rapid current of the Eisach, many hundred feet below, along with the blackened corpse of the gallant soldier. The Bavarians had indeed gained the day, but they had paid a heavy price for it, and all the advantages of victory were wanting.

Encouraged by this equivocal success, the Duke of Dantzic at length determined on himself leading three thousand men into one of the wildest valleys of the district. He would repair all former errors of his generals; he would attack the Capuchin in his fastnesses, and "would make minced meat of these peasants."

On the morning of the 10th of August he set out on his expedition. All seemed to prosper; his whole party, unopposed and in silence, advanced into the gorge; when suddenly at a spot where the valley was narrowest, the rocks above most abrupt, and the precipice beneath most awful (at the bottom of which might be dimly seen the foaming waters of the Eisach), a loud voice was distinctly heard as if calling across the valley,

"Shall I chop all off, Fritz?"

"Not yet," was the reply from the opposite hills, and again the most perfect stillness reigned.

A halt was made by the advanced guard till they were joined by the main body; but just as the Duke (laughing to scorn their vague fears) had given the order to march, a third time were the mysterious voices heard in mid air above.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!" was now the order, and at once an avalanche of rocks, stones, trees, and earth, rolled down on the devoted troops, sweeping before it in one common ruin, men, horses, all within its reach, into the depth below. It was accompanied by a thundering report, re-echoed once and again from the opposite sides of the valley, and then succeeded by a death-like silence, which was only interrupted by the groans of the dying.

The Duke ordered an immediate retreat; but while the consternation was at its height, a deadly fire from riflemen concealed above, threatened to finish what the artificial avalanche had left unaccomplished. The retreat became a rout, the rout a flight, and on the return to headquarters of the poor remnant of the party that had set out in the morning, the whole army was ordered to march back upon Inspruck.

They were hard pressed from two different points by the Tyrolese under the Capuchin and under Spechbacher; and it was in the course of the pursuit that these two brave men met and joined forces. The greetings were warm on both sides, but Spechbacher could not help remarking upon the failing strength of his friend, who though of herculean proportions, was used to more peaceful employments and less violent exertion.

"Why, holy father," he exclaimed, "you seem faint with fatigue, your limbs sink under you, and your bare feet are running down with blood!"

"True it is, my son; I have been at the head of my troops, or caring for their safety and comfort without intermission or rest since the 3d. While the issue was doubtful, the spirit would not own fatigue; but now that our triumph is assured, I feel that the body is indeed too weak for further exertion."

He was soon persuaded by his brother leader to commit to him the charge of the whole now united army, and to follow in a carriage; and as Hofer had not as yet joined them, it was Spechbacher who had the proud triumph of alone driving before him like a flock of sheep that enemy whom he both hated and despised.

After a disorderly flight, where regiments were mingled together in confusion, and in which it is said, the general himself wore for safety the dress of a common soldier, they reached the capital. When however next morning they mustered their army to prepare for the expected attack, it was found sadly diminished in numbers, and what was far worse, dispirited by defeat, and weakened by forced marches, want of food and rest. On the other hand, when they looked to the hills opposite, they saw them covered with Tyrolese, all animated by one noble and fearless spirit.

In the masses that crowded the heights of Berg Isel were combined all classes: stalwart men of valour, beardless boys, and grey-headed veterans made young again by the spirit of these glorious days, while even women prepared to exert their tender limbs, and lend their countenance to the efforts for recovering their capital. They were assembled on the very scene of their triumphs, of the 11th of April, and the 29th of May; they were determined that those triumphs, and that sacred ground should not be disgraced. The result was not, and could not be doubtful. True it was, the Bavarians mustered 25,000 men, besides horse and artillery, while the Tyrolese were barely 18,000 in number.

> "But what are twenty, what a hundred slaves,
> Matched to the valour of a single arm
> That strikes for liberty?"

By evening the victory was won, and a third time was Inspruck free from foreign rule. Hofer was immediately invested with the title of commander-in-chief, and Spechbacher sent in pursuit of the retreating enemy with orders to push his conquests further in the direction of Salzburg.

It has been matter of accusation against Hofer, that he was not as fully equal to the civil command of Inspruck, or rather of the whole Tyrol, which now devolved upon him, as to the military contests by which he had achieved it; but as his whole conduct exhibited the same degree of moderation, simplicity, and justice as before his exaltation, his admirers have no reason to be ashamed of the effects of his sudden prosperity.

As an instance of his mountain simplicity, we have it recorded that his daily personal expenses amounted to one gulden, 1s. 8d. His breakfast, to which he used to invite his staff when coming for orders, consisted but of bread and cheese, washed down by the ordinary wine

of the country. Of his justice, sufficient proof may be allowed in the fact that though he undertook to settle disputes between man and wife, no records of complaint or appeal against his decisions have been preserved; and if he did interfere somewhat too minutely as to the limits and degree of transparency of the ladies' dresses, he may be pardoned for attempting to achieve perfection by adding the crowning virtue of modesty to their charms.

Spechbacher meantime, after pursuing and routing different divisions of the enemy, had pushed his conquests far into Pintzgau, and the country in the neighbourhood of Salzburg. Having taken towns in every direction, and detached divisions from his army for garrisons to be left in them, he was at length obliged to pause at St. Johann for reinforcements.

He was seated writing despatches and sketching out plans for future operations, when the sound of martial music in the street caught his ears; he went eagerly to the window to see his expected reinforcements. His heart bounded with joy as he saw them advancing up the main street, but what was his astonishment when at the head of one of the companies he perceived a lad of about ten, furnished like the rest, with a green hat, short grey cloak, a light musket, with head erect, strutting along like the best of them! He was beginning to be indignant at the uselessness of such a recruit, when he discovered that the boy whom he had not at first recognised in his uniform, was no other than his own little Karl, who having escaped from the Alpine hut to which the family had retired for safety, was discovered by his present companions wandering in the mountains, barefoot and only half clad, in search of Spechbacher.

It is needless to say how warm were the greetings that passed between them; from that day, the lad whose military passion it seemed hopeless to check, was permitted to fight by the side of his father.

That father, however, was by no means free from anxiety for the future. The extent and number of his conquests had so weakened his army by detachments in different garrisons, that it was utterly unequal to cope with the daily increasing forces of the enemy. It was at this moment that his colleague, the Capuchin, intoxicated by success, conceived the insane scheme of taking the town of Saltzburg, advancing into Carinthia, and ultimately of perhaps pushing his conquests to Vienna itself. To the whole of this Spechbacher was utterly opposed, and sent a counter project to Hofer, which referring to his diminished numbers, proposed to withdraw the garrison from most of the advanced posts, and to concentrate his army nearer the capital. Unfortunately Hofer in deciding between the discordant views of the leaders, sought the ordinary refuge of doubting minds, and adopted a middle course, forbidding the Capuchin to pursue his plans of conquest, and ordering Spechbacher to retain all places already gained.

It was about this time, the beginning of October, that the ominous announcement of the conclusion of a final peace between Austria and France appeared in the Inspruck journals, and that Hofer found himself obliged to abandon even that capital, which it had been the object of his friends' projects to protect.

Spechbacher, meantime, was doomed to pay the penalty of the commander-in-chief's want of judgment. His little army was encamped at

Melck, amid a people hostile and treacherous, with the rapid Saal on one side, and precipitous mountains on the other.

It was here that the Bavarians, 8000 strong, and well informed by spies of the nature of his position, laid a plot to cut in pieces the whole body. Approaching him both from the front and the rear, so that they intercepted all means of escape, which were not excluded by the river and the mountains, they were upon him ere his men had time to spring to arms. Resistance to so overwhelming a force was out of the question; but instead of yielding themselves captive, he ordered them to fight their way to the almost perpendicular mountain sides on their flank, and then, scaling precipices which none but a mountaineer could have attempted, try to withdraw from the attack.

It was in this attempt that Spechbacher, while fighting desperately to secure his own escape and that of his men, was struck down by a blow from the butt end of a musket, which for a moment left him senseless. When he recovered, he found his coat containing his papers had been torn from his side, his sword carried off, and himself in the arms of some of his own troops, who were bearing him up the steep and rugged ground above the scene of the contest. He raised himself up to look for his son, whom he had missed from his side, and caught sight of him in the distance carried off by the Bavarians. Regardless of his wound and of the rushing blood which almost blinded him, he commanded his men to set him down, and go back with him to the rescue, but in vain.

A panic had seized them, for the first time his orders were disobeyed, and in spite of his indignant remonstrances, father and son were borne off in different directions; the boy a prisoner to the enemy, the father only preserved by the desperate efforts and unwearying faithfulness of his own men.

Chap. IX.

It has been mentioned that the first rumour of the general peace concluded between France and Austria was published at Inspruck early in October. Just before that event, Hofer may be said to have attained the pinnacle of his greatness.

On the 4th of that month, before the face of the assembled multitude he had been invested at the hands of the Abbot of Wilten, in the great cathedral of Inspruck, with a chain of gold, the special gift of the Emperor. The blessings of all present had been joined to those of the holy Abbot, and the shouts of thousands who could not gain admission into the church were mingled together as they rose to the vault of heaven. It was the last cry of rejoicing, the last day of festival for the Tyrolese. The star of Hofer was even then waning, and the period already arrived which was to be marked by the only blot that could be traced to his character. Alas that this single fault of irresolution should be the cause of evil to thousands as well as to himself!

It was on the 21st of October that a proclamation was issued by Prince John, and accompanied by another from Eugene Beauharnais, both of them announcing the same intelligence, and breathing the same advice, that the cause of the Tyrol was totally and finally abandoned by Austria, and that pardon and redress of grievances, which were promised to them, must be sought and earned by early submission.'

To both of these Hofer returned answers which, had they not after-

wards been acknowledged by himself as genuine, might have been supposed to be invented by the enemy, for the purpose of quickly subduing the Tyrol. He accompanied these answers by proclamations from himself, recommending submission and a general disarmament—a recommendation which was quickly acted on. He continued to address the people in similar terms up to the 8th of November, and yet on the 15th of the same month, stimulated by the mad ravings and deceived by the false reports of an enthusiast named Kolb, he again issued a stirring call to the whole people to take up arms, assuring them that he had himself been misled by traitors, and that it wanted but one final effort to drive the enemy from their land.

His last appeal had been just so far responded to, as to involve many gallant fellows in a hopeless struggle, and devote them to an untimely death; it was the last flicker of an expiring lamp.

At length Hofer, perceiving the impossibility of success, and a price being set upon his head, sought concealment in a remote Alpine hut, where he remained from November to the beginning of January. In vain did General Baraguay d'Hilliers (whose name deserves mention for this and other proofs of humanity, at a moment when men's hearts were steeled by scenes of horror) open an indirect communication with him, and offer him his life and safe conduct if he would depart secretly to Austria. In vain did the personal recommendations of the Austrian Emperor take the same course. He could not bring himself to leave his family, though assured that they should rejoin him in safety. He would not even submit to cut off his beard for the purpose of disguise; he preferred trusting to the chance of his retreat remaining undiscovered.

The secret was known but to a chosen few, and among others, to a kind-hearted, but not very bold man, named Staffel. The importance of the secret that was in his keeping was made known to the French general by the treachery of a wretch named Donay, a Jesuit priest, and erewhile the bosom friend of Hofer. Staffel was seized and brought to the French camp. He had not firmness enough to resist the threats of instant death if he refused the requisite information, and Captain Renouard with a guard of sixteen hundred men, was despatched in the dead of the night to the spot indicated.

It was at five o'clock on the morning of the 20th of January, that after innumerable perils and hardships, this large body of troops sent against one man, reached a wretched chalet, in which quietly reposed with his family the object of their search. Unable to distinguish in the darkness of the early morning, the French officer demanded his prisoner by name, and Andrew Hofer stepping forth surrendered himself. They loaded him with chains, and not only was his young son Andrew forced to march by his side, but even his wife and daughter were conveyed along with him.

In this way was he led through the streets of Meran and of Botzen to the sound of martial music, amid the noisy exultation of the French troops and the silent tears of the Tyrolese people. At Botzen he was detained some days, and here again the merciful nature of General d'Hilliers was shown, in immediately releasing his family, and sending a special guard to protect them on their journey back, and to save their home from demolition or outrage, which had been raging with unchecked licence in the neighbourhood. It may be imagined with what feelings young Andrew on his way home, marked a heap of ruins

where lately had stood the house of George Zoppel, and where he could learn no tidings of either father or daughter.

Preparations meantime were making for the court-martial at Mantua, which was to decide on the fate of him whose crime was having fought gallantly for his fatherland. That his mercy had ever been equal to his bravery, the very person chosen for president of the court, General Bisson, was a living evidence, as he had been his prisoner at Inspruck in the April before.

What availed aught, however, against the stern determination already taken by the bridegroom despot, whose successes he had thwarted; and who, even while offering himself to Austria's noblest daughter, was prepared to sacrifice her bravest son? The court-martial, indeed, only contained two, who could raise their voices for his death, while some had even high souls and noble spirits which could contemplate and call for his liberation; but the Milan telegraph commanding his execution within twenty-four hours, left neither time nor opening for mercy.

Early the next morning he was brought out for execution, and on passing a part of the prison where some of the Tyrolese patriots were confined, they fell on their knees and wept bitterly as he passed: others who were at large, threw themselves on the ground and begged his blessing. This he gave them, asking pardon at the same time, if he had been the means of leading them into trouble.

"But ye shall yet, my lads," he added, "be restored again to Austria, as surely as summer succeeds to winter; let me then, for the last time, cry out with all my heart, 'Long live the Emperor!'"

The clangour of the trumpets was utterly unable to drown the cries and lamentations of his countrymen.

A halt was at length made on the bastion near the Porta Ceresa, and a square formed. Twelve grenadiers and a corporal came forward. The drummer offered him a handkerchief to bind his eyes, and reminded him that it was time to kneel down.

"I stand in the presence of my Creator," was Hofer's answer, "and standing will I yield him up my spirit."

So saying, he threw aside the handkerchief; he told the corporal [to be sure and shoot well, and gave him one of his own gold pieces, coined during his rule at Inspruck, which he had treasured up as a last memorial of his unfortunate country. With a firm tone he now himself gave the word, "Fire!"

Even his death was attended by unnecessary though no doubt unintentional cruelty. The fire of the first six grenadiers only brought him on his knees, the next six laid him prostrate, and it was not till the corporal stepped up and fired close to him, that his gallant spirit was finally released, to taste at length that freedom for which it had yearned on earth.

We have now to trace the fortunes of Spechbacher, a leader to whom, in recording the romantic incidents of this eventful period, we have been obliged, in justice, to assign a much more important place than that usually accorded to him in accounts which profess to give the life of Hofer. To the latter he was indeed far superior in energy of character, in confirmed resolution, in inventive genius, and indeed in almost every thing, except the accidental position which gave Hofer the chief command from the beginning.

We left Spechbacher separated by the fortunes of war from his brave little son. The boy was borne off by his Bavarian captors with all the honours of an important prisoner, but in reality with feelings of interest, which his tender years and gallant bearing could not fail to excite even in an enemy. At first, indeed, they caused him the bitterest pang he had ever known, by assuring him his father was dead. The boy indignantly refused to believe it, but when they showed him the fragments of his coat, and the rich sword which he well knew as the companion of the silver spurs which had been given to himself, he burst into a flood of tears, which he immediately checked, and assuming a dogged look of resolution, professed his readiness to march on with the other prisoners.

At the end of a few days he was informed that orders had arrived for him to be sent to Munich and carried before the King.

Upon this, he assured them, with tears in his eyes, that he was neither more nor less guilty than the other prisoners, his companions, and wished to share their fate. When brought before the King, the undaunted looks of a child of ten years in such a situation surprised and pleased the monarch, who asked him what fate he expected,

"To be killed like my father, I hope," was his answer.

He was now for the first time informed that his father was yet alive, and with respect to himself, that he was to be placed in the royal college for soldiers' sons, and cared for at the King's expense.

The young hero of fiction might have been described as intractable and full of evil passions against those whom he had always considered as enemies; but the child of nature (as recorded in the pages of history) acted with the intuitive justice of childhood; "his heart leapt kindly back to kindness:" and a letter has been preserved, written shortly after his arrival at the college, in which he speaks of the happiness of his lot, and the kindness of the King, who, finding that his christening had not yet taken place, stood sponsor for him.

The fortunes of Spechbacher were more chequered than those of his son. On the first announcement of the peace, which reached him when he was in some degree recovered from his wound, he retired quietly to a mountain-hut, in which his wife and family had some time before taken refuge. From this retreat he was unluckily called forth by a message from Hofer, stigmatizing as forgeries all reports of peace and submission, and summoning him to contend again for his fatherland, "*wie einmal und allemal*"—(as once and ever).

To resist such a call was not in Spechbacher's nature. He again flew to arms; but the little he was able to effect was only sufficient to call down upon him the vengeance of the enemy; so that being proclaimed as a traitor at Hall, a price set upon his head, descriptions, and even pictures of his person distributed in every town, he discovered at the same moment that success in resistance was hopeless, and that the Tyrol was too hot to hold him.

He attempted to escape by the Pustertha[illegible], but having been tracked in all directions he got no further than Dux, where he lay concealed till Christmas, and then again set forth, to wander for twenty-four days, suffering every possible inconvenience from the inclemency of the season, and being at one time four days and nights without food. At length, as he was one day traversing a lone forest, he heard as he thought a woman's wailings; ever ready to afford assistance, he

sought the spot from which they proceeded. What was his horror to recognise in the woman and children he was approaching, and who were half clad, and nearly dead with cold, his own wife and family!

"This is indeed a bitter trial," he exclaimed; "was it not enough that the rough old trunk should be laid prostrate, but the tender ivy that clung round it, and the young branches, must perish too?"

He determined that let what might happen, he would seek the house of some friend where they could at least enjoy together the blessings of food and shelter.

An old acquaintance at Volderburg offered them an asylum, and here the weary soldier was able for a short time to enjoy the blessings of peace and domestic happiness.

The bloodhounds were, however, again upon the scent, and while seated in the midst of his family, his trusty servant rushed in to say, that the Bavarians were almost at the house.

Spechbacher flew to the back-door as the best chance of escape, but the clang of their arms on the ground, and a loud rapping at the door he was just about to open, showed him that he was but meeting destruction. His wife who had gone to reconnoitre from the front window, informed him with tears and groans, that a file of soldiers was descending the narrow path, which in this mountainous region formed the only approach from that side. Escape seemed impossible; but with the presence of mind which never deserted him, he seized a large cradle for carrying firewood, which was hanging up by the side of the servant's broad hat, and throwing this latter on his head, and the cradle over his shoulders, he strode boldly up the very path which the soldiers were descending; and instead of appearing to shirk them, actually contested with them the narrow space which alone intervened between the precipice and the mountain.

To the abuse which they dealt on him, he merely said in a dogged tone, "He was going on his work, and they on theirs, and the way was free to him as to them." Without another word on either side, he advanced round a turn of the zig-zag path, flung his faggot-cradle over the precipice, and was in a moment beyond pursuit.

Whither was he now to turn his steps? No spot seemed remote enough to save him from his enemies. At length he bethought him of a cavern on the Gemshaken, which in his younger days he had used for the purposes of concealment, or visited in his wild hunting, and in which during the late campaign he had some provisions stored up in case of emergency. It was considered, even in summer, almost inaccessible, and now in the depth of winter, it was doubtful whether it could be reached at all; but once there, he felt for a time almost secure from attack. As an additional precaution, he chose a violent snow-storm for the period of his journey thither, and lest this should not entirely obliterate his footsteps, he bound other shoes the reverse way beneath his own.

With these precautions he reached his place of retreat, and there passed, for some time unmolested, a life of extreme misery, hardly daring to light a fire for warmth, lest the smoke should betray him. What his feelings must have been during all the hardships of this continued solitude, may perhaps be conceived; but lest it should be fancied that the daring soldier was too used to trust to his own exertions, to be able at such a moment to look for support where support alone

could be granted, the following simple and touching account of his own state of mind given by himself in after times must not be omitted.

"In all the trouble, anxiety, and pain I have experienced, I had consolation and hope in my God, who I knew would not desert me; but the thought of what my innocent wife endured without a murmur both for me and through me was horrible. The idea, too, of dying by the hand of a public executioner brought visions of terror in my solitude, which the thought of death in battle had never done."

The cup of bitterness was not yet full. Early in March he had strolled a short distance from the entrance of his cavern to enjoy the increasing warmth of the air, when an avalanche, loosened by that very change of temperature he was welcoming, descended at the spot where he stood. Here was an enemy which no bravery or foresight could resist, and it swept him along with it in its triumphant course into the valley beneath, leaving him there senseless, though happily not deprived of life. When he came to himself he found that his hip was dislocated, he was cold, stiff, and tortured with pain.

Life itself seemed hardly worth preserving on such terms; at all events, even in order to preserve it, it was necessary he should seek the haunts of men. To his former refuge then in Volderburg did he drag himself along, a task which, in his maimed state, occupied some hours, though the distance was small. Here, however, though he was kindly welcomed, yet the risk, not only to himself, but to those who received him, and who had already once suffered for him, was too great. He begged to be carried to his own house at Rinn, where, as he said, he might at least die in the bosom of his family. To guard against treachery, his host and the surgeon who had attended him would commit to no third person the task of transporting him, but bearing him between them in the darkness of night, they laid him down in a large stable or cow-shed a short distance from his own house, before dawn of day. Here was he found by his faithful servant when he came to tend the cows. Not a moment was to be lost in concealing him, for Bavarian troopers were actually quartered in the house, and their horses feeding in the very stable where he lay. By desperate exertion the man contrived to dig a hole at the end of one of the stalls for beasts, into which he placed his unfortunate master, covering it up with straw and litter, so as to leave a passage for fresh air to enter.

Here, in this living grave, did he remain for seven weeks, unable to stir, and exposed to all the horrors which filth, bad air, and his confined position entailed on him. Nor was he even soothed by the affectionate care and sympathy of his wife, as the old servant who each night brought him provisions, insisted on concealing from her the close neighbourhood of her husband, lest in some of the numerous visits the soldiers paid to their horses, female anxiety should overcome discretion, and her apprehensions betray him. On one occasion was he so nearly discovered that a corporal had actually disturbed with the pitchfork the straw which covered the fugitive, so that, as he afterwards expressed it, "he might have caught the rascal by the boot."

At length, on the 2nd of May, the Bavarians, hopeless of his anticipated return to his own home, and thinking he must have already escaped to Austria, withdrew their troops from Rinn, and Marie Spechbacher happening to visit her cows soon after, was astonished at being addressed by name from a corner of the stable, and to find herself

clasped in the arms of her husband, who had been already raised from his tomb and supplied with fresh clothes by his trusty domestic.

Marie had suffered under the most agonising fears for his safety, and could hardly believe her eyes when she saw him, still less her ears when told that for the last seven weeks he had been there concealed. She may be pardoned, and it will not be considered wonderful if we add, that amid all her joy was mingled not a little indignation at the two men having so readily fallen into and acted upon the common error with respect to the secrecy and firmness of women.

A short interval was necessary in order to recover for his cramped limbs that activity which might be so important for his escape, and then, accompanied part of the way by his wife, and without further obstacles than his precautions were able to anticipate, he crossed the Austrian frontier. He was now relieved from all further fears, and arriving at Vienna, his perils and hardships served but as "sweet discourses for the time to come."

He was received with all favour by the Emperor, and the colony of Seegenberg, in Hungary, being about to be established, his character and, above all, his merits seemed to point him out as the fittest person for the chief appointment there. To one of his enterprising character the offer was tempting, but his wife, the sharer in all his joys and troubles, must first be consulted. To those who think that the humility of station, simplicity of mind, and attachment to a peaceful home, which characterize these Tyrolese warriors, lent only additional interest and honour to their heroic deeds and ready exertions for their country, an extract from the letter of Spechbacher's wife may be welcome, in which she objects to his plan of accepting the Emperor's offer. Of its authenticity there can be no doubt, as it was communicated to Professor Bartholdy, in whose work it appears, by Spechbacher himself. It begins—

"My beloved husband,

"Painful as it may be to you to be away from me, and heavily as our common troubles may weigh upon your mind, yet your wife suffers no less in being compelled to live without you. In truth, whenever I look at my little ones my heart is ready to break, and my first thought is, alas! alas! ye are now little better than orphans, without a father, and I a poor widow without reputation or name. But may our Heavenly Father so order it, that mercy may be shown to me and my children, and their future provided for. O my dear husband! you know not how your poor wife loves you; by this love I beseech you not to be angry if I say again, even more strongly than before, that rather than go off to Hungary, or any such outlandish place, rather will I (alas! that I should have to say it) go begging with my children. I must stop, or my paper will be wet with my tears. It is, however, one comfort both for me and for you to think that we have not drawn upon ourselves this misery or the beggary which is now hanging over us, by any extravagance or fault of ours, but that it is your attachment to our good Emperor alone which has brought you to this, and has placed you in the most imminent danger of your life, and me, your wife, and your poor children on the verge of ruin. Let me beg you to forgive me, if I do not come after you: you know how weak my health is, and I might not survive the journey."

She thus concludes:

"I send you a thousand kind greetings, and commend you to God's protection, and our good Emperor's favour. Write soon, and cease not to love your faithful wife,

"*Jan.* 15, 1811." "MARIE SPECHBACHER."

"P.S.—Your children salute you tenderly. They pray for you constantly, and ask often 'Will not our father come again to us?"

It is unnecessary to add that the commander of armies was obliged to give way to the commander-in-chief in his own little family, and that the Hungarian project was abandoned. His wife, however, so far overcame her repugnance to the journey as to join him in Austria, where he for some years superintended a farm that had been bestowed on young Andrew Hofer by the Emperor. That young man, in despair at the death of his father, unable to hear aught of his beloved Margaret, and a prey to the most terrible suspicions as to her fate, preferred ending his days in Austria to lingering in scenes which were full of painful recollections.

Spechbacher at length returned to the town of Hall, which having been the place of his birth, the scene of his first civil appointment after he had reformed his wild courses, the object of his first military stratagem, the earliest town taken by him in open war, the head-quarters from which he was proclaimed a traitor, and at length the chosen asylum of his closing days, seemed amid all the changes of his life to have had a mystical connexion with his fate. It is there, too, that after being honoured with a military funeral, his bones repose, and there may his tomb be visited by the warm-hearted admirer of true patriotism.

Fra Joachim Haspinger, the Capuchin, after trials only less severe than those of his brother leader, arrived safely in Austria, and was rewarded by the Emperor with the revenue of a benefice then vacant, where he continued to exercise his holy profession in a quiet which was only interrupted by occasional visits to the farm of Spechbacher, where the Red Beard and the Fire Devil, resuming much of their old feelings, cracked many a joke and told many a tale of former days.

It is only necessary to add, that in later times, and long after Hofer's prediction as to the restoration of the Tyrol to Austria had been accomplished, his remains were removed from their unhonoured grave at Mantua, conveyed to Inspruck, and there deposited in the cathedral, in the midst of a solemn festival. A monument such as he would himself have wished, because both simple in conception, and the work of a native Tyrolese sculptor, marks the spot.

We must not omit to add, that his youngest son John, when only fourteen, fought gallantly in the patriotic band of the Lutzow volunteers, by the side of the hero poet, Körner; thus showing that good blood, whether flowing in peasant or in noble veins, will influence the character of its descendants, proving also that the splendid deeds of Hofer carried with them more of urgency to emulate their fame, than did his cruel death of terror to avoid the like fate.

So may it still be, and if ever in our times might and right should again be arrayed on different sides, may we be enabled from the bottom of our hearts to exclaim, in the words and the true spirit of ancient chivalry "God defend the right!"

A VISIT TO THE PARIS BOURSE.

The French love gambling. We do not accuse them of the love of gambling for the *sole* object of gaining money (though they are not indifferent to wealth), for there is much of hard-working talent—of real genuine industry in France; but the French love gambling as they do military reviews, *emeutes*, and revolutions,—for the sake of the excitement.

Before the abolition of lotteries in that country, one of the most curious and amusing sights in Paris was, to watch the stir and anxiety of the inferior portion of the middling classes on the mornings when the numbers drawn at the Strasbourg, Lille, Bordeaux, and other provincial lotteries were transmitted by telegraph to the capital, and thence forwarded to the various depots, or branch lottery-offices in the metropolis. The windows were surrounded by the curious, the shops were thronged by the interested; the chances for the next lucky numbers were discussed with vehemence, and those who were fortunate enough to gain an *ambe*, or fifteen times the money they had invested, placed their three or four francs again, with full confidence that the next time some far greater success would indubitably enrich them. When the drawings were at Paris, the hall where they took place was crowded with spectators—boys, girls, women, old men, whether pecuniarily interested or uninterested, all rushed to the scene of excitement, and then there were clappings of hands, and cries and shouts, whenever any one present was fortunate enough to hold a ticket bearing on it one of the numbers drawn.

The abolition of lotteries in France was, however, a great good; not that many were ruined, but that the mass suffered. They invested small sums which they could not afford to lose, and very rarely gained large ones as a compensation. In like manner, when the gaming-houses existed in the Palais Royal, they were generally crowded with gamblers; not to risk a hundred, or a thousand pounds, but a hundred to a thousand sous. With ten francs, or eight shillings and fourpence, the wary French gamester would contrive to eke out a tolerably long day, and though the chances were always against him, a well-known individual, who watched the tables for some years with anxiety, has declared that not only he but many others often gained their ten francs or fifteen francs per diem, by playing small sums each time, availing themselves of a *vein* of good luck, and leaving off the moment they had cleared the small sums of ten, fifteen, or twenty francs. When the tables turned against them, they would still remain in the rooms, mark down on pricked cards the result of each *coup*, and study them in the evening with attention, as guides to their own minds for the chances of the morrow.

Few Frenchmen lost large fortunes at these tables, since few took with them much ready money; no credit was ever given, and the amounts which could be staked, were limited. This was not the case with Englishmen, or other foreigners. They frequented the tables, not for excitement, but solely to get money—and many a suicide has been the result of those visits. This was rarely the case with the French-

man. Seldom did he risk his *all*, small though that *all* might be; and yet the closing of those tables has been one of the greatest blessings conferred on Paris by the new government.

A Frenchman, when he *does* play *only* for *money*, is a most desperate being! He has then no patience to calculate, no calmness to allow of combinations; but he doubles and doubles his losses by fresh stakes, with the most fearful rapidity, till in a few minutes *all his capital* is engulphed. Then he becomes mad—fierce—untameable; and *morphine*, the *blunderbuss* (for the pistol is not large enough to gratify his hatred of himself), or a throw from the sixth or seventh floor window decides the rest. Generally, however, the Frenchman games for *excitement*: plays on in small sums, even though he constantly loses; hopes for better days, though they *never* arrive; sets apart a portion of his income or his profits for the better and regular indulgence of his love of risk and speculation; and finally, when all else fails, collects together his stock in trade, and his ready money, and adding to it something he may be able to borrow, walks to the Bourse, and there tries his luck in the great lottery of public funds and government securities.

M. Guizot says, and we believe that not only in this, but in most other matters he is right, that the great increase of the *spirit* of gambling is to be attributed to the spread of revolutionary dogmas. His theory may be thus explained. When men engage in overthrowing thrones, they generally imagine that there will be what they call a more equal distribution of wealth. The *flaneurs* of society expect that they are to share in some general scramble. Those who possess nothing, believe that revolutions are to conduct them to fortune, and the *proletaires* or idlers in the world, hope to take the place of, or at least to aid in the spoliation of, the *proprietaires*. When disappointed in these expectations they take to speculating. Ashamed to beg, and too indolent to labour, they scrape together a sufficient sum to place in the hands of some Stock Exchange *coulissier* or illegal and unauthorized stock-jobber, and rushing to the Bourse, purchase *Spanish actives* and *Spanish passives* too, or turn their hands to *asphalte shares*, or *railroad obligations*. The jobbing *coulissiers* who transact their business are indeed sometimes respectable and honourable men, but the chances of war are always against the speculator, and always in favour of the broker, who takes his two-and-a-half, or five per cent. The first month is generally one of moderate luck. How it happens one can scarcely tell, whether it is that the agent, jobber, or *coulissier*, cautions and takes care of his client at first, that he may not become at once disgusted, and withdraw his deposit money, or whether the client himself, partly from his ignorance, and partly from his fear of losing, plays more carefully, we know not; or whether both these causes may operate, we cannot tell; but it is a *fact*, that in nine cases out of twelve, speculators during the *first* month of their gambling at the Bourse are, at least to a certain degree, lucky or successful. The *second* month the reverse is the case; the *third* there is generally a *small compensation*; the *fourth* is a losing month; the *fifth*, operations are extended to cover losses, and very often indeed at the end of the *sixth* month the broker politely reminds his client that "the deposit-money is consumed by the payment of *differences and brokerage*."

We are of course now speaking of the mass of small gamblers, whose original stock in trade or deposit, varies from 50*l.* to 150*l.* The gamesters on a large scale are not thus easily crushed. They absorb by degrees each generation of small speculators as it makes its appearance, and are always ready, when the suitable moment seems to them to have arrived, to pounce upon "the small fry" and consume them with a voracity wholly irresistible, and with a celerity quite astounding. Those who are rubbing their hands with ecstasy at about half-past two o'clock, anticipating a profit of 500 francs, or 20*l.* as a reward for their month's anxieties, chicaneries and toils (for no one toils harder than a Bourse speculator), all of a sudden perceive a commotion, hear great demands for stock, learn that in three minutes an advance of one half per cent has taken place, rush to their dumb-struck jobbing *coulissiers* to purchase them *rentes*, find to their horror that none can be had for love or money, fearing further calamities give perhaps an extra half per cent to secure themselves against further loss or utter ruin, and by a quarter to three their month's labours and fears, combinations, anxieties, are all overthrown, and they find that they are, on the 31st of the month, in the same position as they were on the first, but with this difference, that they owe more *brokerage* to their agent or *coulissier*, who is quietly deducting it, month after month, from the deposit money originally placed as a guarantee in his hands. But that we may be not only better understood, but secure the attention, if not win the gratitude of our readers, we must be more systematic in our descriptions, and will say a few words in the first place about the Bourse itself.

If then there should be amongst the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine* any solitary unfortunate being who has never gazed on that bright, light, airy, graceful building "the Bourse at Paris," to him or her we say (first dropping a tear of commiseration and pity), *the Bourse at Paris* is the Royal Exchange and the Stock Exchange (combined) of London. But O what a difference! Good Mr. Tite has not come up to the *French Bourse* in his plans and sketches of a Royal Exchange, and as to the London Stock Exchange, terms "bulls," "bears," "ducks waddling," "and waddling in the alley" they are indeed most suitable when applied in connexion with that most inappropriate, unhealthy and wretched of tenements. But the Bourse of Paris is the veriest love of a Royal and Stock Exchange ever imagined, from the days of the Phœnicians downwards. See how it stands in the centre of an immense area, with its splendid corridors, its glorious pillars, its noble peristyle, its spacious galleries, its majestic attitude, its commanding height, its elegant and classic form, its beautiful bas-reliefs, its simple but fine-wrought internal decorations, its night and day clock, its fine steps to approach it at both its extremities, and its air of a *national* as well as of a mercantile and commercial building. How vast are the dimensions of that parallelogram! It is 212 feet long by 126 feet broad. What a splendid peristyle surrounds it, with no less than 66 Corinthian columns supporting an entablature and an attic, and forming a covered gallery, approached by a flight of steps extending the *whole width* of the western front. How beautiful is the freestone of which it is all built! What a roof too! entirely formed of iron and copper! If we enter, what do we see? The splendid *salle* or general exchange. Its centre is 116 feet long, and 76 wide. It is

surrounded by arcades, the basements of which, as well as the sides, are formed of coloured marble. Between the arcades are inscribed in bronze letters the names of the principal mercantile cities in the world. How rich is the sculpture, and how well adorned with monochrome paintings in imitation of marble bas-relief, the figures of which are gigantic, and no less than sixteen in number. There is "commercial France," accepting the tribute of the four parts of the world. Yonder is the "King of France" presenting the new Exchange to the city of Paris. On our right side "the union of commerce and the arts," giving birth to the prosperity of the state; and on our left "the city of Paris" receiving from the nymph of the "Seine" and the genius of the "Ourcq" the productions of abundance. How admirable is their execution! what purity of design, and what elevation of style! The pavement on which we stand is *all marble*; and this exchange will contain 2000 persons on the basement, besides nearly as many in its four spacious and beautiful galleries. What a *tout ensemble!* There is light, life, warmth, the arts, a proportion which is enchanting, a harmony which is picturesque, and in one word it is an Exchange worthy of Old England? Shall we have such a Bourse in Cornhill? We have seen most of the Exchanges of Europe, and those we have not visited are familiar to us from the engravings which represent them; but none, in our opinion, will bear even a momentary comparison with that of Paris. It is our *beau ideal* of a national exchange, *i.e.*, in the nineteenth century! We will hope, nay believe, that the Exchange of London shall not only rival, but eclipse it. Yet we hope with fear.

The Bourse is at once the Commercial Exchange, the Stock Exchange, and the tribunal before whose judges are decided all *Paris commercial causes*. The lower part, and the galleries surrounding the internal area, are appropriated to commercial and stock purposes, whilst the rear of the building, on the first and second floors, are devoted to the purposes of the tribunals; beauty, order, cleanliness, ventilation, warmth, a good ordered police, ample accommodation to all who visit or transact business within its walls; these are some of the attributes of this magnificent institution and public monument, and the internal offices for the clerks and officers of the treasury, of the sinking-fund commission, and of the managers and governors of this building, are all in perfect harmony with the rest of its arrangements.

Nearly in the centre of the Bourse, on the ground-floor, is a circular spot surrounded by a balustrade about four feet high, in which the authorised and legalised *agens de change*, or sworn stockbrokers, stand from half-past one to half-past three of every day in the year, except on Sundays, on four popish fête days, and on two of the three aniversary days of the July revolution. At half-past three they withdraw to their back assembling rooms, make up their accounts, and deliver to their clients the "*Cours Authentique*," accompanied by the notes of sales and purchases made on their behalf. Outside this circular spot, on the left and on the right, but principally on the left, are the *coulissiers*, or unauthorised and even illegal jobbers. They are called in London the "alley men," and they transact much more business in Paris *for the end of the month* than do the sworn brokers. They cannot buy or sell stock *for cash*, except through the medium of

a sworn broker, but in all time bargains they are omnipotent. They do much more business than the authorised agents.

And here we are on the steps of this beautiful building on the last day of a month, in a period of excitement and movement. It is now *one* o'clock.

Oh what a swarm of men, short and tall, dirty and clean, ugly, dowdy, and most of them disagreeable, are coming down the Rue Feydeau from the Boulevards to the Bourse! Who are they? All speculators?—Yes, all. Where do they come from?—From Tortoni's, or rather from the Café de Paris. What have they been doing there? Drinking coffee?—No. Taking their breakfasts?—No. Playing at billiards, draughts, or dominoes?—No. Guess again.—Well then, have they been gambling?—Yes. From ten till one they buy and sell stock for the end of the month, at Tortoni's, or at the Café de Paris; and now as the hour of assembling in the Bourse is at hand, they have come hither.

Some are rich, some poor, some speculate immensely, others only on 1500 or 3000 francs of rents during the whole month; some are also *agens de change*, some their clerks, and some never speculate at all, but are simply correspondents of English, American, and Belgian journals. There are the correspondents of all the English newspapers; they have all been at their vocation, each communicating to the speculators their various little pieces of small news, or private tittle-tattle; and now they are about to assemble at head-quarters, and hear the opening prices of the stock-market.

The time proceeds. The clock-hands have reached twenty-eight minutes past one. What a rush! Young and old, clerk and master, grocer and banker, all scramble up the steps, scour across the peristyle and avenue, breathless and heated, just in time to hear the bell ring.

It is half-past one! and business has began in the Parquet, *i. e.* in the railed-in circle of regular stockbrokers. For two minutes you could not have heard a cannon roar at the door of the building—the third minute, and you could hear a pin drop. What's the matter? Who is that man standing upon a stool with so common and vulgar an air? It is the clerk about to cry the first prices *for money* of the stock just sold. What does he say? *Cinq per cents: Cent-douze francs, soixante-quinze centimes: Trois per cents: Soixante-seize francs, quatre-vingts centimes;* and now he descends. What a twang! What wretched notes! But then what a hubbub succeeds. Out rush the clerks of bankers, clerks of *agens de change*, clerks of *coulissiers*, junior partners in mercantile and banking-houses, to proceed, some on foot, but more in cabriolets, to their varied clients or employers, or houses of business, to inform them of the *first prices* both for *money* and the end of the *month*.

The *coulisse*, *i. e.* the unauthorized *agens* and speculators, the *alley* men, are in an uproar. There is a difference of a half-per-cent between the prices of stock *before* the Bourse opened, and their present value. What can it mean? One of the "prime" buyers and sellers is very busy. What does he say? Why he *says* nothing, but he *whispers* in the ears of some twenty persons, *a very great secret*, charging each one on

no account whatever to mention it to his neighbour, and advising each "as a friend," to *sell stock*. What does he whisper then? Why, "that he knows *for a certainty* that Mehemet Ali has refused to listen to any terms with the Sultan, and has directed Ibrahim Pacha to march on Constantinople." This is quite enough to account for the half-per-cent fall; and as this is the last day of the month *il faut vendre* (you should sell) is whispered about from ear to ear, till at last five-per-cents have gone down three-quarters, and three-per-cents one per cent since yesterday!

But as extremes meet, and even panics come to an end, at five minutes before two, the rumour is doubted.

"It *may* not be true," says the commissary of the Bourse, who keeps himself amazingly quiet till the fall is made, and till he can profit by purchasing stock at a much lower price than on the previous day when he sold; and the "prime" buyer and seller declares "that he by no means vouches for the accuracy of his previous *great secret*; for that a *private* letter from Vienna has just arrived, with an inspection of which he has been favoured, and which declares that every thing in the East will be arranged most satisfactorily."

The truth is, the stocks had gone too low to please this great speculator, or to suit his operations—and a gentle reaction is wanted before the fatal moment arrives of *puts and calls*. But those who have been selling stock at these reduced prices, are not thus to be hoodwinked. So the conflict begins.

Mr. P—— wants a fall; Mr. B—— a partial rise; the "three nimble-dicks" join with the former; the bankers and merchants unite with the latter; fearful odds for the "bears!" But as their *game* becomes difficult, *they* become desperate, and new reports become current.

"Have you heard the news from Marseilles?" asked the *eldest* of the three nimble-dicks of about thirty persons in little more than as many seconds.

"What news?" is the reply of every one.

"Ibrahim Pacha HAS marched on Constantinople!"

The Bourse resounds again with the rumour, and the three-per-cents decline ten centimes.

"*This will never do*," says one; "we must meet this without the loss of a moment, or at half-past two I shall be "non-plussed."

So the seller and buyer of "primes" sets to work. He gets up a new rumour; it is this:

"The proposal for fortifying Paris is *abandoned*, and Count Molé has consented to join the Guizot cabinet."

He has only ten minutes for his *report* to circulate; but in ten minutes a house may be destroyed, especially when built of cards.

"What does he say?" asks one.

"That Count Molé will join M. Guizot, and that the Paris Fortification Bill will be withdrawn!"

"Hem!" says another, which means—Fudge!

But it takes—oh, yes, it takes; the mob believe it—the crowd swallow the bait—the story of Ibrahim is forgotten in the falsehood of Molé—and the three-per-cents get up twenty centimes! Away they

go, the nimble-dicks make willing converts of some who desire the fall, the stocks fluctuate ten and twenty centimes every two minutes, and the hand now points at half-past two. The "prime" buyer and seller is satisfied; "the put and call" moment passes over; he has won 20,000 francs by his month's operations, and swims at ease and with rapture in his little sea of satisfaction and comfort. Not so the sellers of stock *en liquidation*, *i. e.* for the end of the month at which they have nearly arrived—for it is half-past two, and in one more hour the month for *time-bargains* will have expired.

They have sold stock they did *not possess*. They calculated upon war and reduced prices, and neither have come: or the latter have come but *for a few minutes*; and when they sought to buy, the stocks rose.

The *coulisse*, *i. e.* the gentlemen who buy and sell illegally for the end of the month (and who cannot recover at law any of their gains if he of whom they seek to be paid refuses to ratify his engagements) now become furious.

"Stocks MUST go down," says one party.

"Stocks are three per cent *too low*," exclaims another party.

"Count Molé *will accept office*," cry the "bulls."

"Ibrahim Pacha is marching on Constantinople," roar the "bears."

"The Fortification Bill *has been* this day WITHDRAWN," vow the "bulls."

"Russia has separated herself from the other powers, and requires the closing of the Dardanelles," declare the "bears."

And with these successive and *equally true* reports, the speculators are tormented and harassed almost to madness. But time advances. The sun-dial and the Bourse clock will wait neither for age nor for gamesters, and the hour of three has arrived.

"Have you heard the news?" asked one with an air of unconcern, and a tone of *sang froid*.

"No. What news?"

"They say—but mind, I do not guarantee you the fact—still they do say, that a friend of ours will be obliged to sell his place as *agent de change*. Poor fellow! he has been playing the fall—and the rise has come. Stocks are four per cent too low."

That's quite enough. The man in question has neither bought nor sold a farthing of stock *on his own account*, and is as safe and as solid as the Bank of France. But what then? It is five minutes past three—and if by half-past three the funds do not rise, the gentleman who says he has will loose about 100,000 francs.

The *news*, *i. e.* the falsehood, spreads like wildfire. The *agent de change* wonders at the compassionate looks which are cast upon him, and almost imagines he really has lost money without knowing it. The funds advance. In comes a deputy from the Chamber. It is a quarter-past three. What does *he* say?

"That the Fortification Bill is to be persevered in; that there is not even a report about Molé joining the cabinet; that the news from the East is favourable; and that the ministry of Guizot gains strength."

There is something for each party here, and both the "bears" and the "bulls" are at once dissatisfied and pleased.

It is twenty minutes past three, and the commissary of the Bourse is much agitated. What is the matter now? He advances with a telegraphic despatch from Marseilles. What does it announce?

"That the Sultan has conceded the hereditary government of Egypt to Mehemet Ali and his descendants"—and that of course the Eastern question is settled.

The funds rise one per cent in seven minutes; and the bell rings—it is half-past three! The confusion is prodigious.

"I have 3000 to sell," cries one.

"I have 12,000," cries another.

"I wish to purchase a *prime* for to-morrow," calls one.

"I will buy 6000 at 77 francs, 40 centimes," bawls another.

The sixty *agens de change* retire to their back rooms; the *coulisse* is exasperated; the commissary of the Bourse is accused of having made known the telegraphic despatch beforehand to his favourites; the reporters of the *National* and *Commerce* are in a towering passion; Dumoulin the revolutionist declares all the ministers to be mere jobbers, and points to the time of the empire as his *ne plus ultra* of virtuous government; one declares he has lost 20,000 francs by that day's Bourse; another vows he will *never* set his foot inside the Bourse again (not even to pay his differences, *i. e.* his losses); and the "prime" man himself once more steps forward, and asks for his "prime" for to-morrow.

Whilst all this has been proceeding within the Bourse, other operations have been going on without. Who is that old gentleman, pale, sour, ugly, vulgar, and inquisitive, sitting in a green French landau, on the Place de la Bourse, with pillows in his carriage, doctor's bottles, tisanes, jujubes, and other medicaments? He is an old speculator, dying with asthma—this is his *only* enjoyment. He is too feeble to stand—too worn out even to walk up the steps of the Bourse, and yet too much of a gamester to remain at home. He has three stockbrokers constantly waiting upon him, proceeding from the Bourse to his carriage, and from his carriage to the Bourse, to execute his commissions. What a rage he is in! one of his brokers has sold but twelve instead of 24,000 *rentes* at the highest prices of to-day. He vows he will never come again—but he is not in earnest; for he will gamble in his coffin if he can but hear the price of stocks. Wretched man, we pity thee!

But what is going on at the back of the Bourse? There is a crowd of women! Monsieur de Balzac has been accused of having always a sort of *emeute* of women of thirty years of age at his heels, who adore him for his talents, his fat, and his stick. We know not how this may be, but here, behind the Bourse, is a daily collection of some twenty or thirty women of forty years of age: few younger, scarcely any older. They are very ugly, very badly dressed, very saucy, very vulgar; but they are vast jobbers, and the stockbrokers pay them great attention.

"What are bank actions?" asks a little red woman with a brown cloak, no bonnet, a dirty muslin cap, and a most disagreeably shrill voice.

"At three thousand one hundred francs, Madame," answers the agent.

"Then sell two for me immediately, and buy me Pope's-toes at a hundred and two."

"*Très bien—très bien*," replies the agent, and away he scampers.

The "Pope's-toes" is a piece of the old lady's wit, and means Roman stock, which always keep up in the market.

"Tell me, Monsieur, what can I sell my Hayti loan for?" asks a tall thin woman, who is one of the greatest speculators in foreign securities.

"At 635 francs, Madame; and I—"

"And I—what? for you never finish your sentences, Monsieur."

"Why, Madame, I was only about to counsel you to sell *to-day*, for there may be bad news in town."

"Run quickly then, I beseech you, Monsieur, for I wish to purchase Spanish actives."

And away he runs.

"Belgians are at what?" asks Mademoiselle somebody else of her dashing young *coulissier*.

"At 100 Mademoiselle—just at *par*."

"Ah! so 100 is *par* then? Excellent. So buy me a hundred of them."

Monsieur is very polite to Mademoiselle—and to tell the truth, she really *is* an exception to the rule of ugliness laid down for the rest.

And there they are labouring, striving, speculating, and sinking capital, interest, and all (for such will be all their fates), whilst they are dancing on the verge of ruin, and thinking themselves happy. Those women gamesters are—odious!

But who is this old gentleman with a sort of John Barleycorn face, a proboscis for a nose, a carbuncle for a beauty spot, well powdered head, hat with a brim six inches wide, and who approaches us with arms extended, with mirthful face, and jocund air?

What! don't you know? Have you liv'd in Siberia all your life then?

No.

Well then, he is about the merriest old man we ever met with. Hear him.

What does he say?

"So long as France and England shall embrace each other, not a cannon can be fired without their permission!"

This has been his daily joke ever since 1830—his *one* idea, which nothing can disturb, is the English and French alliance.

What a droll-looking man he is! with immense coats, double Quaker-hats, cravats surrounding a treble chin, pantaloons *à la Hollandaise*, and himself not five feet high; he would be grotesque if he were not so merry, and disagreeable if he were not good tempered.

What a contrast he is to the *coulissier* who is approaching us, and who once fought a duel with a rival across a mahogany-table—not with pistols, but with blunderbusses! He shot his rival dead, and escaped unhurt. He is the wittiest man in Paris, but his wit is daggerish. What does he say!

"They tell me that some 'gentleman' *agent de change* is going to break. I have seen many 'gentlemen' in my day. There was 'Gen-

tleman' Robespierre, with his diamond buckles and his plaited wristbands! There was 'Gentleman' Napoleon with his 18th Brumaire, and his poison tricks at Jaffa! There was 'Gentleman' Louvel, who *genteely* murdered the Duke de Berri! There was 'Gentleman' Coste, who called the 'gentlemen' journalists together in July, and told them all, that it was their bounden duty to overthrow the true *gentilhomme roi* Charles X.! and since that time we have had nothing but 'gentlemen.' There were the 'gentlemen' pillagers of the Archbishop's palace; and the 'gentlemen' assassins of the Rue Transnonain; and the 'gentlemen' barricaders at Lyons; and then the 'gentlemen' prisoners before the Court of Peers! For my part, I call my valet a 'gentleman,' and my shoe-black a 'gentleman'—not that I think them so—but to escape hanging. And now they tell me that another 'gentleman' *agent de change* is about to fail; and I, among the rest, am a sufferer! What a glorious land they have made of our France! How the Sullys, and d'Aguesseaus, and Mirabeaus, and Condés would admire her! Oh yes! Oh yes! we are all 'gentlemen'—all 'gentlemen!' But give *me* back the blackguards, if these be the 'gentlemen!'"

All this was said with a rapidity quite indescribable, and a bitterness of irony only to be conceived. And then turning on his heel, without waiting either for a reply or a censure, for praise or for blame, he cried aloud,

"I have three thousand to sell for to-morrow."

But who is this that is approaching us?

C'est un homme de lettres—a writer of bitterness, as the last was a spouter of the same, but who can condense as much venom into six lines, as some writers can into six pages. He is indignant at the immense fluctuations in one day's Bourse; and he thus gives vent to his bile and his wrath:

"What can you expect, sir, from such a man as the present Minister of Finance? A mere printer of muslins, a mere maker of ginghams, a man who has never read any book but his own 'Journal of Sales and Purchases;' who would ask you if you talked to him of 'Smith's Wealth of Nations'—'What he had to do with *nations*, when he was only Minister of Finance for *France?*' And if you entreated him to read 'Say's Political Economy,' would answer you, 'That he was no *politician*, and that *economy* could have nothing to do with *politics*.' We are under the empire of the old ladies, and therefore our Finance Minister is a 'dealer in dimities.'"

But the clock advances; it is half past four;—the *coulisse* breaks up—stock-jobbing has ceased for the present—and all rush to dinner; but to renew their gambling at seven at the *Café de Paris*.

MORAL.—What a blessed thing it is to have no money to lose!

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ORLANDO SCRUBB.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

"He was (could he help it?) a special attorney."
GOLDSMITH'S RETALIATION.

MANY years ago—say three-quarters of a century—Dick Scrubb (the name that clung to him from his cradle) was an ill-favoured, rickety, hopeless urchin, without a friend, in the parish-school at Limehouse. Last year, his mortal remains were removed from his splendid mansion in the most distinguished part of the west of London, and deposited with all possible funereal pomp in the family vault at Screwham. But he was Dick Scrubb still; or he was, at least, until that eventful moment when, as if Scrubb should separate from Dick, soul finally parted from body.

Mr. Scrubb's life—his "Life and Times" perhaps—must be written hereafter; a single incident is all that can be related now. It will supply a guiding light to the future biographer; it will exhibit to the world the model for lawyers—a pattern-attorney.

As soon as the parish authorities could relieve themselves from the charge of Dick, they crowned their parochial philanthropy by putting him out as a junior fag in the office of a rising lawyer in that neighbourhood, who had lately wormed his way into a share of the vestry business, and was even then, as people conjectured, looking up to the dignity of the vestry-clerkship. Mr. Richard Winks declared that he was solely influenced by charitable motives in taking such a boy upon his "establishment;" but the truth was that Dick's peculiarly repulsive countenance was positively attractive in the eyes of Winks, who fancied he could detect therein a look of cunning and a coolness of purpose that might render the lad a drudge of no little utility—to be had at a cheap rate.

Into the first mysteries of an attorney's office was he therefore initiated; that is to say, he swept the floor, dusted the desk, and filled the coal-skuttle whenever, in the extremity of the cold season, a fire was allowed. By degrees, he ascended to a higher scale of duties; and every vestige of the charity-boy disappeared as he rose. The muffin-cap was first discarded, and Dick went forth "in very presence of the regal sun," with a real hat on his head; the coat of a past generation was substituted by a garment of a newer cut and soberer colour; and every other remnant of the barbarous costume of benevolence disappeared in due season.

This change was the result of the trifle per week which Mr. Winks now awarded him, in payment of his assiduity in posting backwards and forwards between the courts of law, in filling up blank forms, and arranging letters in pigeon-holes. From pouncing parchment, Dick's genius was advanced o the engrossing of it; he lost the title of errand-boy with the duties, as he escaped the appearance of a charity-lad with the dress; and at seventeen he blazed forth all over Limehouse, an acknowledged and undeniable attorney's-clerk. He would now creep into the quietest corner of a public-house parlour one or

two evenings a week, and hear the little tradesmen of that district discuss the doings of great men; by which means he learned who Alderman Wilkes was, and came to have an opinion concerning my Lord North. After another year or two, still "progressing" in the law, he came out more boldly, and among the respectable tradespeople at the King's Arms, hazarded his sentiments over a measure of small ale (for he could afford no costlier beverage) in a more confident voice; so that those who remembered Dick as an inmate of the parish-school, would yet tolerate his company out of the consideration due to his attainments, remarking that learning was a fine thing, and charity no disgrace, not it.

Mr. Scrubb even then could certainly have afforded to indulge himself with richer and more abundant potations than those above specified, had it not been for certain costs to which he was put in the embellishment of his person. On this point he was particularly scrupulous. Not that he was ever foppishly—on the contrary, he was respectably attired; singularly ugly, and awkwardly put together, he contrived to obviate these disadvantages, so that Mr. Winks's clients, instead of exclaiming, "What a fright that scrub of a clerk is!" would be very apt to declare, that the young man looked quite as much of a gentleman as Mr. Winks himself.

And such was the impression beginning to prevail in the parlour of the King's Arms, whither Dick repaired to take his supper of toasted cheese, and such hop-flavoured fluids as his funds would afford; when one night, after he had been holding forth more eloquently than usual on the policy of the American war, and proving to the satisfaction of everybody that government could be carried on without any taxation at all in this country, simply by making the colonies pay for the honour of their connexion with it; to all which the lively landlady (a widow), as she sat in the bar opening into the parlour, had been listening with marked interest and curiosity;—after this had taken place, and after the company had knocked the ashes out of their last pipes, and retired—it was noticed that Dick did not retire also. It was whispered indeed that he sat up for two hours after the house had been closed for the night, sipping punch with the landlady in the bar, and conversing with extreme earnestness, but in a much lower key than before.

All that was positively known however was, that Mr. Scrubb never from that night ordered the same cheap, meagre, watery potations which had before sufficed to inspire his disquisitions on the doings of my Lord Chatham, and my Lord Rockingham, or the sayings of Junius and Mr. Wilkes. On the contrary, if he called for ale, it was the oldest and strongest, and he would take with it for his supper a choice delicacy from the larder, the speedy presence of which he commanded with a simple "See what you can do for me to-night." Quick following upon his repast, would come two, perhaps three, supplies of punch, mixed by the widow's own hand, which was acknowledged to be the most dexterous in the whole parish; and all this time perhaps Dick might be seen settled in the favourite seat by the fire, which the churchwarden once monopolised, stretching his legs out upon the fender, like a man who feels himself at home, and flatly contradicting Hickson, the rich hop-factor, in his theory of protective duties, or his notions on corn and the currency; and this he did with the air of one

who esteems himself at least as important as the best man in company.

Jokes about the sudden freedom of his manners, and the great length to which his score at the widow's must be running, would fly about at first, but they soon ceased. Indeed, if he seemed resolved to forget that he had figured all over that neighbourhood in parish costume, others were resolved to forget it too, and Dick Scrubb was no longer his appellation, at least in his presence. There was somehow about him a sense of the "Orlando" which communicated itself to his companions, and they would as soon have presumed to designate Mr. Richard Winks, Dick Winks.

But no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, and perhaps no clerk is a gentleman in the eye of his employer, the attorney. Mr. Winks, to whom these stolen marches in life on the part of Scrubb were perfect secrets, who never entered the King's Arms, and was unconscious of the popularity of his clerk, only knew that he had taken him some years before off the hands of the parish, trained, fed and clothed him, worked him up into an expert errand-boy, transformed him into a capital clerk, and, in short, strained, screwed, and twisted him into something like a gentlemanly-looking limb of the law. He considered him to be just as dependent now as when he wore the muffin-cap of charity on the side of his cropped head; the clerk was, in the attorney's regard, quite as much the attorney's private property as the poney on which he rode night and morning to his country-house at Bow.

What then was his amazement when, one day Dick entered the warm capetted roomat the back of the high-desked, dirty, fireless nook of an office, and after some mysterious flourishes announced his intention of resigning; literally, of resigning his seat on that stool, the leather whereof, whole when he first mounted it, now discovered a liberal proportion of the straw that stuffed it. Mr. Winks was breathless when he found out his clerk's real meaning. While Dick's preparatory flourish was going on, relative to the length of time he had served, and the legal knowledge he had acquired under the direction of his kind instructor, the attorney was settling in his mind how to avoid compliance with the naturally anticipated demand for an increase of salary; he had not consequently one word to say when Dick ended with, "And so, sir, I have resolved to quit my post in your office, and set up in business for myself!" It was as though a powder-monkey had gone to Lord Howe, declining to do any more dirty work, and announcing his intention of turning conqueror, and taking the command of the fleet.

Dick took advantage of the breathlessness of his listener to proceed with extreme coolness and complacency, saying, that "He saw an opportunity of rising in the world, which it would be base and criminal in him to miss—that he had taken the necessary steps, and hoped very soon to be admitted as an attorney-at-law—that in the meantime he should carry on his business in the name of the eminent solicitors, Nisi and Prius of Eastcheap, and hoped for Mr. Winks's friendship in private life, although professionally they might be rivals."

The rage of Mr. Winks found vent at last with a violence which, as Mr. Scrubb observed, no gentleman could stay to listen to. A deep indentation, and a black stain, spreading in streams and splashes all over the inner door of the attorney's office, marked for a long time after the

discharge of a pewter inkstand, which followed, and only just followed, the exit of the self-emancipated clerk. The fit of rage at the ingratitude and assurance of Mr. Scrubb was renewed ere that week expired; intelligence being brought in, that on either door-post of a neat and newly painted house, in the same street, a few steps lower down, had that morning been displayed a brass-plate of considerable dimensions, on which was engraved these words, "Mr. Orlando Scrubb's offices."

It was all very well to wonder where Mr. Scrubb got the money—to insinuate that the widow was his friend—that the young lawyer's funds came from "the bar," and that he belonged to one "Inn" already. They could not rail his name off the door-posts. There was "Orlando Scrubbs' offices" on two brass-plates, and there was he also, getting on as rapidly as Nisi and Prius themselves. What was worse for Mr. Winks, Scrubb, acquainted with all his secrets, and knowing all his connexions, came in at once for a large slice of the business, and was hourly working for more of it. Fierce was the war of the lawyers; bitter the abuse which the elder heaped on the younger for endeavouring to undermine his connexions, and poaching on the manor where he had been employed as keeper; and loud the complaints of injured innocence in the person of the younger, whom his late employer, ungrateful for years of service wholly unremunerated, was hourly seeking to ruin.

A year had thus elapsed, when Messrs. Somebody, the eminent brewers of that day, suddenly became bankrupts. Now it happened that Messrs. Somebody had supplied the widow's house with beer, and it happened too that through the interest of somebody else Scrubb was appointed solicitor to the estate.

A job of that nature was a much greater catch then than it is under the modern system; besides, the brewers were no ordinary bankrupts. It was an immense start for Scrubb; it was a certain fortune to a young man, and Winks of course went wild. Scrubb was ten times the scoundrel he was before, and war to the knife was the word. The parish badge, the muffin-cap and yellow leathers were revived; all the ingratitude, all the treachery of the affair was explained to every new comer; and sneers and cries of shame were lavished upon Scrubb wherever his late patron's influence extended. Scrubb, however, was not thin-skinned; he went on working his commission like a man unconscious of molestation or insult, when, one summer morning, to the surprise of every shopkeeper round about, in he walked, into the old office of his old patron, Mr. Richard Winks, and asked if that gentleman were within!

The first explosion past—"I confess," said Scrubb, "that I have been inconsiderate, nay, I will own unjust to you."

"Unjust!" interrupted Mr. Winks. "Did I not take you, a ricketty little scrap of a boy, off the hands of the parish—strip you immediately of the disgraceful garb I found you in—the breeches were dirty yellow, I remember, and the coat a ditch-green; and did'nt I rig you out in finery like the son of the Lord Chancellor—did'nt I supply you with money to spend your nights in taverns, and cram into you all day as much law as I had myself—only you've forgotten every letter of it; and then did'nt you, just when you were beginning to be of use to me, start up in opposition almost next door, trading in my name, using up

my tricks, laying down my traps, and inveigling away my clients under my very eyes. Unjust! Why you are the most unjust, ungrateful—"

"No:—no," said Orlando, with firmness, and with a touch of strong feeling in his accent, "I am not ungrateful. I wish to show that I *do* remember what I owe to your patronage and your instructions. I wish to be at peace, and came with the view—"

"What, juggle now!" again interrupted Mr. Winks; "it won't do; you can utter no word of apology that I will accept."

"I don't come with words; my acts shall speak. You are aware, Mr. Winks, that I am working the commission of bankruptcy in the important case—".

"I know; the brewers!" said Mr. Winks with bitterness, "and I have no doubt will squeeze out your thousands, where an honest solicitor would be satisfied with his mere hundreds!" And the lawyer's looks plainly declared that honesty was not the pleasanter policy of the two.

"The same, sir," returned Scrubb. "Now it is of that commission I would speak. It is an immense firm, and the interests at stake are enormous. I am not experienced, and hardly feel myself, just yet, quite equal to it; I am not rich, and it may involve perhaps a larger outlay of cash in the working—perhaps a little larger outlay—than I can conveniently draw from other business. Now then, sir, for my conditions of peace, and my proof that I'm not utterly ungrateful. This great commission I will make over to you—this sacrifice I incur for your friendship. Reimburse me any trifling expenses I have incurred up to this time, and I at once substitute your name for mine, and hand you over the documents. Am I ungrateful?"

Mr. Winks, having rubbed his eyes, proceeded to rub his hands; he rubbed them again, and then thrust them into the farthest extremity of his huge waistcoat-pockets. He then took them out, and seized one of Mr. Orlando Scrubb's, exclaiming, "Dick, my dear boy, I have wronged you. You have some noble feelings, and can indeed make a generous return. We are friends for life, even if we are doomed to be rivals!" And for a minute it seemed more than probable that Mr. Winks would drop a tear, or tears.

A few hours sufficed for the completion of the contract. Mr. Richard Winks was placed, with respect to the estate of the great bankrupts, exactly in the position of Mr. Orlando Scrubb, and the latter gentleman received from his friend a draft for two hundred and sixty pounds which (as per vouchers delivered) he had expended in working the commission.

The brewers were supposed, previous to their failure, to be enormously wealthy; and when they stopped, which was the result of an accident, every body was certain that they would pay fifteen shillings in the pound. But the new solicitor speedily discovered what the old one had discovered first. The secret was startling—incredible—yet it was true—that there would not be a sufficient return to the bankrupts' estate to pay the costs of working the commission! and he had paid two hundred and sixty pounds to the self-sacrificing solicitor who had found it out before him!

More than half a century elapsed before these two attornies spoke to

each other again. They were neighbours all this time; they filled offices in the same county; they both prospered, amassing large fortunes. They transacted legal and other business together by deputy, or letter, but they never spoke, until a few years since, at some parish meeting of trustees or commissioners, two white-headed and infirm old men, whose lives had been one feverish tumult, one restless race for a prize that brought no recompence, who stood now tottering on the edge of the grave, too weak either to support or to injure one another, agreed to shake hands and part in peace; burying in the forgiveness of a moment all memory of the past. The past! Their existence was even then—the past. Reconciliation only came when their lives had no future.

A TALE OF A TRUMPET.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing."

OLD BALLAD.

Of all old women hard of hearing
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That serv'd for a pair of gold rings to go through,
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.
You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:
From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
Each queer feature ask'd a query;
A look that said in a silent way
Who? and What? and How? and Eh?
"I'd give my ears to know what you say!"

And well she might! for each auricular
Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
That stands at the corner of Dyott-street now,
And never hears a word of a row!
Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen,
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
Or, provided the owner so inclin'd,
Ears to stick a blister behind;
But as for hearing wisdom or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish!

She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks—
For her all human kind were dumb,
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come—
Unless the Devil that had Two Sticks!
She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones
Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no farther could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—
As deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten—
(Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death"),
Or the Felon's ear that was stuff'd with Cotton—
Or Charles the First, in statue quo;
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,
That only stare whatever you "ax,"
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears:
And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one!
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker!

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy,
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into, for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer
So formed to worry,
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar!

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in!

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's Work,
Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,

To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex—whatever her station—
And none the less that the Dame had a turn
For making all families one concern;
And learning whatever there was to learn,
In the prattling, tattling Village of Tringham—
As who wore silk? and who wore gingham?
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em.

How Smiths contrived to live, and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigged together—
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners—
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady?

Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle?
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown?
If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope,
And how the Grubbs were off for soap?

If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up-stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares;
And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows?
In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys
By courtesy call'd Statistical Fellows—
A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,
Jotting the Labouring Class's riches;
And after poking in pot and pan,
And routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertain'd that a working-man
Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches!

But this, alas! from her loss of hearing,
Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spearing;
And often her tears would rise to their founts—
Supposing little scandal at play
'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait—
That she couldn't audit the Gossip's accounts.
'Tis true, to her cottage still they came;
And ate her muffins just the same;
And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,
And never swallow'd a thimble the less
Of something the Reader is left to guess,
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,
Who *saw* them talk and chuckle and cough,
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
She might as well have liv'd, you know,
In one of the houses in Owen's Row,
Near the New River Head, with its water cut off!

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,
And fifty infallible things beside,
Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,
Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in;
But all remedies fail'd; and though some it was clear
(Like the brandy and salt
We now exalt)
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear!

At last—one very fine day in June—
Suppose her sitting,
Busily knitting,
And humming she did'nt quite know what tune;
For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which unless the sound of the circulation,
Or of Thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,
It's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her Mistress heard no more of that,
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat:
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch;
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door;
Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor—
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turned its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo! a man!—a pedlar? ay, marry,
With the little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,
Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings;
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair;
But deem'd a piratical sort of invader
By him we dub the "regular trader,"
Who luring the passengers in as they pass
By lamps, gay pannels, and mouldings of brass,
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman,
If he is'nt a Pedlar, at least is a Showman!

However, in the stranger came,
And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though,
He had known her fifty long years ago,
And presto! before she could utter "Jack"—
Much less Robinson—open'd his pack—
And then from amongst his portable gear,
With even more than a pedlar's tact,—
(Slick himself might have envied the act)—
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact—
Popp'd a trumpet into her ear.

"There, ma'am! try it!
You needn't buy it—
The last New Patent—and nothing comes nigh it
For affording the Deaf, at little expense,
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense!
A Real Blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor Humanity's sake;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing Dumby to all creation.
And only looking to conversation—
Great Philosophers talking like Platos,
And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes!
Not to name the mischievous quizzers
Sharp as knives but double as scissors,
That get you to answer quite by guess
Yes for No, and No for Yes."
("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again! No harm in trying—
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,
A little practice—that is all—
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—
Ev'ry syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say—
I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,
But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't.
And as for Scott he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't—
Only a guinea—and can't take less."
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear!—O dear, to call it dear!
Why it isn't a horn you buy but an ear:
Only think, and you'll find on reflection,
You're bargaining, ma'am, for the Voice of Affection;
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth:
Not to mention the striking of clocks—
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—
Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
Ev'ry sound that Echo mocks—
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—
And zounds! to call such a concert dear!
But I mustn't swear with my horn in your ear.
Why in buying that Trumpet you buy all those
That Harper, or any trumpeter blows
At the Queen's Levees, or the Lord Mayor's Shows,
At least as far as the music goes,
Including the wonderful lively sound,
Or the one-key'd bugles all the year round—
Come—suppose we call it a pound!"

[*Further hearing postponed till next Term.*]

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.*

THE more we learn of the manners and customs of this ingenious and extraordinary people, the more does our interest in them increase. A very natural result, for independently of the religious and historical associations connected with them, whatever adds to our information must increase our admiration of their intelligence and refinement. Compared with cotemporary nations of which we have any satisfactory records, they appear immeasurably superior; for, besides possessing a degree of mechanical skill no other people approached, they exhibited many purely intellectual acquirements, such as with all the scientific advantages of the present day, the moderns find it difficult to rival. Whether we turn to their mere arrangements for subsistence, or the deepest of their theological mysteries, we shall find the most convincing evidences of high capacity. Their obscure and elaborate system of religion is the natural result of strong powers of understanding, studying without proper guides the marvellous philosophy of nature. The separation and conjunction of matter with spirit, and the obligations of man to his Creator, Benefactor, and Judge, were subjects for the most profound and intricate speculations; but not having the light of revelation to assist them, it is not singular that the Egyptian sages should have lost themselves in inextricable confusion. Their explanations became darker than the mysteries they had vainly endeavoured to explore, and they spared no labour to advance in the most difficult paths of knowledge, yet were only tracing the windings of a maze of their own creating, which however close it might seem to what they sought, never went beyond a proscribed circle, as far from it as hope from despair. This philosophy, profitless as it was, became a monopoly of the priests, who succeeded in making it an engine for the exercise of the most absolute power over every other class of their fellow men—a rule that kept both mind and body in a like state of thorough subjection. It is owing to the unceasing watchfulness of these severe custodians of knowledge, that the intelligence of the ancient Egyptians remained for so many ages wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. The mystical character of their learning had, however, a powerful influence on all foreign nations who were allowed opportunities of studying it; and signs of this, not to be mistaken, were exhibited by the Jews and Greeks, and a few other distinct races: these were transmitted to others, comparatively modern, with certain modifications suitable to the period and the people; and long after nothing remained ostensibly belonging to the originators of these mysteries, but their indestructible monuments, their policy was flourishing in full vigour.

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* A Second Series of the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians; including their Religion, Agriculture, &c. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c. 2 vols. and a volume of Plates.

Though inquiring minds have occasionally, since the general revival of learning in Europe, been directed towards the interesting remains of the greatness and wisdom of the Ancient Egyptians that exist on the banks of the Nile, it was to marvel only. It was not till very recent times any attempt was made to explain these wonders. The labours of Champollion, Rossellini, and Dr. Young, at last excited the attention of the whole civilized world; and as succeeding scholars advanced in the difficult task of interpretation, the more general became their astonishment and gratification. The transportation to Europe of some of the portable marvels of Egypt, afforded facilities for their study of which the learned quickly availed themselves—whilst to the more enterprising, the improvements in travelling by sea, and the trifling difficulties that of late years have been met with by tourists in Egypt, have been inducements to carry their researches into every part of the country where any monuments were to be found. Of these, Sir Gardner Wilkinson has far excelled his coadjutors in the interest, the extent, and variety of the information he obtained. His first publication on the manners and customs of the Ancient Egyptians, did more to popularize the study of Egyptian antiquities than the works of all his predecessors: of this the present production is a continuation, and rivals it in the elaborate and gratifying picture it affords of a state of society the most extraordinary that ever existed. No description can give an adequate idea of the highly interesting character of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's materials for this work, the excellence, the number, and the singularity of the engravings, and the extent of the information on the subject he affords the reader. There is no scholar who will not be anxious to possess such a publication, and few readers by whom it will not be regarded as an unfailing source of entertainment.

A SUMMER IN WESTERN FRANCE.*

Our tourists seem intent on leaving no corner of the civilized world uninspected, but whatever value may be attached to countries that are remote and little known, Mr. Trollope appears to think that the nearer home he travels the greater must be the degree of interest his observasions ought to create among his countrymen. On the principle alone that that which is most easily obtained is least sought after, and consequently least known, he must be considered in the right; but when proper regard is paid to the various sources of deep interest to the English reader, the country he has selected to write an account of exhibits, the tourist's choice of France must universally be pronounced a wise one. In his preceding work, "A Summer in Brittany," he gave the public a fair taste of the entertainment he had in store for them, and the pleasant character of his materials lost nothing by the lively style in which they were set forth: but agreeable as were these volumes, he has

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* A Summer in Western France. By T. Adolphus Trollope, Esq. Author of "A Summer in Brittany." Edited by Frances Trollope. 2 vols.

contrived greatly to excel them in the present work. This, however, is not surprising, when we become acquainted with the extraordinary variety and extent of the interesting subjects that in his present tour presented themselves to the author. It embraces the scene of the English conquests in France—the field of the heroic adventures of Joan of Arc—the theatre of the desperate struggles of the Huguenots at La Rochelle, and of the royalists of La Vendée—the land of cognac and claret,—and the soil where flourished that terror of the over-curious, the famous Blue Beard—the no less sanguinary Geoffrey Grand-Dent—Diana of Poitiers—the once celebrated "*Les Pénitens d'Amour*," Tristan l'Ermite, and a whole host of historical characters, together with numerous other places possessed of all the pleasantest features of romantic tradition. Whilst passing over such attractive ground, Mr. Trollope seems to have been stimulated to exercise all his talents as a tourist, and, as the reader will readily acknowledge, with a very happy result. At one time we find him gossiping about the antiquities of the old provincial towns; at another making clear an obscure page of history; here he lingers with Richard Cœur de Lion at Chalus, there he stays with Margaret of Anjou at Dampiere. After a while we find him describing mines, manufactories, prisons, Druidical remains, cathedrals, and battle-fields with the spirit of one born in their neighbourhood; and these are delightfully relieved by a fund of amusement in the anecdotes, adventures, legends, and remarks that accompany them. Indeed, information is so blended with entertainment throughout his pages, that as a book of travels the "Summer in Western France" proves one of the most agreeable works ever written. How much of this merit is owing to Mrs. Trollope's genius is not stated; but edited by her, these volumes could scarcely fail of exhibiting those elements of popularity so conspicuously displayed in every subject on which her literary talent has been employed.

TRAVELS IN THE HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS.*

Such a length of time has elapsed since this work was announced for publication, that we began to fear there was some insurmountable obstacle in the way of its completion. We are glad, however, to find that such fears were groundless. The delay has had no other effect than to increase the public curiosity that the announcement had directed towards these travels, and afford time to the editor to produce them with all the advantages of care, science, and research. Although so much has been published of late years in illustration of geographical science, the interesting provinces of Eastern Asia have been almost totally neglected; and yet their importance in many points of view, particularly in a commercial one, entitles them to attentive considera-

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* Travels in the Himalayan Provinces of Hindustan and the Punjab; in Ladakh and Kashmir; in Peshwar, Kabul, Kunduz, and Bokhara; by Mr. William Moorcroft and Mr. George Trebeck. From 1819 to 1825. Prepared for the Press from original Journals and Correspondence. By Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A., F.R.S. Published under the authority of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. 2 vols.

tion. "The whole of the intervening country between India and China is a blank," Mr. Hayman very truly states, "and of that which separates India from Russia, the knowledge which we possess is but in a very slight degree the result of modern European research, and is for the most part either unauthentic or obsolete."

The Russians are the only people who seem to have paid any thing like sufficient attention to this part of the globe, to which they have evidently been directed by political considerations, as it closely approaches their southern frontier. The embassy of Mr. Elphinstone to Kabul in 1808, introduced to the English reader the countries beyond the Indian Caucasus, since when, the travels of Lieutenant Burnes (now Lieutenant-colonel Sir Alexander Burnes) have enlarged the sphere of observation from Kabul to Bokhara, whilst those of Fraser and Conolly continued it to Khorasan. The greater portion of these labours were either undertaken at the instigation of the Indian government, or carried on under its approval; but "the most enterprising and in a great measure the most successful efforts to penetrate into central Asia from Hindustan, have been made by, or have originated with, Mr. William Moorcroft, and," continues his editor, "these were undertaken not only without the encouragement of the government of India, but without their expressed approbation."

In short, while although this most persevering traveller was daily risking his life and all his property in his endeavours to extend the resources of commerce, and otherwise benefit the East India Company, he received from the authorities very disheartening treatment. He was the first European who crossed the Himalaya—an account of which arduous journey by way of Chinese Tartary to Lake Nianatarouara in Undes, will be found in the twelfth volume of the "Asiatic Researches," and despite of almost insurmountable difficulties, he succeeded in all the chief purposes of the expedition, ascertaining also the region of the shawl-wool goat, and opening a way for the importation of the wool into Hindustan and finally into Britain: but his grand object was to penetrate to Kurdistan, to obtain thence a breed of horses, he was ambitious of domesticating in India, and although obliged to relinquish it on his first attempt, he made preparations for undertaking it under more favourable auspices by sending forward an intelligent native on the route he intended at a fitting time to adopt. The information obtained by Mir Izzet Ullah (published in the third and fourth volumes of the *Calcutta Quarterly Magazine and Review*), it was the object of Mr. Moorcroft very greatly to extend; and accompanied by his friend Mr. Trebeck—a gentleman of high scientific acquirements, a good draughtsman, and an able geographer—and several native attendants, he left Bareilly in the end of October 1819, and proceeded on his long-desired expedition. The most serious obstacles met the party, but they were passed as they presented themselves, without any serious inconvenience, and various interesting discoveries were made.

"The journey of Mr. Moorcroft from Joshimath to Sunagar, and thence to Lahore, and his march by way of Kotosh, Kulu, and Lahoul to Le, as well as the details relating to the principality of Ludakh, are entirely new in the annals of geographical research."

The adventurers remained at Lé for a period of two years, delayed by negotiations at Larkand, which ended in the Chinese authorities

refusing them a passage through that city, and then proceeded to the capital of Kashmir, which city they quitted by the Pir Punjab mountains, descending by a route new to European travellers, to the Punjab. At Kabul Mr. Moorcroft was plundered and delayed, but ultimately was allowed to continue his journey to Bokhara, where he remained five months. Here he purchased several valuable horses, and was on his return to Hindustan, when deviating from his road for the purpose of adding considerably to his purchases, he was taken ill of fever at Andhka, and soon afterwards died. His talented coadjutor shortly followed him to the grave, some of the attendants also perished, the rest dispersed, and most of the valuable property Mr. Moorcroft was possessed of at the time of his decease, was seized on by Ata Khan, the mutuwalis, or manager of the holy shrine at Mazar. With great difficulty the notes and field-books of the travellers were preserved, and from these Mr. Hayman has produced the two volumes now published. They are not only valuable contributions to geographical knowledge, but possess great interest as a personal narrative. An elaborate map, by Mr. John Arrowsmith, of the countries through which the travellers passed, and a few other appropriate illustrations, enrich the work.

DE CLIFFORD; OR, THE CONSTANT MAN.

Mr. Plumer Ward's novels, and the success they have obtained—a success which promises to be as permanent as it has been general—may be regarded as the triumph of good sense and good feeling in the minds and hearts of the reading portion of the English community.

The author of "Tremaine" has pursued, unchanged, the calm and even tenor of his literary course, "through good report and through evil report;" putting forth, at due intervals, his well-pondered and carefully digested productions (writing, as it has been prettily said, not *against* time, but *for* it); and, at each appearance before the world, claiming new admiration, and gaining new gratitude at their hands, in return for the ripe stores of practical wisdom, the rich funds of worldly knowledge, the fair and fragrant flowers of moral beauty, and the solemn truths of religious faith, which he profusely pours out before them, all so fitly attired for the service on which they are sent, that they are hailed as almost equally welcome guests everywhere,—from the prince's palace to the peasant's hut,—no less in the boudoir of the fashionable beauty, than in the closet of the lonely student, the bower of the love-sick maiden, and even the poor and bare hiding-place of the world-wearied ascetic, who has cheated himself into the belief that there is no moral beauty but in the figments of the imagination, no virtue but in books.

The secret of this universal reception of Mr. Ward's writings lies, we repeat, in that harmonious union of good sense and good feeling which at once dictates and presides over them, and which finds an echo and an interpreter in the national characteristic of which that union itself offers so admirable an example. Mr. Plumer Ward is the most *English* among our living writers; and the consequence is, that his works com-

mand no ordinary share of popularity, even in a day when our literature is defiled by the native abominations of the "Newgate Calendar," and the imported abortions of the "Maison des Fous"—when it is equally beset by the transcendentalisms of old Germany, the atrocities of young France, and the inanities of "fashionable" England;—and that it will continue to grow in favour and in fame, when all these are despised or forgotten. The truth is, that the English, with all their faults, are a sensible, a sober-minded, and a right-feeling people; and that the writers and the books which first gave, and have ever since preserved, to them this character, however neglected for a time, have always been held in regard among them, and every now and then have been taken anew into grace and favour, with all the fervour of a first love.

"On revient toujours
A ses premiers amours:—"

Witness the unprecedented success of those reprints of our standard literary worthies, which in part redeem the literary taste of our own day.

But we have too long delayed to refer in detail to Mr. Plumer Ward's new novel, entitled "De Clifford; or, the Constant Man;" which we do not hesitate to pronounce at least equal in vigour of thought, variety of character, freshness of feeling, justness of reflection, and dramatic truth of painting, to either of his previous productions; while, in the force, as well as delicacy and subtlety of passion, and the high-toned sentiment, which pervade that entire portion of the work forming the love-story, and answering to the second title of "the Constant Man," the writer has unquestionably surpassed his former works: a fact the more worthy of note from another fact it calls to mind, which nothing but the author's own record of it in his charming dedication to Lady Frederic Bentinck, will induce the reader to believe—namely, that this new effort of his genius is the result of his seventy-fifth year!—the fact is one of the most interesting in the history of literature; and the simple and touching record of it by the writer's own hand adds to its value and virtue.

We shall not presume to inquire whether, in the picture which Mr. Plumer Ward has drawn of the whole career of a youthful aspirant for political distinction,—from his school and college days to the period of his attaining the summit of his ambitious hopes,—he has depicted any of the actual results of his own extended experience in a like career. Certain it is, however, that he brings the reader acquainted with a succession of characters, so individualised in their respective features, so truthful in the details by which they are worked out, so consistent at once with themselves and with human nature, so forcible in the general impression which they produce on the spectator (for one seems to see and hear, not read them), and so artfully and artistically connected with one another in the formation of a moving and breathing panorama of apparently actual life,—that they could not be more true to nature and to themselves, even if they were every one of them actual portraits; nor will many of them escape the imputation of being such. To glance at these characters, however briefly, would wholly exceed our limits;—but we cannot abstain from piquing the curiosity of our distant readers whom the book may not yet have reached, by naming to them, among many others, Lord Castleton, the ideal of a high-souled and pure-minded statesman; the

Marquis of Rochfort, equally high-minded, but all his noble powers lost, and his peace of mind with them, for want of a due control over his passions, and a due appreciation of public applause and popularity; Lord Felix, with every means and appliance of happiness but one—the capacity of being happy; Sir Henry Melford, a philosophic roué; Dr. Firebrass, an itinerant lecturer on Radical politics, who inculcates picking pockets as part of the social system; Mr. Peter Paragraph, the backbiting editor of a "liberal" newspaper; Messrs. Sourkrout and Spleenwort, makers and vendors of cut-and-dried criticism, &c. &c. Among the female characters we can only stay to mention that of Lady Hungerford, which is, to our thinking, the most perfect example our recent literature affords of a "woman of fashion," in the highest and most attractive sense of the phrase—a being uniting with all the feminine graces of nature and of art, all those *peculiar* attributes which nothing but high birth and its concomitants ever yet gave. This portrait forms the only modern *pendant* we are acquainted with to Congreve's exquisite and inimitable Millamont.

When we add (which is all our limits permit us to do) that the features above glanced at are connected with a love-story of intense and absorbing interest, we need scarcely say that "De Clifford, or the Constant Man," will command universal attention and popularity.

THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME.*

We are left to suppose that this work is intended to win *itself* a name, there being no necessity for its obtaining such a distinction for its clever authors, who possibly having seen how much the world has been deluded by attractive titles, are intent upon showing how unnecessary it is for a meritorious production to possess such a recommendation. Be this as it may, the odd way they have chosen to show their independence of prejudice, will doubtless draw as much attention to the volumes as the most promising of title-pages; and as the work abounds in the most legitimate and profitable entertainment, every reader who makes himself acquainted with it will be sure to congratulate himself on having for once made choice of a book, without allowing his judgment to be influenced after the established fashion.

"The Book without a Name" is a selection of essays on a variety of subjects, chosen with singular felicity, and treated with a corresponding tact. With one or two exceptions, they are all of that lively character which is the most desirable feature in desultory reading. Where jest and earnest are so equally mingled, it is difficult to say which hath the preponderance; and where even the most serious arguments are supplied with such an abundance of illustration, we cannot but think the author is sometimes more intent on showing how brilliantly such a passage could be written, than how convincing is its truth. This liberal recourse to the sportive is, however, acceptable to most readers, who usually equally appreciate the dash of satire with which it is here accompanied.

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* The Book without a Name. By Sir Charles and Lady Morgan. 2 vols.

English literature is peculiarly rich in the playful, satirical essay. From the days of Addison to the publication of the communications of our correspondent μ, our periodical publications have abounded with such pleasant trifles, the writers of which appear to have been intent not only in shooting folly as it flies, but in every position in which it may be found. Such an abundance of the lighter ammunition of the brain has been poured out upon persons, things, and sentiments, that could in any way be made assailable, that it becomes a marvel that the stores in that magazine are not completely exhausted. Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, however, have taken the trouble to prove to us that the artillery of wit is still provided with all things necessary for doing famous execution. We refer to the "Memoir of Dr. Botherum," "The English Malady," "The Absurdities of Men of Merit," "The Essay on Coals," "The Memoirs of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality," "Rural Pleasures," and "The Present State of Parties," amongst several of the same character in the collection, as fair examples of the ball-practice of these distinguished professors of sportive warfare. A very pleasant series accompanies the papers just named, illustrative of places of peculiar interest from the historical associations connected with them: these are "The Hotel de Carnavalet," "Malahide Castle," "Milton's House," "Pimlico," and "St. Alban's Abbey:" nor must we forget to afford due praise to the learning displayed so lavishly on a highly interesting account of the Irish historians. In "The Cordon Bleu," the reader will find excellent entertainment, he being there supplied with all the pleasant recollections connected with cookery; and "The Hong Merchant's Widow" is a personage to whom he may be referred, with the fullest assurance that he will find her acquaintance equally amusing.

WOOD'S JOURNEY TO THE OXUS.*

"The following pages," states the author of this welcome volume at the commencement of his preface, "embody a slight sketch of my journeyings whilst employed under Sir Alexander Burnes on his late mission to Affghanistan;" but modestly as Lieutenant Wood speaks of his labours, their result is as entertaining a narrative as we have ever met with, and the intelligent writer has evidently lost no opportunity of conveying the new and valuable information afforded him by the advantages he enjoyed when associated in his important mission with so talented a chief as Lieutenant-colonel Sir Alexander Burnes. He confines his observations entirely to the features of the extensive country through which he passed, leaving every thing of a political character to his superior: as, however, many of the scenes he describes are almost entirely new to Europeans, the reader will not miss the omission. The volume forms an admirable addition to those recently edited by Professor Hayman; and although we have had the country and character of the

* A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the source of the River Oxus, by the route of the Indus, Kabul, and Badakhshan, performed under the sanction of the Supreme Government of India in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838. By Lieutenant John Wood, of the East India Company's Navy.

Affghans illustrated by the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, Foster, Conolly, and Burnes; and Kundaz and the Uzbeks have obtained the same attention in a clever pamphlet lately published in India by Dr. Lord,—Lieutenant Wood's notes embody so much that is novel, sensible, and true, that his work deserves to, and no doubt will be considered, a valuable addition to our geographical library. Its unpretending character will be no slight recommendation with the enlightened reader, neither can the tone of manly feeling and sound sense which pervades its interesting pages, escape recognition; whilst the pleasant manner in which the writer combines the amusing with the instructive, must largely contribute to its popularity. The author's labours to explore the Oxus, his remarks on the navigation of the Indus, his description of the Lapis Lazuli Mines in the valley of the Kokcha, of the Ruby Mines on the right bank of the Oxus, of the Sulphur Mines and Naphtha Springs three miles north by east of Sheikh, and his numerous notices of the natural history and geography of that portion of India examined by him, cannot be read by the more scientific reader without a full sense of their value. In short, the information conveyed is so attractive, that we regret the author did not contribute all the details he possessed.

He says, "The map of the Upper Valley of the Oxus will be found, on comparison, to differ considerably from any now extant; but that of the Indus, save in the latitudes of places lying to the north of Mittankote, I have not found it necessary to alter but in a very modified degree. An official report on the navigation of the latter river, an interesting subject both in a political and commercial view, I wished to give in an appendix, but have been disappointed by no copy of the paper having reached this country. The fear of extending this narrative into a second volume, has prevented the insertion of vocabularies of the dialects spoken among the mountain tribes to the north of Hindu Kosh. The same dread has deterred me from giving more details of the various countries visited, which considerateness will, I doubt not, be appreciated by the reader." A considerateness, by the way, we should be glad to see influencing authors to a much greater extent than it does. We hope that in a second edition Lieutenant Wood will be enabled to introduce every thing of importance that has been withheld from this volume.

THE LOVE MATCH.*

The success which attended Mrs. Maberly's first attempt at novel-writing, has evidently stimulated her to produce a similar work; and with admirable tact, whilst the favourable impression she created is still recent, she presents the public with another claim on their attention. Like "Emily," the "Love Match" belongs to that class of fiction which is always most in request with the genuine novel-reader. It is a picture of existing society, and treats of matters in which all persons who read for amusement readily take an interest—the goings

* The Love Match. By the author of "Emily." 3 vols.

on of the world around them, and the grouping of characters such as have been playing their several parts in the great drama of life within their immediate knowledge. The recognition of these "old familiar faces" forms the chief charm in the perusal of such works, and if they are represented performing again—"for this occasion only"—any of the numberless pretty "roles" which occasionally produce such prodigious *éclat* in certain circles, the result cannot but be a vast increase of satisfaction to the reader. The gratification felt by the veteran who "fights his battles o'er again," is nothing in comparison to that experienced by the novel-reader, who in a well-managed fiction discovers the source whence the writer obtained his materials; and the closer such may have come under his observation, the deeper must be the interest he will take in them. Mrs. Maberly, therefore, has shown excellent judgment in choosing her contemporaries for the proper subjects of her imagination; and few individuals exist who possess so many advantages towards becoming thoroughly acquainted with that phase of society best suited to her purpose. From one who is herself so prominent a feature in fashionable life, striking pictures of it might have been expected, and a knowledge of the various accomplishments which make her the admiration of her circle, would prepare her readers for the degree of talent her volumes display; but whether she has turned these advantages to most account in "Emily," or in "The Love Match," is not so easily decided. Some may prefer one, and some the other, but we think that if nothing else existed to mark the superiority, the singular interest of the subject of her last production could not fail to establish a preference. For what could afford more pleasing materials for the novelist, and a more ample scope for the imagination, than a representation of the origin, progress, and conclusion of what is called a Love Match in the higher circles? We may be told that such things are very rare; they do not, however, appeal less forcibly to our sensibilities when pourtrayed with genuine feeling—indeed, where hearts are so little sensitive to natural impressions, as those of the fashionable world have been so often represented—though certainly not to our conviction,—the one that is found faithful to nature, must be well worthy of acquaintance. From this it follows that Mrs. Maberly's heroine cannot fail of exciting the general admiration, and few will read her story without experiencing a revolution in their opinion as to women of fashion, neither can they be insensible to the merit which pervades the picture of fashionable life in which she is made the most prominent feature.

LADY CHATTERTON'S SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS.*

This work may be regarded as a collection of pictures taken from nature, of scenes and characters that have fallen under the artist's observation at home and abroad, interspersed with some efforts of imagination, and passages in which Lady Chatterton expresses the reflections

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* Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections. By Lady Chatterton, author of "Rambles in the South of Ireland," &c. 3 vols.

and impressions that arose from the objects she beheld. In these there are frequent indications of excellent taste and judgment; and as some pleasant associations are connected with the majority of the places and objects she brings before the reader, few of her pages will be found deficient in interest. She commences her labours in England, beginning with a village in Hampshire, and thence proceeds to Richmond, Nell Gwynn's house, Chiswick, Exton Park, Canterbury, Oxford, Leamington, and Kenilworth. Afterwards we meet with a panoramic view from Dublin to Kilkenny, and several other picturesque Irish scenes, the results of her visits to Castle Martyr, Mount Mellerie (the Trappist establishment near Cappoguin), Wexford, and Enniscorthy, Drogheda, and the Giant's Causeway. We are thence transported to the English lakes, getting by the way a pleasant prospect of Crawley Grange, an old house of Cardinal Wolsey's, and shortly afterwards find ourselves admiring the picturesques features of Brussels and Cologne. Whilst proceeding to Dresden, to Shandon (the Saxon Switzerland), and from there to Leipsig, and various other interesting portions of Germany, not neglecting the beauties of the Rhine, we are agreeably entertained by the occasional halt made by our accomplished guide at the works of art and other objects particularly deserving attention there to be met with. A sojourn at Paris still further increases Lady Chatterton's resources, and with her sketches and recollections of this delightful city, her volumes conclude. The imaginative part of the work—the tales and poems, we doubt will be relished as much as the more matter-of-fact portion. Indeed, this combination of fact and fiction is rarely effective. Nevertheless, the volumes furnish abundance of pleasant reading, and are likely to add considerably to the literary reputation their author has already acquired.

MEMOIRS OF EDWARD ALLEYN.*

The desire for information illustrative of the life and literature of Shakspeare has increased to a great extent within the last few years, and every succeeding year it appears to become more general. This is one of the few features in modern literature creditable to the taste of the age. Many have endeavoured to contribute to the small stock of knowledge we possess on this most interesting subject, and although we cannot regard the labours of any as entirely useless, notwithstanding the elaborate trifling and useless pedantry by which they are usually so conspicuously distinguished, very few have been so fortunate as to exhibit any new facts, or throw any light on the obscurity in which so much of what the scholar is most desirous of knowing, is involved. These efforts, however unsuccessful, have not been useless, because they have contrived to increase and keep alive public attention to the subject; but we cannot here avoid animadverting on the foolish spirit that seems to influence a majority of the writers on Shakspeare, who appear as if striving to build up a reputation for themselves on the ruins of that of the unrivalled genius of which they ambitiously put themselves for-

* Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, Founder of Dulwich College, including some new particulars respecting Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Marston, Dekker, &c. By John Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

ward in the character of commentators. This in all cases arises from a combination of presumption with ignorance. No man is sufficiently qualified to illustrate or criticise the immortal productions of our great dramatist, unless, with a thorough comprehension of their construction and meaning, and an intimate acquaintance with almost every branch of cotemporary learning, he possess such a degree of sympathy with the graceful, the profound, and the exalted, as will enable him fully to appreciate the masterpieces of art and intellect Shakspeare has created. Schlegel wanted only a more comprehensive knowledge of the time in which flourished the object of his boundless admiration, to have made him as a critic all that the Shaksperian scholar could desire, but it is only justice to say, that the countrymen of this gifted German seem far more inclined to do honour to Shakspeare than nine-tenths of his English critics. However, as we cannot hope to get *all* that is necessary, we are very glad to acknowledge any of the essentials wherever they are to be found. Our two most influential reviews, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, have lately put forth articles illustrative of Shakspeare, and the research and right feeling they exhibit make them worthy of ranking with the finest examples of criticism in the language. One or two other periodicals have also recently produced reviews on the same subject that almost equally entitle them to our respect. The Pictorial edition of Shakspeare claims our admiration not less for the genial spirit in which it is edited, than for the value and beauty of its illustrations. But there is no person who has laboured so industriously and to such profitable purpose in this interesting department of literature as John Payne Collier. To him we are indebted for nearly all the most important facts that have been elicited by recent Shaksperian scholars towards a biography of our illustrious poet; and these discourses first directed the public interest to this channel, and opened a field for speculation and research for many of his talented contemporaries. The appetite so grew with what it fed on, that a literary association called "The Shakspeare Society"—already numbering several hundred members, among whom will be found many distinguished noblemen and a large proportion of our most eminent scholars and antiquaries—which, with the very trifling subscription of one pound annually, has for its object the publication, efficiently edited, of all the scarce works and MSS. now in existence, that throw a light on the life and times of Shakspeare; and the work now before us is the first the society has produced. Of the present object of Mr. Collier's scholarship it is sufficient here to state that he was an actor of very fair repute, and a manager of more than one theatre; a friend of Shakspeare's, whose theatrical property there is reason to believe he purchased, and a man of excellent character, who after many years of usefulness and respectability, founded Dulwich College with the large fortune he had been able to create by his talents, industry, and frugality. With the particulars of Alleyn's career, the editor has incorporated much information of a very interesting nature respecting Shakspeare and his most distinguished dramatic contemporaries taken from private papers in the treasury-chest of "God's Gift College" (Dulwich), to which he was allowed access. The work reflects the highest credit upon the author, whose well deserved reputation it must greatly increase, and is no less honourable to the society under whose auspices it has been published.

THE MONEYED MAN.*

The influence of wealth in the development of human character, and over its surrounding circumstances, has been a subject of study to many persons as different in the peculiar sphere of their observation as in their capability to turn it to the best advantage. The divine, the dramatist, the poet, the metaphysician, the historian, and the novelist, have each in turn essayed

"To point a moral and adorn a tale,"

or give weight to an argument, by showing the manner in which wealth acts upon society; and to their labours we are indebted for whatever pictures of avarice, ambition, covetousness, rapacity, meanness, fraud, dishonesty, self-denial, generosity, and philanthropy,—their causes, operation, and consequences—there are to be found in their several departments of literature. Mr. Horace Smith has ventured into the same path. His portraiture of the "Moneyed Man," however, is far from being his first attempt at delineating one or other of the numerous phases of selfishness produced by the love of money—as witness his preceding novels; but he has never before essayed so elaborate a performance. It must not be imagined that his conception of the character is the sordid miser so familiar to every reader, or the vulgar *millionaire* scarcely less commonplace. The author of "Brambletye House" has much better materials, and he introduces Mark Hawkwood, the "Moneyed Man," to us on the attainment of his majority; and on his becoming a partner in the firm of Hawkwood, Poole, and Hawkwood—generally reputed the wealthiest banking-house in the city. Educated in the conviction of himself and all around him of his being sole heir to an incalculable fortune, he is fully impressed with the importance of his position, and the moneyed influence is now exhibiting all its baneful effects on his disposition. Under such circumstances there can be nothing unnatural in his having received a fashionable education, and having a strong inclination for fashionable society and amusements, nor could there be any great difficulty in the way of his finding fashionable associates. It is at the commencement of the year 1790, and in all the enjoyment of the golden prospect opened to him by his simultaneously coming of age and entrance into his father's old-established banking-house, that he is represented starting on his career. He is of course soon surrounded by sharpers, profligates, and parasites, who play their parts towards making up a picture of "Town," at the close of the last century—some of these personages are almost historical; others, to whom the author introduces us, are quite so. The domestic circle of the "Moneyed Man" is also placed prominently on the canvas—his father, the stern old banker—his mother, the ostentatious and narrow-minded woman of the world, with her diamond ague—his sister, the fearless and noble-hearted Bertha—his humble yet generous cousin, the young tobacconist—the magnificent Augusta

* The Moneyed Man; or, the Lessons of a Life. By Horace Smith, Esq., Author of "Brambletye House."

Maynard, the "great fortune," and the amiable Fanny Hartopp, whose affectionate qualifications made her an object of preference to the "Moneyed Man," despite her want of wealth, and notwithstanding the sterling attractions of her equally fair rival, are displayed at full length, and with a proper attention to individuality. We will not follow Mark Hawkwood through his vicissitudes—for these he has, and very extraordinary some of them are—because it would necessarily diminish the interest the story will create when it is read: but it may be satisfactory to the reader to know that the leaven of selfishness, at first so conspicuous in his character as to be in some degree repulsive, is at last thoroughly removed: his purse-pride, folly, and uncharitableness, give place to more wholesome characteristics, and after passing through much well-deserved suffering, he becomes acquainted—under somewhat less imposing circumstances than had surrounded him as the "Moneyed Man"—with that happiness to which he had previously been a stranger.

BISHOP HEBER'S POEMS.*

The poetical works of this accomplished prelate are here presented to the world in an elegant and convenient form, and to every reader blessed with a refined taste the volume cannot but be highly acceptable. The merit of Bishop Heber's classical and religious poems is too well known to need further commendation; but the scholar and the divine occasionally took on himself a lighter character, and allowed a polished and graceful wit to be the presiding influence over his genius. The "serio-comic oriental romance," called "Blue Beard," and the no less amusing "Boke of the Purple Faucon," to be found in this collection, show how pleasantly this excellent man could unbend from his graver studies. We believe that all the compositions of this nature in the volume are additions hitherto not published, or at least not recognised as proceeding from his lordship's pen: but they prove his willingness to add to the innocent pleasures of life whilst fulfilling the most responsible duties of the sacred profession of which he was so zealous and so distinguished a member. The mind that could turn from the composition of the eloquent hymns that make so admirable a feature in these poems, to the amusing subjects to which we have alluded, must have been of that rare organization which comprehends the most sublime equally with the most familiar, and can procure from each materials for such pure enjoyments as most materially contribute to the general happiness.

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* The Poetical Works of Reginald Heber, late Bishop of Calcutta.

MY LIFE.*

We are not about entering into the discussion of church-rates, tithes, the voluntary system, or dissenting meeting-houses. Our readers will know that such matters are foreign to our class of literature, and to the subjects which engage our attention. The volume before us, falling, however, under the category of *religious novels* rather than of church history, is fully entitled to a passing notice. We wish we could give it more—but were we to transgress the rule we have laid down on these subjects, we should establish, at least for ourselves, a dangerous precedent. The *dedication*, which is as follows, will explain the object of the work, which throughout is written with great spirit and force.

"TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

"This little history is dedicated, in the humble hope that its publication at the present eventful period in the History of the Church to which they are attached, and at whose altar they minister in holy things, may tend to excite them more zealously than ever to vindicate her rights and maintain her supremacy against the multiplied and increasing attacks of her united assailants, accompanied by the desire that it may also serve to instruct the laity of that church in the absurdities, contradictions, errors, and dangers of *modern dissentism*."

The plot of the work is the history of a modern dissenting family, the founder of which became a dissenter from personal pique and disappointment; and the last member of which, convinced of the errors (so called) of dissent, returned to that church from which his ancestor had separated. The origin of dissenting sects, their failings, their political character, and their varied internal divisions, give abundant scope to the author, who is a zealous and able episcopalian. Since the "*Velvet Cushion*" of the Vicar of Harrow, no book has appeared, of this class of publication, so likely to attract attention and lead to controversy. Some scenes are most amusing, others touching and affecting, and all are graphic.

JOAN OF ARC.†

It was scarcely possible for Mr. Serle to have chosen for his *début* in the arena of prose fiction a more attractive subject, or one affording more ample scope for an effective display of the imagination than the adventures of the celebrated Joan of Arc. Her pretensions to figure prominently in the page of romance, do not rest entirely upon the highly romantic features that distinguished her brilliant career. Her life presents materials of more lasting interest, because they appeal

* My Life. By an Ex-Dissenter.

† Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. By Thomas James Serle, author of "Master Clark," &c. 3 vols.

more directly to human sympathies; and we have been much gratified by perceiving the admirable use which has been made in these volumes of such materials. As one of the most interesting of the worthies of France, it is natural enough that by French authors her history and character should have been treated in every way the various divisions of modern literature would allow. In prose and verse—in biography, history, and fiction—in the drama and the ballad, the Maid of Orleans has long been a favourite theme. Painting has assisted literature in helping to secure the immortality of her name—and lastly, but more certainly than either, sculpture, in the person of the ablest of her handmaids, the lamented Princess Marie, has done all that genius could perform to the same ennobling purpose. But Joan of Arc is scarcely less the property of English history than of French, and although our historical associations in connexion with her name may not be of the most flattering kind, there is still left for patriotism ample consolation in the knowledge, that the fairest portion of the fair kingdom of France was the well-earned reward of the valour of our ancestors, and it was only wrested from the dominion of the conquerors by a supernatural stimulus in their opponents, and a want of adequate knowledge and vigour in the councils of England. There were brave men undoubtedly among the leaders of the English army in France, but opposed to a superstition that excited their enemies to a degree of frenzy that made them almost irresistible, and depressed their own men, so that resistance seemed hopeless, whilst they were kept without adequate reinforcements, and efficient counsel from home, the reverses they met with must be regarded as mere matters of course. Whatever odium rests upon the English cause by the fate which ultimately attended the noble-minded girl, ten times greater disgrace must cling to the French. The English soldiers looked upon their prisoner as an enemy, from whom they had received the deepest injuries and degradations, and according to the superstition of the time they very reasonably regarded her as a witch. In either case, it was natural they should wish to get rid of her. Her own countrymen were bound by the strongest feelings of gratitude to make every possible effort for her preservation. She had saved them at their most imminent need, but when she was placed by her devotion to them in a situation of similar peril, they appeared glad to have the opportunity of getting rid of her, and ought by every principle of justice to be looked upon both as her judges and executioners. Her story is so well known that it can be necessary only to allude to the skill with which Mr. Serle has adapted it to the purposes of romance—adding to it additional interest by the effective manner in which he introduces the proper characteristic accessories, making at once a stirring picture of the times, and a highly interesting fiction. The localities also are described with a most picturesque effect—owing to the care he has taken to have them faithfully drawn by personal observation of every scene rendered remarkable by its connexion with the heroine. Joan of Arc therefore has every prospect of becoming as universal a favourite with the romance-reader in England, as she has so long been amongst those of her own countrymen.